

IN PRAISE OF EDINBURGH
AN ANTHOLOGY IN PROSE & VERSE

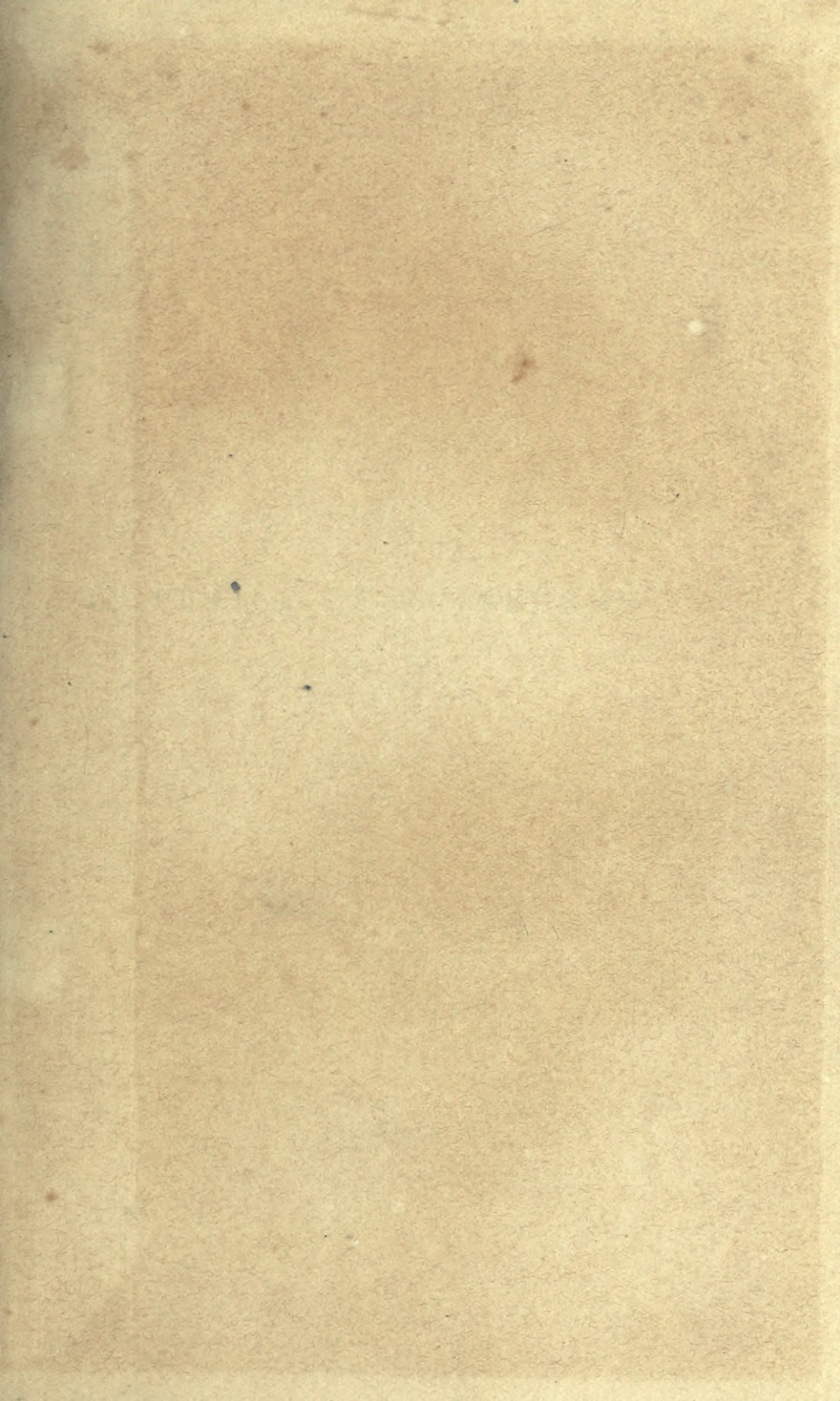


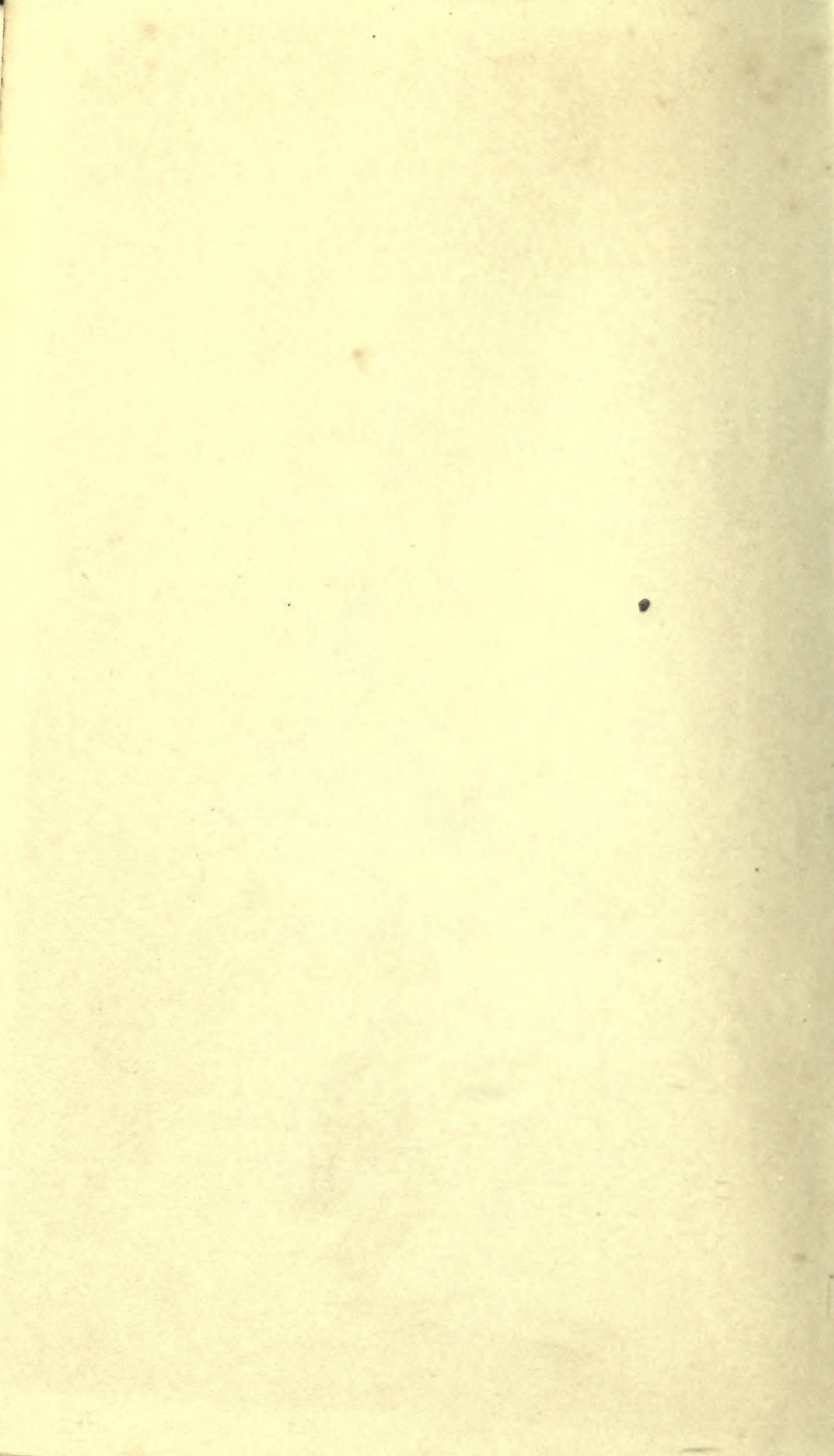
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IN PRAISE OF EDINBURGH

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GENERAL

Use and Abuse of English.

Lives of Pollok and Aytoun ('Famous Scots' Series).

Edinburgh (Painted by JOHN FULLEYLOVE, R.I.).

Edinburgh ('Peeps at Many Lands' Series).

Wordsworth (*Forthcoming*).

NOVELS

In Our Town.

The Transgressors.

My Poor Niece.

A Departure from Tradition.

Leslie Farquhar.

Our Bye-Election.

Nina.

IN PRAISE OF EDINBURGH

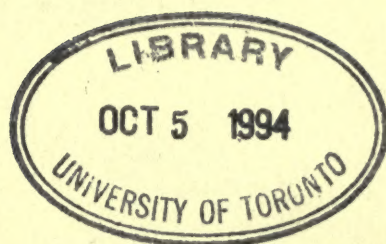
AN ANTHOLOGY
IN PROSE AND VERSE

SELECTED AND EDITED BY
ROSALINE MASSON

AUTHOR OF 'EDINBURGH' (ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN FULLEYLOVE, R.L.)
'EDINBURGH' ('PEEPS AT MANY LANDS' SERIES) ETC. ETC.

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1912



DEDICATED TO
THE EARL OF ROSEBERY

‘ . . . Mine own ancient city,
among my own neighbours,
my own fellow-citizens, and
my own friends.’

Speech, 9th October 1896.



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P R E F A C E

THE extracts gathered in this book include comments on Edinburgh from that of Ptolemy in the second century to that of King George v. in the twentieth. Inevitably there must be very many regrettable omissions.

The extracts have been arranged, as far as possible, in the chronological order of their subjects; contemporary accounts thus coming in the chronological order of their writers. This arrangement would seem the most satisfactory to the historical sense, for it tends to present a consecutive story, or set of pictures, of Edinburgh.

Just as the Edinburgh that was praised in the sixteenth century is not the same Edinburgh that was praised in the nineteenth century, so the nature of the praise changes with the centuries as does the city. For instance, if we except Gavin Douglas's delicious observations of Nature—not always praise—it is interesting to note how perception of scenic beauty does not creep into the descriptions of Edinburgh until about the middle of the eighteenth century, when the Bishop of Meath, writing to his sister, tells her of the view of the Forth and the country. Pennant, whom Johnson called observant, notices the views also, a few years later. Until that period travellers comment on the strength of the position of the Castle, and are uniform in their admiration of the 'one fair street,' and the height of the houses in Parliament Close.

It may also be noticed that our French visitors are generally eulogistic; but that some of our English guests—as Henry III.'s daughter in 1255, Sir Anthony Weldon in 1617, Dr. Johnson in the eighteenth century and John Ruskin in the nineteenth,—can only be quoted by considering their remarks to have been inspired by home-sickness or by jealousy, and therefore to be accepted as praise in disguise.

Within the chronological barriers, an attempt has been made to present occasional continuity of subject matter, or sharp clash of contrasting opinion.

The ballads have, except where they referred to any actual incident, been disposed where they seemed appropriate or orna-

mental, and not according to any alleged date of authorship ; for that way controversy lies.

I take this opportunity of expressing my indebtedness and gratitude to Mrs. Doughty, for help given out of the fulness of her knowledge ; and to Mr. Walter B. Blaikie, for his continual and greatly valued kindness in helping and advising me.

I have also to thank Dr. Hew Morrison, who has made the compilation of this book possible to me by his kindness in keeping me supplied with generous relays of books from the Reference Department of the Edinburgh Public Library ; Mr. Nicholson, Chief Librarian of the University Library ; and Mr. Addis Miller, Secretary of the Philosophical Institution, for very kind help ; and the Assistant Librarians of the Public Library, the Advocates' Library, and the Signet Library, where I have had the privilege of reading.

ROSALINE MASSON.

EDINBURGH, 1911

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and a passage from *Gray Days and Gold*, by William Winter);
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(poem by William Watson); Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co.
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Edinburgh*, by Alice Dowden, appended to *The Mediæval Church
in Scotland*, by the Right Rev. John Dowden); The Macmillan
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EDINBURGH, 1911.

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IN PRAISE OF EDINBURGH

IN PRAISE OF EDINBURGH

His sone Ebrawce in hys stede
Regnyd, quhen þat he wes dede ;
He fwndyd Yhork þat gret Cytè,
And Kayrbroye it callyd he ;
He byggyd Edynburgh wytht-alle,
And gert þaim Allynclowd it calle
De Maydyn castell, in sum plas
De Sorowful Hil, it callyd was.

Androw of Wyntoun.

Orygynale Cronykil.

EBRAUKE, the sonne of Mempricius, was made ruler of Brytaine, he had xxi wives, of whom he received xx sonnes, and xxx daughters : which were sent by their father to Alba Siluius, the fourth king of Albanois in Italy, to bee married to the Albanes. This Ebrauke first after Brutus attempted to invade France with an armie, as Iacobus Bergomas saieth in his sixt of his Chronicles, and Iacobus Qessabeus in the description of Henault affirmeth the same, and that he was driven backe by Brunchildis, Lord of Henault, with no small losse of his men. Affaracus, the second sonne of Ebrauke, with the rest of his yonger brethren, 18 at the least, by the aide of Alba Siluius, conquered all Germanie, which was then no great matter, for then Europe was verie smally inhabited, save onely about the Sea coasts, as Dalmatia, Italie, and the coasts of France, as in reading the histories may easily be seen how the East people at sundry times came swarming into Europe. Of these brethren had Germanie the name, *a Germanis patribus*, that had subdued it. Ebrauke was a founder of many Citties (saith Bergomas) as Alcliud in Albania (now Scotland), which is after Hector Boetius, Dunbretain, but often thinke the same to bee cleane destroyed. He made the Castell of Maidens called Edenbrough.

John Stow.

Chronicle.

160 A.D.

ὑπὸ δὲ τοὺς Καληδονίους

Οὐακομάγοι, παρ' οἷς

πόλεις αἰδε

Βαννατία

Ταμία

Πτερωτὸν στρατόπεδον

Τούεσις

κδ' νθ' L"

κε' νθ' γ"

κξ' δ" νθ' γ"

κς' L" δ" νθ' σ".

Ptolemy's *Geography*, Bk. ii. cap. 3, § 8.*Translation :—*

Beneath the Caledonians [*i.e.* on the map] are the Vacomagi, whose towns are as follows :—

Bannatia	24°	59° 30'
Tamia	25°	59° 20'
The Winged Camp	27° 15'	59° 20'
Tuesis	26° 45'	59° 10'.

1093

WHEN the queen,¹ who had before been racked with many infirmities, almost unto death, heard this²—or, rather, foreknew it through the Holy Ghost—she shrived, and devoutly took the Communion in church; and, commending herself unto God in prayer, she gave back her saintly soul to heaven, in the Castle of Maidens (Edinburgh), on the 16th of November, the fourth day after the king. Whereupon, while the holy queen's body was still in the castle where her happy soul had passed away to Christ, whom she had always loved, Donald the Red, or Donald Bane, the king's brother, having heard of her death, invaded the kingdom, at the head of a numerous band, and in hostilewise besieged the aforesaid castle, where he knew the king's rightful and lawful heirs were. But, forasmuch as that spot is in itself strongly fortified by nature, he thought that the gates only should be guarded, because it was not easy to see any other entrance or outlet. But those who were within understood this, being taught of God, through the merits, we believe, of the holy queen, they brought down her holy body by a postern on the western side. Some, indeed, tell us that, during the whole of that journey, a cloudy mist was round about all this family, and miraculously sheltered them from the gaze of any of their foes, so that nothing hindered them as they

¹ Margaret, grand-niece of Edward the Confessor, and second wife of Malcolm Canmore.

² That her husband and eldest son had both been killed whilst besieging Alnwick Castle.

PTOLEMY: FORDUN: FROISSART 3

journeyed by land or by sea; but they brought her away, as she had herself before bidden them, and prosperously reached the place they wished—namely, the church of Dunfermline, where she now rests in Christ.

John of Fordun.

Chronicle of the Scottish Nation.

Translation by Felix J. H. Skene.

'A SAD and solitary place, without verdure, and, by reason of its vicinity to the sea, unwholesome.' 1255

Margaret, Queen of Alexander III. and daughter of Henry III. of England.
Part of a complaint which she sent to her father, whilst she was living at Edinburgh Castle in her very early youth. (From Matthew Paris.)

THE Wednesdaie to Edenbrough the abbey, and causid ther to be set up iij engyns castyng into the Castell day and nyght; and the Vth daie thei spake of pees. . . . 1295

'The Voyage of Kynge Edward into Scotland,'

Archæologia, vol. xxi. p. 478.

From Professor Hume Brown's *Early Travellers in Scotland*.

SEE yon little hamlet, o'ershadow'd with smoke;
See yon hoary battlement throned on the rock;
Even there shall a city in splendour break forth,—
The haughty Dun-Edin, the Queen of the North;
There learning shall flourish, and liberty smile,—
The awe of the world, and the pride of the isle.

Edinburgh in
the days of
the Bruce

James Hogg.

Queen's Wake.

EDINBURGH, notwithstanding it is the residence of the king, and is the Paris of Scotland, is not such a town as Tournay or Valenciennes; for there are not in the whole town four thousand houses. Several of the French lords were therefore obliged to take up their lodgings in the neighbouring villages, and at Dunfermline, Kelso, Dunbar, Dalkeith, and in other villages. 1385

Jean Froissart.

A French Army in Scotland, vol. ii. chaps. 2 and 3.

From Professor Hume Brown's *Early Travellers in Scotland*.

1440

EDINBURGH Castle, toune and toure,
 God grant thou sink for sinne!
 And that even for the black dinoir
 Erl Douglas gat therein.¹

Ancient ballad, given by Hume of Godscroft.

Edinburgh's
 Hospitality
 to the
 Dethroned
 King of
 England

1462-4

THE conduct of the city of Edinburgh towards Henry VI., the unfortunate and exiled King of England, at this time received the most ample testimonial for humanity and politeness; namely, a grant by King Henry, setting forth the humane and honourable treatment he had received from the Provost, Ministers, and Burgesses of Edinburgh, during his long residence there, after having been expelled from England by his rebellious subjects; and therefore granting to the citizens of Edinburgh liberty to trade in all his ports of England, subject to no other duties than those payable by his citizens of London. This testimonial, however, was more honourable than advantageous; for, as Henry never regained the throne, the grant was never confirmed.

Hugo Arnot.
History of Edinburgh.

Brief of
 Pope Paul II.

1467

To the judges, that they may by apostolic authority confirm the erection of the Church of St. Giles, in the town of Edinburgh, into a collegiate church, made by the Magistrates of the said town.

Paul, Bishop, etc., to our venerable brother, the Bishop of Whithorn, and our beloved son, the abbot of Holyrood, without the walls of Edinburgh, of the diocese of St. Andrew, greeting: . . .

Seeing, therefore, that a petition lately presented to us on behalf of our beloved sons the provost, bailies, and councillors, laies and university (or community) of the town of Edinburgh, of the diocese of St. Andrew, purported that they, prudently considering that the aforesaid town, in which the present King of Scots, and many bishops, abbots, and other nobles of the kingdom of Scotland have been accustomed chiefly to reside, is famous and remarkable among the other towns of that kingdom for its populousness, and that the

¹ In 1440 the guardians of the boy king, James II., feared the menace offered by the power and state of the chief noble, the young Earl of Douglas. They therefore invited him and his brother to Edinburgh Castle, excluded his retinue, and, while the feast was in progress, a black bull's head—the ancient Scottish symbol of death—was placed on the table. The young Douglasses sprang up and drew their swords, but were overpowered, and, in spite of the little king's entreaties, taken out, tried, and executed on the Castle Hill.—R. M.

multitude of the people of the realm gather together thereto ; and that the parish church of St. Giles of that town, which exists by right of the patronage of the said king, is sufficiently enriched in its fruits, rents, and provents ; and that the number of ecclesiastical persons attending therein on the divine praises, might, the Lord approving, be increased in it, they, with consent of the said king, to the praise, glory, and honour of Almighty God, and of his mother Mary, and of all the other Saints, pre-eminently of the said St. Giles, and for the felicity and adornment of the said town, and the welfare of the souls of the king, his progenitors, the Bishops of St. Andrew for the time being, particularly James, of good memory, formerly Bishop of St. Andrew, and of many others of the nobles of the said kingdom, and others of the faithful dead, have founded and erected, albeit *de facto*, the aforesaid church into a collegiate church, with collegiate rights and ensigns, and therein one provosty for one provost, and two offices—namely, the sacristy and the ministry of the choir—and fourteen district prebends for so many canons ; also, among the rest, that the said provosty should be the principal dignity therein ; and that the provost of the said church for the time being should be bound to keep a perpetual vicar, having the cure of the souls of the parishioners of that church. . . .

Given in the Very Rev. Sir James Cameron Lees's
The Church of St. Giles.

WE that ar heir in Hevins glory,
To yow that ar in purgatory,
Commendis ws on our hairtly wyiss ;
I mene we folk in parradyis,
In Edinburch with all mirriness,
To yow of Striuffling in distress,
Quhair nowdir plesance nor delyt is,
For pety this epistill wrytis.
O, ye heremeitis and hankersaidilis,
That takis your pennance at your tabilis,
And eites nocht meit restorative,
Nor drynkis no wyn comfortative,
Bot aill and that is thin and smal ;
With few coursis into your hall,
But cumpany of lordis and knychtis,
Or ony vder gudly wichtis,
Solitar walkand your [way] allone,
Seing no thing bot stok and stone ;

**The Dregy
of Dunbar
maid to
King James
the Fyift
being in
Striuffling**

Out of your panefull purgatory,
 To bring yow to the bliss and glory
 Of Edinburch, the mirry toun,
 We sall begyn ane cairfull soun ;
 Ane dergy devoit and meik,
 The Lord of bliss doing beseik
 Yow to delyuer out of your noy,
 And bring yow sone to Edinburchis joy,
 For to be mirry amangis ws ;
 And sa the dergy begynis thuss.

Lectio Prima

The Fader, the Sone and Haly Gaist,
 The mirthfull Mary, virgene chaist,
 Of angellis all the ordouris nyne,
 And all the hevinly court devyne,
 Sone bring yow fra the pyne and wo
 Of Striulling, every court-manis fo,
 Agane to Edinburchis joy and bliss,
 Quhair wirschep, welth and weilfar is,
 Play, plesance and eik honesty :
 Say ye amen, for cheritie.

Responsio, Tu autem Domine

Tak consolatioun in your pane,
 In tribulatioun tak consolatioun,
 Out of vexatioun cum hame agane,
 Tak consolatioun in your pane.

Jube Domine benedic[ere]

Oute of distress of Striulling toun
 To Edinburchis bliss, God mak yow boun.

Lectio Secunda

Patriarchis, profetis and appostillis deir,
 Confessouris, virgynis and martiris cleir,
 And all the saite celestiall,
 Devotely we vpoun thame call,
 That sone out of your panis fell,
 Ye may in hevin heir with ws dwell,
 To eit swan, cran, pertrik and plever,
 And every fische that swymis in rever ;

To drynk with ws the new fresche wyne,
 That grew upoun the rever of Ryne,
 Ffresche fragrant clarettis out of France,
 Of Angerss and of Orliance,
 With mony ane cours of grit dyntie :
 Say ye amen, for cheritie.

Responsorium, Tu autem Domine

God and Sanct Jeill heir yow convoy
 Baith sone and weill, God and Sanct Jeill
 To sonce and seill, solace and joy,
 God and Sanct Jeill heir yow convoy.

Jube Domine benedicere

Out of Striuilling panis fell,
 In Edinburchis joy sone mot ye dwell.

Lectio Tertia

We pray to all the Sanctis of hevin,
 That are aboif the sterris sevin,
 Yow to deliuer (out) of your pennance,
 That ye may sone play, sing and dance
 Heir in to Edinburch and mak gud cheir,
 Quhair welth and weillfair is, but weir ;
 And I, that dois your panis descryve,
 Thinkis for to vissy yow belyve ;
 Nocht in desert with yow to dwell,
 Bot as the angell Sanct Gabriell
 Dois go betwene fra hevinis glory
 To thame that ar in purgatory,
 And in thair tribulatioun
 To gif thame consolatioun,
 And schaw thame quhen thair panis ar past,
 They sall till hevin cum at last ;
 And how nane deservis to haif sweitness
 That nevir taistit bittirness.
 And thairfoir how suld ye considir
 Of Edinburchis bliss, qhen ye cum hiddir,
 Bot gif ye taistit had befoir
 Of Striuilling toun the panis soir ?
 And thairfoir tak in patience
 Your pennance and your abstinence,

And ye sall cum, or Yule begyn,
 Into the bliss that we are in ;
 Quhilk grant the glorius Trinitie !
 Say ye amen, for cheritie.

Responsorium

Come hame and dwell no moir in Striulling ;
 Frome hiddouss hell cum hame and dwell,
 Quhair fische to sell is non bot spirling ;
 Cum hame and dwell no moir in Striulling.

Et ne nos inducas in temptationem de Striulling :
 Sed libera nos a malo ejusdem.
 Requiem Edinburgi dona eijs, Domine,
 Et lux ipsius luceat eijs,
 A porta trinitie de Striulling,
 Erue, Domine, animas et corpora eorum.
 Credo gustare vinum Edinburgi,
 In villa vinentium.
 Requiescant statim in Edinburgo. Amen.
 Domine, exaudi orationem meam,
 Et clamor meus ad te veniat.

Oremus

Deus qui justos et corde humiles
 Ex omni eorum tribulatione liberare dignatus es
 Libera famulos tuos apud villam de Stirling versantes
 A pœnis et tristitijs ejusdem,
 Et ad Edinburgi gaudia eos perducas,
 Vt requiescat Striulling. Amen.

*Heir endis Dunbaris Dergy to the King,
 bydand to lang in Stirling.*

William Dunbar.

1500

I THINK it will not be amiss to shew the Wages of Masons at this Time, whereby the Hire of other Workmen may be guessed at. The Common Council of the City having resolved to rebuild the Tower or Steeple of the old Tolbooth, the wages of John Marser, Master-Mason, was Ten Shillings, and the Journeymen each Nine Shillings, *Scotische Money Weekly.*

At this time the Common Council ordered the Penny Loaf of Wheat Bread to weigh one Pound ; and the Penny Cake one

Pound eight Ounces, both Scottish Weight and Money; and Ale to be sold at Sixteen Pence the Gallon, both the same Money and Measure.

King *James* iv. having, by his Charter of 6th *October* anno 1508, impowered the *Edinburghers* to set or lett in Fee-farm their common Lands called the *Borough-Moor*, and their common Marsh, denominated the *Common Myre*; the Citizens were no sooner in Possession of this Grant, than they set about clearing the Ground, by cutting down a vast number of large Trees; whereby the Quantity of Wood in their Hands on that Occasion was so very great, that they could not dispose of it: Wherefore, to encourage the Inhabitants to purchase the said Wood the Town-Council enacted, That whoever should buy a Quantity thereof sufficient to new front the Tenement he, she, or they dwelt in, should be allowed to extend the said new Front, the Space of seven Feet into the Street; whereby the High-Street was reduced fourteen Feet in its Breadth; and the Buildings which before had Stonern Fronts, were now converted into Wood, and the Burgh into a wooden City.

In this Year divers of the Arts or Crafts in Town, petitioned the Common Council to have six or eight of their Number taken into the said Council; and that they might be eligible to be chosen Bailies and other Officers of the City: To which Answer was returned, That they would make no Innovation in the Government of the Town without the Consent of Parliament. This I take to be the first Time of the Trades applying to be admitted into the Town-Council.

A great and dreadful Plague raging in *Edinburgh*, the Town Council to prevent its Progress, ordered all Shops to be shut up, during the Space of fifteen Days, and neither Doors or Windows to be opened within that Time, but on extraordinary Occasions; and nothing to be dealt in but Necessaries for the immediate Support of Life.

Remark. This certainly was a very wrong Step; for by shutting up the People in their Houses, the Distemper, by Heat and want of Air, was thereby increased.

. . . the Daughters of the Citizens of *Edinburgh*, by the antient Constitutions of the City, were entitled to the Freedom of the Town, as were all Non-freemen who married them. . . .

William Maitland.

History of Edinburgh.

To the
Merchants of
Edinburgh

QUHY will ye, merchantis of renown
Lat Edinburgh, your nobill Town,
For laik of reformatioun
The commone proffeitt tyne and fame?

Think ye nocht schame
That onie uther regioun
Sall with dishonour hurt your name!

May nane pass through your principall gaittis
For stink of haddockis and of scaittis;
For cryis of carlingis and debaittis
For fensum flyttingis of defame:

Think ye nocht schame,
Befoir strangeris of all estaittis
That sic dishonour hurt your name!

Your stinkand stile that standis dirk
Holdis the lycht fra your Parroche Kirk;
Your fore-stairis makis your housses mirk
Lyke nae cuntray bot heir at hame.

Think ye nocht schame,
Sa litill polesie, to work,
In hurt and slander of your name?

At your hie Croce, quhair gold and silk
Suld be, thair is bot crudis and milk;
And at your Trone but cokill and wilk,
Pannches and pudingis of Jok and Jame.

Think ye nocht schame,
Sen as the world sayis that ilk
In hurt and slander of your name?

Your commone Menstrallis hes no tune
But 'Now the day dawis' and 'Into Joun';
Cuningar men maun serve 'Sanct Cloun,'
And nevir to other craftis clamb:

Think ye nocht schame
To hauld sic mowaris on the moon
In hurt and slander of your name?

Tailyouris, Soutteris, and craftis vyll
The fairest of your streitis dois fyll;
And Merchantis at the stinkand styll
Are hamperit in ane hony-came.

Think ye nocht schame
That ye have nether witt nor wyll
To win yourself ane bettir name?

Your Burgh of beggaris is ane nest ;
To schout thai swenyouris will nocht rest ;
All honest folk they do molest,
Sa piteouslie thai cry and rame

Think ye nocht schame
That for the poore has nothing drest,
In hurt and slander of your name?

Your proffeit dailie dois incress,
Your godlie workis less and less ;
Through streittis nane may mak progress
For cry of cruikit, blind, and lame.

Think ye nocht schame
That ye sic substance dois possess,
And will nocht win ane bettir name?

Sen, for the Court and the Session,
The great repair of this regioun
Is in your Burgh, thairfoir be boun
To mend all faults that ar to blame,

And eschew schame :
Gif *thai* pas to ane uther toun,
Ye will decay, and your great name !

Thairfoir, strangeris and lieges treit ;
Tak nocht ower meikle for their meit ;
And gar your merchantis be discreit,
That na extortiounnes be proclaime,

Offerand ane schame.
Keip ordour ; and poore nychtbouris be it,
That ye may gett ane better name !

Singular proffeit so dois yow blind,
The common proffeit gois behind.
I pray the Lord remede to fynd,
That died into Jerusalem ;

And gar yow schame
That sometyme resson may yow bind
For to reconqueis your guid name.

William Dunbar.

1501

THE greatest benefit which the king conferred on St. Giles was the appointment of a new provost to the church, in succession to William Forbes. He called to the post from rural retirement one who is still remembered as a distinguished Scotsman, and who was probably the most celebrated ecclesiastic connected with the church during its long history. This was Gawin Douglas, who seems to have ascended the provost's chair in 1501. He was of noble birth, a son of Archibald called 'the great Earl of Angus,' and who bore the well-known name of 'Bell-the-Cat.'

. . . The poet, from the window of his chamber in the provost's house, which stood to the west of the church and commanded a wide view, describes the aspect of nature around—the trees destitute of foliage, rivers in heavy flood, and the little rills, so sweet and quiet in summer, turned into torrents tearing down their banks. The earth is barren, hard, and unlovely, and the decay of nature begins to remind man of 'wintry age and all-subduing death.' One can almost imagine him looking out from his elevated residence upon Arthur's Seat, the Pentland Hills, and the shores of Fife, as they still appear on a snowy December morning—

Incessant rains had drenched the floated ground,
And clouds o'er cast the firmament around,
White shone the hills involved in silver snow,
But brown and barren are the hills below ;
On firm foundations of eternal stone.

The Very Rev. Sir James Cameron Lees.
The Church of St. Giles.

A Winter
Evening in
Edinburgh
in 1512

THE frosty region ringè¹ of the year
The time and season bitter cauld and pale,
They short dayès that clerkès clepe brumale ;²
When that brim blastès of the northern art
O'erwhelmit had Neptunus in his cart,
And all to-shake the leavès of the trees.
The rage and storm o'erwalterand wally seas
Rivers ran red on spate with water brown,
And burnè³ hurlè⁴ all their bankès down. . . .

The soil y-soupit into water wack,
The firmament o'er cast with rokès black,
The ground fadit, and fauch wox all the fields,
Mountain-tops sleekit with their snaw ower-heilds

¹ Reigns.

² Latin, *bruma*, winter.

On ragged rockès of hard harsk whin-stane,
 With frozen fronts cauld clinty clewès shane.¹
 Beauty was lost, and barren shew the lands;
 With frosty hair o'er-fret the fieldès stands.
 Sour bitter bubbès and the showers snell
 Seemed on the sward ane similtude of Hell,
 Reducing to our mind in every stead
 Ghostly shadows of eild and grisly dead;
 Thick drumly scuggès² darkened so the heaven.

Dim skyès oft forth warpit fearful levin,³
 Flaggès of fire, and mony feloun flaw,⁴
 Sharp sops of sleet and of the snipand snaw.
 The dowie dikès were all dank and wet;
 The low valley was flooderit all with spate;
 The plain streetès and every high way
 Was full of flushes, dubbès, mire, and clay
 Lagerit leas wallowit fernès⁵ shew;
 Brown moors kithit their wizzened mossy hue;
 Bank, brae, and bottom, blanchèd wax and bare;
 For gurrll weather gruit beastès hair;
 The wind made wave the red weed on the dike.
 Bedoven⁶ in dankès deep was every sike;⁷
 O'er craggès and the front of rockès sere
 Hung great ice-shockles, lang as ony spear;
 The ground stood barren, withered, dusk, and grey;
 Herbs, flowers, and gersses wallowit away. . . .

Widewhere with force so Æolus shouts shrill
 In this congealit season sharp and chill,
 The caller air, pénétrative and pure,
 Dazing the blood in every créature,
 Made seek warm stovès and bien firès hot,
 In double garment clad and wily-coat,
 With michty drink and meatès comfortive,
 Against the stormy winter for to strive.

Repeaterit weel, and by the chimney beikit,
 At even, betime, abed down I me streikit;
 Wrappèd my head, cast on claithès three-fauld,
 For till expel the perilous piercand cauld.
 I crossèd me, syne bounit for to sleep;
 Where, gleamand through the glass I did take keep⁸
 Latonia,⁹ the lang irksome nicht,
 Her subtle blinkès shed and watery licht,

¹ Cold splintery cliffs shone.² Shadows.³ Lightning.⁴ Blasts.⁵ Faded ferns.⁶ Sunk.⁷ Kill.⁸ Observe.⁹ The moon.

Full high upwhirlit in her regioun . . .
 Hornèd Hebawd, which clepe we the nicht-owl,
 Within her cavern heard I shout and howl,
 Laithly of form, with crooked camshow beak :
 Ugsome to hear was her wild eldritch shriek.
 The wild geese, claikng eke by nichtès tide,
 Attour¹ the city fleand heard I glide.²

Gavin Douglas.

From Prologue to Book VII. of his Translation of the *Æneid*.

A Winter
 Morning in
 Edinburgh
 in 1512

ON slumber I slaid full sad, and sleepit sound,
 Whilè the Orient upward gan rebound.
 Phœbus' crowned bird, the nictes orlogère,³
 Clappand his wingès, thrice had crawen clear.
 Approaching near the breaking of the day,
 Within my bed I wakened where I lay ;
 So fast declines Cynthia the Moon ;
 And kaès⁴ caickles on the roof aboon . . .
 Fast by my chamber, in high wizzened trees,
 The soir gled⁵ whistles loud with mony ane *pew*,
 Whereby the day was dawen weell I knew ;
 Bade beit⁶ the fire, and the candle alicht ;
 Syne blessit me, and in my weedes dicht ;
 Ane shut window unshut, a little on jar ;
 Perceivet the morning blae, wan, and haar,
 With cloudy gum and rack o'erwhelmed the air. . . .
 Branches brattling, and blackened shew the braes
 With hirstès harsk of wagging windle-strays ;
 The dew-droppès congealed on stubble and rind ;
 And sharp hailstanès, mortfundit of kind,
 Hopping on the thatch and on the causey by.
 The shot I closed, and drew inward in hie,
 Shivering for cauld, the season was so snell.

Gavin Douglas.

From Prologue to Book VII. of his Translation of the *Æneid*.

¹ Round about.

² Owls are still heard occasionally in Edinburgh, and wild geese have been seen flying over the city.—R. M.

³ The cock, the night's time-piece.

⁴ Jackdaws.

⁵ Red kite.

⁶ Make-up.

. . . For to behold, it was a gloir to see
 The stabled windès and the calmèd sea,
 The soft seasoun, the firmament serene,
 The lowne illumined air, and firth amene,
 . . . The swardit soil enbroud with selcouth hues,
 Wood and forest odumbrat with their bews,
 Whose blissful branches, porturat on the ground
 With shadows sheen, shew rockes rubicund.
 Towers, turrets, kirkels, pinnacles hie
 Of kirks, castells, and ilkè fair city
 Stood painted, every fyall, fane, and stage,
 Upon the plain ground by their own umbrage. . . .

A May
 Morning in
 Edinburgh
 in 1513

Gavin Douglas.

From Prologue to Book XII. of his Translation of the *Æneid*.

XXIII

EARLY they took Dun-Edin's road,
 And I could trace each step they trode :
 Hill, brook, nor dell, nor rock, nor stone,
 Lies on the path to me unknown.
 Much might it boast of storied lore ;
 But, passing such digression o'er,
 Suffice it that the route was laid
 Across the furzy hills of Braid.
 They pass'd the glen and scanty rill,
 And climb'd the opposing bank, until
 They gain'd the top of Blackford Hill.

On the Eve of
 Flodden
 1513

XXIV

Blackford ! on whose uncultured breast,
 Among the broom, and thorn, and whin,
 A truant-boy, I sought the nest,
 Or listed, as I lay at rest,
 While rose, on breezes thin,
 The murmur of the city crowd,
 And, from his steeple jangling loud,
 Saint Giles's mingling din.
 Now, from the summit to the plain,
 Waves all the hill with yellow grain ;
 And o'er the landscape as I look,

Nought do I see unchanged remain,
 Save the rude cliffs and chiming brook.
 To me they make a heavy moan,
 Of early friendships past and gone.

xxx

Still on the spot Lord Marmion stay'd,
 For fairer scene he ne'er survey'd.
 When sated with the martial show
 That peopled all the plain below,
 The wandering eye could o'er it go,
 And mark the distant city glow
 With gloomy splendour red ;
 For on the smoke-wreaths, huge and slow,
 That round her sable turrets flow,
 The morning beams were shed,
 And tinged them with a lustre proud,
 Like that which streaks a thunder-cloud.
 Such dusky grandeur clothed the height,
 Where the huge Castle holds its state,
 And all the steep slope down,
 Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky,
 Piled deep and massy, close and high,
 Mine own romantic town !
 But northward far, with purer blaze,
 On Ochil mountains fell the rays,
 And as each heathy top they kiss'd,
 It gleam'd a purple amethyst.
 Yonder the shores of Fife you saw ;
 Here Preston-Bay and Berwick-Law :
 And, broad between them roll'd,
 The gallant Frith the eye might note,
 Whose islands on its bosom float,
 Like emeralds chased in gold.
 Fitz-Eustace' heart felt closely pent ;
 As if to give his rapture vent,
 The spur he to his charger lent,
 And raised his bridle hand,
 And, making demi-volte in air,
 Cried, ' Where's the coward that would not dare
 To fight for such a land !'
 The Lindesay smiled his joy to see ;
 Nor Marmion's frown repress'd his glee.

XXXI

Thus while they look'd, a flourish proud,
Where mingled trump, and clarion loud,
And fife, and kettle-drum,
And sackbut deep, and psaltery,
And war-pipe with discordant cry,
And cymbal clattering to the sky,
Making wild music bold and high,

Did up the mountain come ;
The whilst the bells, with distant chime,
Merrily toll'd the hour of prime,

And thus the Lindesay spoke :
' Thus clamour still the war-notes when
The King to mass his way has ta'en,
Or to St. Katharine's of Sienne,

Or Chapel of Saint Rocque.
To you they speak of martial fame ;
But me remind of peaceful game,
When blither was their cheer,
Thrilling in Falkland-woods the air,
In signal none his steed should spare,
But strive which foremost might repair
To the downfall of the deer.

XXXII

' Nor less,' he said,—' when looking forth,
I view yon Empress of the North
Sit on her hilly throne ;

Her palace's imperial bowers,
Her castle, proof to hostile powers,
Her stately halls and holy towers—

Nor less,' he said, ' I moan,
To think what woe mischance may bring,
And how these merry bells may ring
The death-dirge of our gallant King ;

Or with the larum call
The burghers forth to watch and ward,
'Gainst southern sack and fires to guard
Dun-Edin's leaguer'd wall.—

But not for my presaging thought,
Dream conquest sure, or cheaply bought !
Lord Marmion, I say nay :

God is the guider of the field,
 He breaks the champion's spear and shield,—
 But thou thyself shalt say,
 When joins yon host in deadly stowre,
 That England's dames must weep in bower,
 Her monks the death-mass sing ;
 For never saw'st thou such a power
 Led on by such a King.'—
 And now, down winding to the plain,
 The barriers of the camp they gain,
 And there they made a stay.—
 There stays the Minstrel, till he fling
 His hand o'er every Border string,
 And fit his harp, the pomp to sing
 Of Scotland's ancient Court and King,
 In the succeeding lay.

True,—Caledonia's Queen is changed,
 Since on her dusky summit ranged,
 Within its steepy limits pent,
 By bulwark, line, and battlement,
 And flanking towers, and laky flood,
 Guarded and garrison'd she stood,
 Denying entrance or resort,
 Save at each tall embattled port ;
 Above whose arch, suspended, hung
 Portcullis spiked with iron prong.
 That long is gone,—but not so long,
 Since, early closed, and opening late,
 Jealous revolved the studded gate,
 Whose task, from eve to morning tide,
 A wicket churlishly supplied.
 Stern then, and steel-girt was thy brow,
 Dun-Edin ! O, how alter'd now,
 When safe amid thy mountain court
 Thou sit'st, like Empress at her sport,
 And liberal, unconfined, and free,
 Flinging thy white arms to the sea,
 For thy dark cloud, with umber'd lower,
 That hung o'er cliff, and lake, and tower,
 Thou gleam'st against the western ray
 Ten thousand lines of brighter day.

So thou, fair City! disarray'd
Of battled wall, and rampart's aid.
As stately seem'st, but lovelier far
Than in that panoply of war.
Nor deem that from thy fenceless throne
Strength and security are flown;
Still, as of yore, Queen of the North!
Still canst thou send thy children forth.
Ne'er readier at alarm-bell's call
Thy burghers rose to man thy wall,
Than now, in danger, shall be thine,
Thy dauntless voluntary line;
For fosse and turret proud to stand,
Their breasts the bulwarks of the land.
Thy thousands, train'd to martial toil,
Full red would stain their native soil,
Ere from thy mural crown there fell
The slightest knosp, or pinnacle.
And if it come,—as come it may,
Dun-Edin! that eventful day,—
Renown'd for hospitable deed,
That virtue much with Heaven may plead,
In patriarchal times whose care
Descending angels deign'd to share;
That claim may wrestle blessings down
On those who fight for The Good Town,
Destined in every age to be
Refuge of injured royalty;
Since first, when conquering York arose,
To Henry meek she gave repose,
Till late, with wonder, grief, and awe,
Great Bourbon's relics, sad she saw.

Truce to these thoughts!—for, as they rise,
How gladly I avert mine eyes,
Bodings, or true or false, to change,
For Fiction's fair romantic range,
Or for tradition's dubious light,
That hovers 'twixt the day and night:
Dazzling alternately and dim,
Her wavering lamp I'd rather trim,
Knights, squires, and lovely dames to see,
Creation of my fantasy,

Than gaze abroad on reeky fen,
 And make of mists invading men.
 Who loves not more the night of June
 Than dull December's gloomy noon?
 The moonlight than the fog of frost?
 And can we say, which cheats the most?

VII.

Old Holy-Rood rung merrily,
 That night, with wassel, mirth, and glee:
 King James within her princely bower,
 Feasted the Chiefs of Scotland's power,
 Summon'd to spend the parting hour;
 For he had charged, that his array
 Should southward march by break of day.
 Well loved that splendid monarch aye
 The banquet and the song,
 By day the tourney, and by night
 The merry dance, traced fast and light,
 The maskers quaint, the pageant bright,
 The revel loud and long.
 This feast outshone his banquets past,
 It was his blithest—and his last.

Sir Walter Scott.
Marmion.

Edinburgh
 after Flodden
 1513

News of battle!—news of battle!
 Hark! 'tis ringing down the street:
 And the archways and the pavement
 Bear the clang of hurrying feet.
 News of battle! who hath brought it?
 News of triumph? Who should bring
 Tidings from our noble army,
 Greetings from our gallant King?
 All last night we watched the beacons
 Blazing on the hills afar,
 Each one bearing, as it kindled,
 Message of the opened war.
 All night long the northern streamers
 Shot across the trembling sky:
 Fearful lights that never beckon
 Save when kings or heroes die.

News of battle! Who hath brought it?
 All are thronging to the gate;
 'Warder—warder! open quickly!
 Man—is this a time to wait?'
 And the heavy gates are opened:
 Then a murmur long and loud,
 And a cry of fear and wonder
 Bursts from out the bending crowd.
 For they see in battered harness
 Only one hard-stricken man;
 And his weary steed is wounded,
 And his cheek is pale and wan:
 Spearless hangs a bloody banner
 In his weak and drooping hand—
 God! can that be Randolph Murray,
 Captain of the city band?

.
 The elders of the city
 Have met within their hall—
 The men whom good King James had charged
 To watch the town and wall.
 'Your hands are weak with age,' he said,
 'Your hearts are stout and true;
 So bide ye in the Maiden Town,
 While others fight for you.
 My trumpet from the Border-side
 Shall send a blast so clear,
 That all who wait within the gate
 That stirring sound may hear.
 Or, if it be the will of Heaven
 That back I never come,
 And if, instead of Scottish shouts,
 Ye hear the English drum,—
 Then let the warning bells ring out,
 Then gird you to the fray,
 Then man the walls like burghers stout,
 And fight while fight you may.
 'Twere better that in fiery flame
 The roofs should thunder down,
 Than that the foot of foreign foe
 Should trample in the town!'

.

And up then rose the Provost—
 A brave old man was he,
 Of ancient name, and knightly fame,
 And chivalrous degree.
 He ruled our city like a lord
 Who brooked no equal here,
 And ever for the townsman's rights
 Stood up 'gainst prince and peer,
 And he had seen the Scottish host
 March from the Borough-muir
 With music-storm and clamorous shout,
 And all the din that thunders out
 When youth's of victory sure.
 But yet a dearer thought had he,—
 For, with a father's pride,
 He saw his last remaining son
 Go forth by Randolph's side,
 With casque on head and spur on heel,
 All keen to do and dare;
 And proudly did that gallant boy
 Dunedin's banner bear.

William Edmonstoune Aytoun.
Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers.

1521

THE chief city in Scotland is Edinburgh. It has no river flowing through it, but the Water of Leith, half a league distant, might at great expense be diverted for the purpose of cleansing the city; but, after all, the city itself is distant from the ocean scarce a mile. Froissart compares Edinburgh to Tournay or Valenciennes; for a hundred years, however, the kings of the Scots have had their residence almost constantly in that city.

John Major.
History of Greater Britain.

1524

VPOUN the xxij day of August, the king maid his solempnit entree with the lordis in the tolbuytht of Edinburghe, with sceptour, crowne and sword of honour; and that same day, James Betoun, archebischope of Sanctandrois, chancellare of this realme, and Gawin Dunbar, bischope of Aberdene, wer wardit in the castell of Edinbrughe, becaus thej wald not renunce the feillis and subscriptione maid to them of befoir be Johne duke of Albanie, and the rest of all the lordis renunceand; quhairfoir all the kirkis of thar dyocies wer interdyted induring thair wairding. . . .

Diurnal of Occurrents in Scotland.

EDINBURGH, like Prague, is situated on a hill, and is a Roman mile in length, and half a mile in breadth. It is longest from east to west. At the western extremity of the city rises a hill and a steep rock, and on the rock a fortress, with a deep valley on all sides except towards the city. Except from the east side, therefore, the fortress is impregnable. It cannot even be scaled with ladders, so steep and hard is the rock, in which vultures are in the habit of building. Enterprising youths are let down from the castle in baskets to rob their nests. This fortress is known as the 'Maidens' Castle,' and forms the western limit of the city. At the eastern extremity is the splendid monastery of the Holy Rood, adjoining the royal palace, and delightful gardens, enclosed by a lake at the base of Arthur's Seat. In this mountain are found precious stones (specially diamonds), which glitter in the sunlight. Two great ways lead from the Maidens' Castle to the monastery and the royal palace, paved with square stones, King's Street¹ being the more notable . . . the city itself is not built of brick, but of natural stones squared, so that even the private houses may bear a comparison with great palaces. In the centre of the city are the town-house² and the Collegiate Church of S. Giles. The bishops, dukes, earls, barons, and the chief men of the whole kingdom all live in palaces of their own, when they are summoned to the meetings of Parliament. The King's Palace, a spacious and magnificent building, and one broad way, known as King's Street, connect it with the Maidens' Castle. This street, it should be said, is wider near the castle and narrower near the monastery, and on each side of it are noteworthy houses, the more ambitious being built of polished stone. Another oblong street (reckoned as a suburb), the Canon-gate, is somewhat narrower, and is separated from King's Street by a wall, a gate, and towers. From King's Street to north and south extend numberless lesser streets, all adorned with imposing buildings, such, for example, as the Cowgate, where the nobility and the chief men of the city reside, and in which are the palaces of the officers of state, and where is nothing mean or tasteless, but all is magnificent. Among the greater churches of Edinburgh, after the surpassing basilica of the monastery, that of S. Giles in the centre of King's Street holds the first place. In the street that separates Edinburgh from the Cowgate and suburb is a magnificent church called the Queen's College within the Walls. Also, between the monasteries of the Franciscans and the Preaching Friars is the

¹ High Street.

² Capitulum. The Bannatyne Club editor objects, and says there was none before 1861.

Church of S. Mary in the Fields, where is likewise a college of priests. Under the rock of the Maidens' Castle is the new parish church of S. Cuthbert.

Alexander Alane, or Alesius.

Written for Sebastian Munster's *Cosmographia*, published at Basel in 1550.

The above translation taken from *Scotland before 1700*, by Professor Hume Brown.

- 1533 VPON the sevintene day of Maij, the 3eir of God J^h v^c xxxij 3eiris, thair was ane singulare battill in the palice of Halyrudhous, in prefence of the kingis grace, betuix Johne Dowglas of Drumlanrick and [the laird] of Hempiffield, defendare, and was sinderit without fkaith, and aggreit at that tyme at the kingis command.

Diurnal of Occurrents in Scotland.

- 1533 ON the south side of Forth lvis Louthiane; callit, with that name, fra Loth, ane of the principall kingis of Pichtis. Louthiane is maist plentuous ground of Scotland. In it ar mony abbayis, castellis, and townis; as Hadingtoun, Dunbar, North Berwik, Leith: bot Edinburgh passis thaim all, baith in polese, reparation, wisdom, and riches.

Hector Boece. Translated by John Bellenden.

Croniklis of Scotland.

- 1535 VPOUN the xxj day of Februare, the kingis grace ressaute the ordour of the gairter in the abbay of Halyrudhous, with greit solempnitie.

Diurnal of Occurrents in Scotland.

- 1537 AND thus the king of Scotland depairtit out of France and fre the court and king thair of and come to the new hewin besyde Deip and thair remanit ane day or tua quhill the wind was fair; syne inbarkit in his navie and pullit wpe saillis and came stoutlie throw the Pace of Calies¹ and landit on the fyft day at the schoir of Leytht witht all his navie quhilk was to the number of lordis of fyfentie schippis of frenchemen and Scottis and wtheris strangeris that convoyit the king throw the sie. Be thus the king landit on the schoir of Leytht, and so did his quen Magdallen, and quhene scho come on Scottis ground scho bowit and inclynnit hir self to the earth and tuik the mullis² thair of and kissit, syne thankit God that he had saillie brocht hir witht hir husband till thair awin contrie giueand him laude and gloir thair for. Syne passit to the Abbay of Hallierudhouse to the kingis palice, and thair to remaine quhill hir triumph of hir entreis was maid. . . . Bot neverthales,

¹ Pas de Calais.

² Mould or earth.

thair great ioy and mirrienes and treumpe haistalie was all turnit in murning and dollour ffor displesour of the quen ffor scho depairtit that same day [xiii dayis] that scho landit; and thairfor all thair great blythnes ioy of hir comming, phraissis¹ and playis that sould hawe bene maid to hir, war all turnit in saull messes and dereegies, quhair throw thair zeid sic murning throw the contrie and lamentatioun that it was great pettie for to heir; and also the kingis prievie and hevie meane that hir husband maid for hir was greater nor all the laif.

Robert Lindesay of Pitscottie.
The History and Cronicles of Scotland.
 Scottish Text Society.
 Edited by Æ. J. G. Mackay.

VPOUN the xvij day of Maij, being Whitsonday evin, the zeir of God J^{CO} v^o xxxvij zeiris, the kingis grace with his quene, quha schippit at Deip of befor, was convoyit be the admirall of France throw the seyis, and wer all, to the number of xv schippis, with ane gailzeoun full of artailgery, landit at Leith; and come to Edinburgh with ain greit company of Frenschemen and Frensche ladyis. The quenis grace decessit within the palice of Halyrudhous, vpoun the sevint of Julij nixt thairefter.

1537

Diurnal of Occurrents in Scotland.

O CREWELL Deith! too greit is thy puissance,
 Devorar of all ertylie levying thingis:
 Adam, we may thee wyit of this mischance,
 In thy default, this cruell tyrane ringis;
 And sparis nother Empryour, nor Kingis:
 And now, allace! hes reft furth of this land,
 The flour of France, and comfort of Scotland.

'The
 Deploratioun
 of the Deith
 of Quene
 Magdalene
 1537

Thief! saw thow nocht the greit preparatyvis
 Of Edinburgh, the nobill famous town;
 Thow saw the peple, labouring for thair lyvis,
 To mak triumphe, with trump, and clarioun;
 Sic plesour was never, in to this regioun,
 As suld have bene the day of hir entrace;
 With greit propynis, gevin till hir Grace.

Thow saw makand rycht costlie scaffolding
 Depayntit weill, with gold, and asure fine,

¹ Farces.

Reddie preparit for the upsetting,
 With fontanis, flowing watter cleir, and wyne,
 Disagysit folkis, lyke creaturis divyne,
 On ilk scaffold, to play ane syndrie storie,
 Bot, all in greiting turnit thow that glorie.

Thow saw mony ane lustie fresche galland,
 Weill ordourit for resaving of thair Quene :
 Ilk craftisman, with bent bow, in his hand,
 Full galzeantlie in schort clething of grene :
 The honest Burges, cled thow suld have sene,
 Sum in scarlot, and sum in claith of grane,
 For till have met thair Lady Soverane.

Provest, Baillies, and Lordis of the toun,
 The Senatouris, in order consequent,
 Cled into silk of purpure, blak, and broun ;
 Syne the greit Lordis of the Parliament,
 With mony knychtlie Barroun, and Banrent,
 In silk, and gold, and colouris comfortable ;
 Bot thow, allace ! all turnit into sable.¹

Sir David Lyndsay.

1539

VPOUN the xvij day of the zeir of God, J^{re} v^o
 xxxviiij zeris, the lord Maxwell past ambassatour to France, for
 treiting of mariage with the duke of Loraneis dauchter ; quhome he
 brocht to Scotland on Trinitie sonday, and landit at Sanctandrois ;
 and thair the kingis grace and the said Marie wer spousit ; quhair
 the archbischope of Glasgow with greit glorie, and mony of the
 nobill men of Scotland wer present. On Sanct Margaretis day
 thairefter, sho maid her entres in Edinburgh with greit triumphe,
 and als with ordour of the haill nobillis ; hir grace come in first at
 the West Port, and raid down the hie gate to the abbay of
 Halyrudhous, with greit sportis playit to hir grace throw all the
 pairtis of the toun. . . .

Vpoun the last day of Februar, thair was ane certane of perfonas
 accusit for heresie in abbay kirk of Halyrudhous ; and thair was
 condempnit twa blak freris, ane channon of Sanctandrois, the vicar
 of Dollour ;² ane preift and ane lawit man duelt in Stirling, wer
 brynt the same day on the castell hill of Edinburgh. . . .

¹ The death of Queen Magdalene, James v.'s first wife, who died seven weeks after her landing in Scotland, was the first occasion in which mourning was used in Scotland.

² Dean Thomas Forret, Canon of S. Colme's and Vicar of Dollar.

Wpoun the tent day of Junij, the 3eir foirfaid, Marie quene dowriare and regent of this realm of Scotland, at 12 houris at evin, deceiffit in the castell of Edinburgh. . . . 1560

VPOUN the xix day of August lxj, Marie, quene of Scottis,oure fouerane ladie, arryvit in the raid of Leith, at sex houris in the mornyng, accompanyit onlie with tua gallionis. . . . 1561

Vpoun the xxiiij day of August, quhilk wes Sunday, the quenes grace caufit say mes in hir hienes chappell within hir palace of Halyrudhous, quhairat the lordis of the congregatioun wes grittumlie annoyit. . . .

Vpoun the second day of September lxj, the quenes grace maid hir entres in the burgh of Edinburgh in this maner. Hir hienes depairtit of Halyrudhous, and raid be the lang gait on the north syid of the said burgh, vnto the tyme scho come to the castell, quheir wes ane zet maid to hir, at the quhilk scho, accompanijt with the maist pairt of the nobilitie of Scotland except my lord duke and his sone, come in and raid vp the castell bank to the castell, and dynit thairin; and quhen scho had dynit at tuelf houris, hir hienes come furth of the said castell toward the said burgh, at quhilk depairting the artailzerie schot vehementlie. And thairefter, quhen fho was rydant doun the castellhill, thair met hir hienes ane convoy of the 3oung mene of the said burgh, to the nomber of fyftie, or thairby, thair bodeis and theis coverit with 3eallow taffateis, thair armes and leggs fra the kne doun bair, cullorit with blak, in maner of Moris, vpon thair heiddes blak hattis, and on thair faces blak visouris, in thair mowthis rings, garnesit with intellable precious staneis, about thair neckkis, leggis and armes infynit of chenis of gold; togidder uith faxtene of the maist honest men of the toun, cled in veluot gownis and veluot bonettis, berand and gangand about the paill wnder the quhilk her hienes raid; quhilk paill wes of fyne purpoure veluet lynit uith reid taffateis, freinziet with gold and silk; and efter thame wes ane cart with certane bairnes, togidder with ane coffer quhairin wes the copburd and propyne quhilk fuld be propynit to hir hienes; and quhen hir grace come fordwart to the butter trone of the said burgh, the nobilitie and convoy foirfaid precedand, at the quhilk butter trone thair was ane port made of tymber, in maist honourable maner, cullorit uith fyne cullouris, hungin uith findrie armes; vpon the quhilk port wes singand certane barnies in the maist hevinlie wyis; vnder the quhilk port thair wes ane cloud opynnand with four levis, in the quilk was put ane bony barne . . . and the barne descendit doun as it had bene ane angell, and deliuerit to hir hienes

the keyis of the toun, togidder with ane bybill and ane psalme buik.

Diurnal of Occurrents in Scotland.

Scotland in
the time of
Queen Mary

By the time of Mary Edinburgh was far and away the most important place in Scotland—first in wealth, in population and political significance. It was only for about a century, however, that it had been distinctively pre-eminent among other Scottish towns. According to Froissart, at the close of the fourteenth century it was less than Tournai and Valenciennes, and did not contain more than four hundred houses. A remark of John Major, who wrote in the beginning of the fifteenth century, may explain how it was that Edinburgh took the first place among its rivals. For about a hundred years before his day, Major tells us, the kings of Scotland almost continuously resided there; and the fact was decisive in the fortunes of the town. As the permanent residence of the Court, it gradually became the centre where national business was transacted. At the beginning of the fifteenth century, Parliaments, and General Councils, and Conventions rarely met in Edinburgh; at its close they seldom met elsewhere. By the reign of Mary, Edinburgh had likewise become the permanent seat of the supreme Court of Law. The Court, known as the 'Session,' which had been set up by James I., had met at intervals in different towns of the kingdom, but the 'Judicial Council,' founded in 1504 by James IV., and, still more decisively, the creation of the College of Justice by James V. in 1533, made Edinburgh the headquarters of law in Scotland. Already in 1482 James III. could speak of Edinburgh as 'the principal burgh in our kingdom,' and by the reign of Mary, it was not only without a rival but even without a worthy second.

We have many descriptions of the appearance which Edinburgh presented in the sixteenth century, but these descriptions are for the most part based on native authorities. It may be interesting, therefore, to note the impression which the city made on the eyes of strangers who would naturally remark what specifically distinguished it from the cities of other countries. . . .

The one feature of the city which arrested the attention of every stranger and excited their admiration, was the great street that stretched then, as it does now, from the Castle to Holyrood. Its length, its spaciousness, and the cleanness of the thoroughfare struck English and Continental visitors alike as unique in their experience of cities. Their testimony on this point is so unanimous that we cannot doubt that they recorded their genuine

impressions. From these testimonies it is clear that the Princes Street of to-day does not impress the stranger more vividly than the High Street with its continuations impressed the stranger of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

Professor Hume Brown.

Scotland in the Time of Queen Mary.

MARIE HAMILTON to the kirk is gane,
Wi' ribbons on her hair ;
The king thocht mair o' Marie Hamilton
Than ony that were there.

Marie
Hamilton

Marie Hamilton to the kirk is gane,
Wi' ribbons on her breist ;
The king thocht mair o' Marie Hamilton
Than he listened to the priest.

Marie Hamilton to the kirk is gane,
Wi' gloves upon her hands ;
The king thocht mair o' Marie Hamilton
Than the queen and a' her lands.

But word's gane to the kitchen,
And word's gane to the ha',
That Marie Hamilton gangs wi' bairn
To the hichest Stewart o' a'.

And she's gane to the Abbey garden
To pu' the Savin-tree ;
But, for a' that she could say or do,
The babie wadna dee.

She rowed it in her apron,
And set it on the sea :
' Now sink ye, swim ye, bonnie babe,
Ye'se get nae mair o' me !'

Queen Marie, she cam down the stair,
Wi' the gowd strings in her hair ;
Saying : ' Marie, where's the little babie
That I heard greet sae sair ?'

' Oh, haud your tongue, my noble queen,
Think no such thing to be ;
'Twas but a stitch into my side,
And sair it troubles me.'

'Oh, haud your tongue, Marie Hamilton!
Let all those words go free.
Where, tell me, is the little babie
That I heard greet with thee?'

'I rowed it in my apron,
And set it on the sea.
I bade it sink, I bade it swim;
It would get nae mair o' me.'

'Oh, wae be to thee, Marie Hamilton,
And an ill deith may ye dee!
If you had saved the babie's life,
It micht have honoured thee.

'But busk ye Marie Hamilton,
Oh, busk ye to be a bride;
For I am going to Edinburgh toun,
Your gay wedding to byde.

'Ye maun neither put on your robes o' black
Nor yet your robes o' broun;
But you maun put on your yellow gold stuffs,
To shine through Edinburgh toun.'

Oh, slowly, slowly rase she up,
And slowly put she on;
And slowly rode she out the way,
Wi' monie a weary groan.

The queen was clad in gay scarlet,
Her merry maids all in green;
And Marie sae shone abune them a',
They took her for the queen.

'Ride hooly, ride hooly now, gentlemen;
Ride hooly now wi' me!
For never, I'm sure, a wearier burd
Rade in your companie.'

But little wist Mary Hamilton,
When she rade on the broun,
That she was gaun to Edinburgh,
And a' to be put doun.

'Why weep ye sae, ye burgess wives,
Why weep ye sae on me?
O, I am going to Edinburgh toun,
A rich wedding to see.'

When she gaed up the Parliament Stairs
The corks frae her heels did flee;
But, ere that she cam down again,
She was condemned to dee.

When she gaed up through the Netherbow Port,
She laucht loud laughters three;
But when that she cam down again,
The tear blinded her e'e.

As she gaed doun the Canongate,
The Canongate sae free,
Monie a ladie look'd ower her window,
Weeping for sweet Marie.

'Oh dinna weep for me, ladyes,
Ye needna weep for me!
Had I not killed my ain dear bairn,
This death I wadna dee.

'What need ye *heck* and *howe*, ladyes,
What need ye *howe* for me?
Ye never saw grace at a graceless face;
Queen Marie has nane to gie!'

'Gae forward, gae forward,' Queen Marie she said;
'Gae forward that ye may see;
For the very same words that ye hae said,
Sall hang ye on the gallows tree!'

O, when she gaed up through the Netherbow Port,
She laucht loud laughters three;
But when she cam to the gallows fit,
The tear blinded her e'e.

'Cast off, cast off my gown,' she said,
'But let my petticoat be;
And tye a napkin ower my face,
That the gallows I mayna see.

IN PRAISE OF EDINBURGH

'Yestreen the queen had four Maries ;
This nicht she'll hae but three ;
There was Marie Seton, and Marie Beatoun,
And Marie Carmichael, and me.

'O, aften hae I dressed my queen,
And put gowd in her hair ;
But now I've gotten for my reward
The gallows tree to share.

'O, aften hae I dressed my queen,
And aften made her bed ;
But now I've gotten for my reward
The gallows tree to tread.

'O, happy, happy is the maid
That's born of beauty free :
It was my dimpling, rosie cheeks
That's been the dule o' me.

'I charge ye all, ye mariners,
When ye sail ower the faem,
Let neither my father nor mother wit
But that I'm comin' hame !

'Ye mariners, ye mariners,
When ye sail ower the sea,
Let neither my father nor mother wit
I hung on the gallows tree !

'Oh, little did my mother think,
That day she cradled me,
What lands I was to travel ower,
What death I was to dee !

'Oh, little did my father think,
That day he held up me,
That I, his first and fairest hope,
Sould hing upon a tree !'¹

¹ This version is taken from Chambers's *Collection of Scottish Songs and Ballads*. There is no historic foundation for the story. The allusion to four Maries seems to connect it with Queen Mary's time.

No one really knows a city who does not know it by night as well as by day. Night obscures much that day forces into notice, and invests what remains with new visual fascinations, but still so that the individuality of any city or town is preserved through its darkened hours. Every town or city has its own nocturnal character. Modern Edinburgh asserts herself, equally by night as by day, as the city of heights and hollows. From any elevated point in her centre or on her skirts, if you choose to place yourself there latish at night, you may look down upon rows of lamps stretched out in glittering undulation over the more level street spaces; or you may look down, in other directions, upon a succession of tiers and banks of thickly edified darkness, punctured miscellaneously by twinkling window-lights, and descending deeply into inscrutable chasms. More familiar, and indeed so inevitable that every tourist carries it away with him as one of his most permanent recollections of Edinburgh, is the nightly spectacle from Princes Street of the northern face of the Old Town, starred irregularly with window-lights from its base to the serrated sky-line. Perhaps this is the present nocturnal aspect of Edinburgh which may most surely suggest Old Edinburgh at night three hundred years ago. For, though we must be careful, in imagining Old Edinburgh, to confine ourselves strictly and exactly to as much of the present Edinburgh as stands on the ancient site, and therefore to vote away Princes Street, the whole of the rest of the New Town, and all the other accretions, this aspect of the Old Town at night from the north cannot have changed very greatly. A belated traveller passing through the hamlets that once straggled on the grounds of the present New Town, and arriving at the edge of the North Loch, in what is now the valley of Princes Street Gardens, must have looked up across the loch to much the same twinkling embankment of the High Street and its closes, and to much the same serrated sky-line, lowering itself eastward from the shadowy mass of the Castle Rock. If the traveller desired admission into the town, he could not have it on this side at all, but would have to go round to some of the ports in the town-wall from its commencement at the east end of the North Loch. He might try them all in succession,—Leith Wynd Port, the Nether Bow Port, the Cowgate Port, the Kirk of Field Port, Greyfriars Port, and the West Port,—with the chance of finding that he was too late for entrance at any, and so of being brought back to his first station, and obliged to seek lodging till morning in some hamlet there, or else in the Canongate. He could perform the whole circuit of the walls, however, in less than an hour, and might have the solace, at some points of his walk, of night views down into

the luminous hollows of the town, very different from his first view upward from the North Loch.

While the belated traveller was thus shut out, the inhabitants within might be passing their hours till bed-time comfortably enough, whether in the privacy of their domiciles, or in more or less noisy loitering and locomotion among the streets and wynds. If it were clear moonlight or starlight, the wynds, and especially the stately length of the High Street, would be radiantly distinct, and locomotion in them would be easy. But even in the darkest nights the townsmen were not reduced to actual groping through their town, if *ennui*, or whim, or business, or neighbourly conviviality determined them to be out of doors. Not only would they carry torches and lanterns with them for their own behoof, especially if they had to find their way down narrow closes to their homes; not only were there the gratuitous oil-lights or candle-lights from the windows of the fore-tenements in the streets and wynds, sending down some glimmer into the streets and wynds themselves; but, by public regulation, the tenants in the fore-stair houses in the principal thoroughfares were bound to hang out, during certain hours of the evening, lamps for the guidance of those that might be passing. One has to remember, however, that people in those days kept very early hours. By ten o'clock every night Auld Reekie was mostly asleep. By that hour, accordingly, the house-lights, with some exceptions, had ceased to twinkle; and from that hour, save for bands of late roysterers here and there at close-mouths, and for the appointed night-watches on guard at the different ports, or making an occasional round with drum and whistle, silence and darkness reigned till dawn.

David Masson.

Edinburgh Sketches and Memories.

'THIS, then, is Edinburgh?' said the youth, as the fellow-travellers arrived at one of the heights to the southward, which commanded a view of the great northern capital—'this is that Edinburgh of which we have heard so much?'

'Even so,' said the falconer; 'yonder stands Auld Reekie; you may see the smoke hover over her at twenty miles' distance, as the goss-hawk hangs over a plump of young wild ducks; ay, yonder is the heart of Scotland, and each throb that she gives is felt from the edge of Solway to Duncansbay Head. See, yonder is the old Castle; and see to the right, on yon rising ground, that is the Castle of Craigmillar, which I have known a merry place in my time.'

'Was it not there,' said the page in a low voice, 'that the Queen held her court?'

'Ay, ay,' replied the falconer—'Queen she was then, though you must not call her so now. . . .'

Sir Walter Scott, *The Abbot*.

WHERE the wall its shadow cast
As the sun went redly down,
To and fro Grange and Lethington passed,
While the light upon Arthur Seat faded fast,
And on grey St. Giles's crown.

In Edinburgh
Castle

The siege drew nigh its close,
For hemmed in on every side,
Each new morning of late they rose
To a famine of bread, and a feast of blows,
And many had pined and died.

Grange was a soldier brave,
Maitland was crafty and keen;
They had tried by their wits to guide the wave,
And to ride the tide when the storm did rave,
And bring back the captive Queen.

Said Maitland, 'The end draws near,
And they'll strike, and will not spare;
When we render the place, if they find us here
They will hang us over the battlements clear
For the corbies to pick us bare.

But I mean not to give them the chance:
Life is sweet, yet I fear not Death
If it comes in due course, as the years advance,
Or by stroke of a sword, or thrust of a lance,
Or a billet that stops your breath.

But the men of the long black robe
Have a method from which I shrink—
A running noose, and a howling mob,
And a grumbling hangman who bungles his job,
And I'd rather the old Roman drink.

To-morrow the game will be up,
On the whole we have played it ill;
But we've lost. And what say you with me to sup
This evening, and share in a farewell cup
That will settle our share of the bill?

The food will be scant, for I think
 Our rations have come to a close ;
 But we shall not complain of the wine that we drink,
 For we still have a flask that will bubble and wink,
 And mock at our well-baffled foes.

You will not? You don't mind the rope?
 Or is it religion restrains?
 And have we got rid of the old-fashioned Pope,
 But to cling all the more to the fear and the hope
 Which were the mainspring of his gains.

So the Queen has been driven from her throne
 And the Kirk has been robbed of its lands,
 And Mitres, Madonnas, and Masses are gone,
 And Knox, o'er the ruin exalted alone,
 Plays Pope, and our nobles commands.

But I'll none of his orders, nor yet
 The gallows he means for my throat,
 So long as I know how to pay the old debt
 With a fair cup of wine after supper, and get
 To the end of all uncertain thought.

That supper did never take place,
 For the Castle was rendered that day
 And the rebels obtained neither favour nor grace,
 But were haled to the prison, and looked in the face
 Of a great howling mob all the way.

Only Maitland one morning was found
 With a flask near his white finger-tips,
 Lying low in his cell on the rush-covered ground,
 With a sweet sickly smell hanging heavily round,
 And a cynical smile on his lips.¹

Walter C. Smith, *Ballads from Scottish History*.

¹ The ballad refers to the year 1573, when the cause of Mary, Queen of Scots, became hopeless, and Kirkaldy of Grange, who had held Edinburgh Castle for two years for her, at length, after a final desperate struggle, surrendered. Both Grange and Maitland of Lethington appealed to Queen Elizabeth for their lives; but she left them to their fate at the hands of the Earl of Morton, to whom they had surrendered. Maitland of Lethington died, presumably by his own act, in July 1573; and Kirkaldy of Grange was executed in Edinburgh in the following month.—R. M.

NA vther lyfe we pure men bade of better
 Nor with our Naiggis to gane to Edinburgh sone,
 With Peittis, with Turnis and money turse of Hedder ;
 Ay gat gude saill, syne lap, qhen we had done,
 For mirrynes ; and with the licht of Mone
 We wald ga hame.

Robert Sempill, *Lamentation of the Commons of Scotland*.
 Printed 1572.

'THAT September in time of vacans, my uncle Mr. Andrew, Mr. Thomas Buchanan and I, hearing that Mr. George Buchanan was weak, and his Historie under the press, past over to Edinbruck annes errand (expressly) to visit him and see the work. When we came to his chalmer we found him sitting in his chair, teaching his young man that servit him in his chalmer, to spell a, b, ab, and e, b, eb, etc. Efter salutation Mr. Andro says, "I see, sir, ye are not idle."—"Better this," quoth he, "nor stealing sheep—or sitting idle which is as ill." Thereafter he shew us the Epistle Dedicatorie to the King, the which when Mr. Andro had read he told him that it was obscure in some places, and wanted certain words to perfeit the sentence. Sayes he, "I may do na mair for thinking on another matter."—"What is that?" sayes Mr. Andro. "To die," quoth he; "but I leave that and manie more things for you to help."

James
 Melville's
 last visit to
 George
 Buchanan
 1582

'We went from him to the printer's workhouse, whom we found at the end of the 17 book of his Cornicle at a place which we thought verie hard for the tyme, which might be an occasion for staying the haill work, anent the burial of Davie. Therefore staying the printer from proceeding, we came to Mr. George again, and fand him bedfast by his custom, and asking him how he did 'Ever going the way of weelfare," says he. Mr. Thomas, his cousin, shawes him of the hardness of that part of his Storie, that the King would be offendit with it, and it might stay all the work. "Tell me, man," says he, "gif I have told the truth?"—"Yes," says Mr. Thomas, "Sir, I think so."—"I will bide his feud and all his kin's then"; quoth he. "Pray, pray to God for me, and let him direct all." So by the printing of his Cornicle was endit, that maist learned, wyse, and godly man endit this mortal life."

James Melville, *Diary*.

WHEN it became known in Scotland that the unhappy Mary, Queen of Scots, was likely to be put to death by Elizabeth, the king requested the ministers of Edinburgh to remember her in

1586

their prayers, 'that it might please God to illuminate her with the light of His truth, and save her from the apparent danger wherein she was cast.' To this surely natural and reasonable request the ministers sent a refusal. The king intended coming to the church next Sunday, and appointed Archbishop Adamson to preach and offer prayers for his mother. On his arrival he found a Mr. John Cowper in the pulpit, it being his turn to preach as one of the ministers of the city. The king rose in his seat and addressed him, 'Mr. John,' he said, 'that place was destined to-day for another, but if you will remember the charge that has been given, and remember my mother in your prayers this day, you may go on.' Cowper answered that 'he would do what the Spirit of God directed him.' He was then ordered to leave the pulpit, which he did, 'uttering his discontent in these words, "that he would make accompt one day to the Great Judge of the world for such dealing."' The rest of the scene we may give from the words of one who was present and witnessed it (Row, p. 115): 'The Bischop of St. Androis went up and (after the Englishe form) began to beck in a low courtesie to the king, whereas the custome of this kirk was first to salute God, to doe God's work, and then after sermon and divine worship closed, to give reverence and make curtesy to the king; but soon after that the Bishop was entered the pulpit, all the people in the Great Kirk of Edinburgh gave a showt and loud cry so as nothing could be heard, and all almost ran out of the kirk, especiallie women; none almost remained but they who were with the king, and some of the nobilitie and gentry in the Lord's Loft, also the provest and council of Edinburgh sat still in their loft. This carriage of the people made the king rise and cry out, "What divill aills the people that they may not tarie to heare a man preache?" He taught indeed that day but with great fear (the writer being an eye and ear witness of all this), and then was putt among the king's guard that none should do him harme, and thus guarded was taken doune to the abbey. . . .'

The Very Rev. Sir James Cameron Lees.
The Church of St. Giles.

The Marriage
 of James VI.
 1589-90

THE next gay pageant which delighted the Edinburghers was the 'welcome home' to James and his newly wedded Danish bride. The king had done a very courageous thing—for him! Gales having delayed the lady's start for Scotland, the monarch fearing the fickle fair might back out of the business, embarked for Denmark, despite storms and witches' incantations, married the lady of his love and started homeward. Naturally such a display

of courage on the part of the 'Lord's anointed' deserved a triumphal pageant, and he got it! On the 1st of May 1590, the royal pair landed at Leith, where they were welcomed by their subjects with every demonstration of joy. Much the same order of procession was observed as had been the case in the 'welcome to Scotland' tendered to James's mother, nine and twenty years before, when she returned to begin her six years of stormy rule.

James was at this time exceedingly poor, and some of his shifts to make a good appearance before the Danish ambassadors are very amusing. From the Earl of Mar he borrowed a pair of silk stockings for his own wear, saying in his letter, 'Ye wudna wish that your king suld appear a scrub on sic an occasion.' John Boswell of Balmuto lent the impecunious James 1000 marks (about £55), induced to do so perhaps by the king's artful appeal to his patriotism, 'Ye will rather hurt yersel very far, than see the dishonour of your prince and native country, with the poverty of baith set down before the face of strangers.'

The townsmen evidently were neither poor nor stingy; for they provided for the young queen a carriage richly gilt, lined with crimson velvet. Her maids of honour were with her, and the king (carefully packed on a side saddle), rode on horseback by the door of the carriage, and in that way they reached Holyrood. Two days after the arrival, Queen Anne made a tour of the town in her coach, accompanied by the king, and the ladies and gentlemen of the Court; the fountain at the Cross again flowed claret. Just above the Netherbow there was a pageant enacted representing the royal marriage. But what would appeal to James most of all, from the summit of the port was let down a casket containing 20,000 crowns (about £8,500), a present from the town of Edinburgh to the good Queen Anne!

Oliphant Smeaton.
Edinburgh and its Story.

O I WILL sing, if ye will hearken,
If ye will hearken unto me;
The king has taen a puir prisoner,
The wanton young Laird o' Logie.

**The Laird
o' Logie**

Young Logie's laid in Edinburgh chapel,
Carmichael's keeper o' the key;
And May Margaret's lamenting sair,
A' for the love o' young Logie.

When news cam to our gudely queen,
She sich'd, and said richt mournfullie,
'O what will come o' Lady Margaret,
Wha beirs sic love to young Logie?'

May Margaret tore her yellow hair,
When as the queen told her the same :
'I wis that I had ne'er been born,
Or ne'er had known young Logie's name !'

'Lament, lament na, May Margaret,
And of your weeping let me be ;
For ye maun to the king himsell,
To seek the life o' young Logie.'

May Margaret has kilted her green cleiding,
And curlit back her yellow hair ;
'If I canna get young Logie's life,
Fareweel to Scotland evermair !'

When that she cam before the king,
She kneelit lowly on her knee :
'O what's the matter, May Margaret?
And what needs a' this courtesie?'

'A boon, a boon, my noble liege !
A boon, a boon, I beg of thee !
And the first boon that I come to crave,
Is to grant me the life o' young Logie.'

'O na, o na, May Margaret,
Forsooth, and so it maunna be ;
For a' the gowd in fair Scotland
Shall not save the life o' young Logie.

May Margaret she gaed down the stair,
I wat she gaed richt mournfullie :
'Oh, a' the money in fair Scotland
Wadna save the life o' young Logie !'

And sae she tore her yellow hair,
Kinking her fingers ane by ane ;
And cursed the day that she was born,
Or that she heard o' Logie's name !

'Lament, lament na, Margaret,
And of your weeping let me be ;
And I will to the king mysell,
To seek the life o' young Logie.'

The queen she trippit up the stair,
And lowly knelt upon her knee :
'A boon, a boon, I crave, my liege !
Grant me the life o' young Logie !'

'If you had asked me castles and towers,
I wad hae gien them, twa or three ;
But a' the money in fair Scotland
Wadna buy the life o' young Logie !'

The queen she trippit down the stair,
And doun she gaed richt mournfullie :
'Oh, a' the money in fair Scotland
Wadna buy the life o' young Logie.'

Lady Margaret tore her yellow hair,
When as the queen tauld her the same :
'I'll tak a knife, and end my life,
And be in the grave as sune as him.'

'O, fie ! na, na !' then spoke the queen ;
'Fie, na ! fie, na ! this maunna be !
I'll set ye on another way
To win the life o' young Logie.'

May Margaret has taen the king's redding-kame,
Likewise the queen her wedding-knife ;
And sent the tokens to Carmichael,
To cause young Logie get his life.

She sent him a purse o' the red gowd,
Another o' the white monie ;
She sent him a pistol for each hand,
And bade him shoot when he gat free.

When he cam to the tolbooth stair,
There he let his volley flee ;
It made the king in his chamber start,
E'en in the bed where he micht be.

And when he cam to the queenis window,
 Whaten a joyfu' shout ga'ed he!
 Saying: 'Peace be to our royal queen,
 And peace be in her companie!'

'O whaten a voice is that?' quo' the king;
 'Whaten a voice is that?' quo' he:
 'Whaten a voice is that?' quo' the king;
 'I think it's the voice of young Logie.'

'Gae out, gae out, my merry-men a',
 And bid Carmichael come speik to me;
 For I'll lay my life the pledge o' that,
 That yon's the voice o' young Logie.'

When Carmichael cam before the king,
 He fell down low upon his knee;
 The very first word that the king spoke,
 Was, 'Where's the young Laird o' Logie?'

Carmichael turned him round about,
 (I wat the tear blinded his e'e),
 'There came a token frae your grace
 Has ta'en the laird away frae me.'

'Hast thou played me that, Carmichael?' he said;
 'And hast thou played me that?' quo' he;
 'The morn, therefore, at twelve o'clock,
 Your men and you shall hangit be.'

'Ah, na! fie, na!' then quoth the queen;
 'Fie, my deir love! this canna be:
 If ye be gaun to hang them a',
 Indeed ye maun begin wi' me.'

Carmichael is gane to Margaret's bower,
 Even as fast as he micht drie:
 'O if young Logie be within,
 Tell him to come and speik with me!'

May Margaret turned her round about;
 I wot a loud lauch lauchit she:
 'The egg is chippit; the bird is flown;
 Ye'll see nae mair o' young Logie.'

The tane is shippit at the pier o' Leith,
 The tother at the Queen's Ferrie;
 And now the lady has gotten her luve,
 The winsome young Laird o' Logie!¹

FROM the said Village *Fishrawe*, I rode the rest of the way, being four miles, and so in one dayes journey (as I said) came to *Edenborrow*, seated in Lodoney² (of old called Pictland), the most civill Region of *Scotland*, being hilly and fruitfull of corne, but having little or no wood. This City is the seat of the King of Scotland, and the Courts of Justice are held in the same. . . . This City is high seated, in a fruitfull soyle, and wholesome air, and is adorned with many Noblemens Towers lying about it, and aboundeth with many springs of sweet waters. At the end towards the East, is the Kings Pallace joyning to the Monastery of the Holy Crosse, which King *David* the first built, over which, in a Parke of Hares, Conies, and Deare, an high mountaine hangs, called the chaire of Arthur (of *Arthur*, the Prince of the Britanes, whose monuments, famous among all Ballad-makers, are for the most part to be found on these borders of *England* and *Scotland*). From the Kings Pallace at the East, the City riseth higher and higher towards the West, and consists especially of one broad and very faire street (which is the greatest part and sole ornament thereof), the rest of the side streetes and allies being of poore building and inhabited with very poore people, and this length from the East to the West is about a mile, whereas the bredth of the City from the North to the South is narrow, and cannot be

1598

¹ There are two versions of this ballad, one in Herd's collection, in which the hero is 'The Laird of Ochiltree,' and the other in the *Border Minstrelsy*. The above is a combination of the two, and is taken from Chambers's *Collection of Scottish Songs and Ballads*.

The ballad is founded on an actual incident which took place in James VI.'s reign, before he left Scotland. One of Danish Queen Anne's Danish gentlewomen was Margaret Twynstoun (so spelt in old Scottish records) and was betrothed to Wemyss of Logie. Logie was sentenced to death as 'a traffecker with Francis, Earl of Bothwell,' but was saved by his sweetheart in an even cleverer and bolder manner than that described in the ballad, and possibly with the queen's connivance. She was in waiting on the queen, and was, on the night of her lover's accusation, to sleep in the queen's room. When the king was in the room, she slipped out and commanded the guard to convey Logie to the royal presence. This they obeyed without doubting; but Margaret met them at the door, bade the guard wait, took Logie to a window, and gave him a 'long corde.' Thus he escaped from the very presence of the sleeping king.—R. M.

² Lothian (Loudonia).

halfe a mile. At the farthest end towards the West, is a very strong Castle, which the Scots hold unexpugnable. . . . And from this Castle towards the West, is a most steepe Rocke pointed on the highest top, out of which this Castle is cut: But on the North and South sides without the wals, lie plaine and fruitfull fields of Corne. In the midst of the foresaid faire streete, the Cathedrall Church is built, which is large and lightsome, but little stately for the building, and nothing at all for the beauty and ornament. . . .

Fynes Moryson, *Itinerary*, Part I, Book iii. Chap. 5.
From Professor Hume Brown's *Early Travellers in Scotland*.

**The Laird of
Waristoun**

Down by your garden green
Sae merrily as she gaes!
She has, I wis, twa weel-made feet,
And she trips upon her taes.

She has twa weel-made feet,
Far better is her hand.
She is as jimp in the middle
As ony willow wand.

It was at dinner as they sat
And when they drank the wine,
How happy were the laird and lady
Of bonnie Waristoun!

But he has spoken a word in jest;
Her answer was not good;
He threw a plate at her face,
Made it a' gush out o' blude.

She wasna frae her chamber door
A step, but barely three,
When up and at her richt hand
There stood Man's Enemie!

'Gif you will do my bidding, lady,
At my bidding for to be,
I'll learn you a richt skeely wile,
Avenged for to be.

'At evening, when ye sit and sup,
And when ye drink the wine,
See that you fill the glass weel up
To the Laird o' Waristoun.'

The Foul Thief he has knist the knot ;
She lift his head on hie ;
And the false nourice drew the knot,
That Waristoun garred die.

Then word has gane to Leith,
And up to Edinbro toun
That the lady she has slain the laird,
The Laird of Waristoun.

And they've taen her and the fause nourice,
And in prison hae them boun' ;
The nourice she was hard of heart,
But the lady fell in a swoon.

In it came her brother dear ;
A sorry man was he :
'I wad gie a' the lands I hae
Bonnie Jean, to borrow¹ thee.'

'O borrow me, brother ! borrow me !
O borrowed sall I never be ;
For I garred kill my ain gude lord,
And life is nae pleasure to me.'

In it came her mother dear ;
A sorry woman was she :
'I wad gie my white money and gowd,
Bonnie Jean, to borrow thee.'

'Borrow me, mother ! borrow me !
O borrowed sall I never be ;
For I garred kill my ain good lord,
And life's nae pleasure to me.'

¹ Ransom.

Then in it came her father dear ;
 A sorry man was he :
 'Ochon, alas, my bonnie Jean !
 If I had you at hame wi' me !

'Seven daughters I hae left at hame,
 As fair as fair can be ;
 But I would gie them a', ane by ane,
 O Jean, to borrow thee.'

'O borrow me, father ! borrow me !
 Borrowed sall I never be ;
 I that is worthy o' the death
 It's richt that I suld die.

'O Warristoun, I was your wife
 These nine years, running ten ;
 And I never lo'ed ye half sae weel
 As now when ye're lying slain !

'Cause tak me out at nicht,
 Let the sun not on me shine,
 And on yon heiding hill strike aff
 This dowie heid of mine.

'But first tak aff my gowd brocade ;
 Let only my petticoat be ;
 And tie my mantle ower my heid ;
 For the fire I daurna see.'

Sae they've taen her to the heiding hill,
 At morn, afore the sun ;
 And wi' mournfu' sighs they've taen her life,
 For the death o' Waristoun.'¹

¹ From Chambers's *Collection of Scottish Ballads*—composed out of three fragments, from the collections of Jamieson, Kinloch and Buchan, respectively. The ballad is founded on fact. The story, as told in footnote in Chambers's collection, is shortly this :—John Kincaird, Laird of Warristoun, was murdered on the 2nd July 1600, at the instigation of his wife, Jean Livingstone, daughter of the Laird of Dunipace. It is said Jean was only twenty-one (though this scarcely tallies with her statement in the ballad that she had been married nearly ten years) and was much younger than her husband, and that he had treated her badly, and bitten her arm. The man who actually did the deed was John Weir, a servant of Lady Warristoun's father. Lady Warristoun had sent for him, and he was hidden in a cellar, whence the lady herself conducted him in the middle of the night to the hall, and then went to her room ; but at

It is a Saturday evening in Holyrood,—the evening of Saturday, the 26th of March 1603. All is dull and sleepy within the Palace, the King and Queen having retired after supper, and the lights in the apartments now going out one by one. Suddenly, hark! what noise is that without? There is first a battering at the gate, and then the sound of a horse's hoofs in the courtyard, and of a bustling of the palace servants round some late arriver. It is the English Sir Robert Cary, brother of Lord Hunsdon. He had left London between nine and ten o'clock in the forenoon of the 24th; he had ridden as never man rode before, spur and gallop, spur and gallop, all the way, through that day and the next and the next, the two intervening nights hardly excepted; and here he is at Holyrood on the evening of the third day,—an incredible ride! His horse, the last he has been on, is taken from him all a-foam; and he himself, his head bloody with a wound received by a fall and a kick from the horse in the last portion of his journey, makes his way staggeringly, under escort, into the aroused King's presence. Throwing himself on his knees before his half-dressed Majesty, he can but pant out, in his fatigue and excitement, these words in explanation of the cause of his being there so unceremoniously: 'Queen Elizabeth is dead, and your Majesty is King of England.' . . .

King James's
Farewell to
Holyrood
1603

Next day was Sunday; and, whatever whispers of the great event there may have been round King James himself in Holyrood, it does not appear that there was any hint of it that day among the congregations of the lieges in the Edinburgh churches. It is hardly possible that on the following day, when the proclamations of the new sovereign were palpitating northwards through

the sound of the first scream repented, and ran out into the hall, but no further. Weir escaped, but Lady Warristoun and her child's nurse, an accomplice, were taken 'red-handed,' that is, at the moment of their crime, so that no proof was needed, and according to Scottish law they were immediately tried by the magistrates of Edinburgh. They were sentenced to be strangled and burnt at the stake. The Laird of Dunipace was a favourite of James VI., but failed to obtain a pardon for his unfortunate daughter, only the alteration of her sentence to beheadal. She was beheaded thirty-seven hours later, at four in the morning on July 5th, at the Watergate, near Holyrood House; and the nurse was at the same hour burnt to death on the Castle Hill. One of the ministers of Edinburgh has left an account of Lady Warristoun's death, and tells that she died converted and repentant, incessant in the utterance of pious exclamations. Possibly a more enlightened age would have accounted for the tormented creature's terrible deed as the act of temporary insanity, probably produced by her husband's ill-treatment of her, the sight of which perhaps also caused her servants' devotion to their mistress.

England, with huzzas from town to town, in the very track of Sir Robert's ride (he had himself ordered them in Northumberland), the community of Edinburgh could still have remained ignorant of what had happened. There could be no public recognition of it, however, till after the arrival of the authorised envoys of the English Privy Council ; and they did not arrive—the laggards !—till the morning of Tuesday, the 29th of March. . . .

What commotion in Edinburgh through the next few days ! The King's leave-taking had to be hurried ; and it was on Sunday the 3rd of April that, rising from his place in St. Giles's Church after the sermon, he made what had to pass as his farewell speech to all his Scottish subjects. It was a speech intended to console them for their grievous loss. 'There is no more difference,' he said, 'betwixt London and Edinburgh, yea, not so much, as betwixt Inverness or Aberdeen and Edinburgh ; for all our marches are dry, and there be no ferries betwixt them' ; and, after delating somewhat further on the undeniable fact of the geographical continuity of his new kingdom with his old, he mentioned one of its probable consequences. 'Ye mister [need] not doubt,' he said in conclusion, 'but, as I have a body as able as any king in Europe, whereby I am able to travel, so I sall visie you every three year at the least, or oftter as I sall have occasion.' On Tuesday, 5th April, all being ready for his departure, there was the long procession, amid thunders of cannon from the Castle, which conducted him out of Edinburgh. . . .

From and after the 5th of April 1603 Holyrood, though not quite left to the rats, was no longer the home of royalty. King James's parting promise that he would revisit his native kingdom at least once every three years passed out of his mind ; and not till 1617, fourteen years after the ecstatic delight of his removal to the banks of the Thames, did he find it worth while to recross the Tweed. Holyrood, with the other royal palaces of Scotland, was then refurbished for his temporary accommodation ; but with that exception, and the further exception of two subsequent visits of Charles I. to Edinburgh, there was to be no sight of a sovereign face for many a day in the towered edifice under Arthur Seat. . . . 'This I must say for Scotland, and may truly vaunt it,' said King James in a speech of rebuke to his somewhat troublesome English Parliament on the 31st of March 1607 : 'here I sit and govern it with my pen ; I write, and it is done ; and by a clerk of the council I govern Scotland now—which my ancestors could not do by the sword.'

David Masson.

Edinburgh Sketches and Memories.

'THE following memorandum is on one of the leafes before the beginning (of the Record): On the 16 of May 1617 the K. Mai: entred at the West Port of Edinb: wher the Provost, the four bailzies, the haill counsell of the toun, with a 100 honest men besyde, were all assembled in black gownes, lined with black velvet, and their haill apparel ware of black velvet: at whilk tyme, first the proveist, William Nisbet, made a harangue welcoming his Mai: to his onne city; then a harangue was made by Mr. John Hay, toun clerk, in name of the haill citizens: then a purse containing 500 double angells laid in a silver basin double over gilt was proponed to his Mai: who with a mild and gracious countenance receaved them, with their propine: their after came throw the city to the kirk, wher ane sermon was made by the Arrchbp. of St. Androis, Spotswood: their after came directly doun the streit towards his palace of Halyrudhous, being convoyed by the haill honest men of the toun to the croce called St. Jone's croce, wher drawing forth his sword, the King knighted the Provost, &c., &c. The last of Junii 1617 he departed from Halirudhous to Stirling.'

King James's
Return to
Holyrood
1617

From Lord Fountainhall's MS. Extracts from the *Criminal Record*.
Quoted in Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe's *Correspondence*.

FOR his majesty's entertainment, I must needs ingenuously confess, he was received in the parish of Edinburgh (for a city I cannot call it), with great shouts of joy, but no shews of charge for pageants; they hold them idolatrous things, and not fit to be used in so reformed a place. . . . For the religion they have, I confess they hold it above reach, and, God willing, I will never reach for it.

1617

They christen without the cross, marry without the ring. . . . They keep no holy-days, nor acknowledge any saint but St. Andrew. . . . Their Sabbath exercise is a preaching in the forenoon, and a persecuting in the afternoon. . . . They think it impossible to lose the way to heaven, if they can but leave Rome behind them. . . .

To conclude, the men of old did no more wonder that the great Messias should be born in so poor a town as Bethlem in Judea, than I do wonder that so brave a prince as King James should be borne in so stinking a toun as Edinburgh in lousy Scotland.

Sir Anthony Weldon (?)

From *A Perfect Description of the People and Country of Scotland*. MS. in Bodleian Library (Tanner's MSS., No. 23), ascribed by some to James Howell, but by others, including Professor Hume Brown, to Sir Anthony Weldon, who accompanied James VI. on his return to Scotland in 1617.

'Edinborough—The heart of Scotland,
Britaine's other eye.'¹

Ben Jonson.

1618

THE day being no sooner come, and having but fiftene miles to Edenborough, mounted upon my ten toes, and began first to hobble, and after to amble, and so being warm, I fell to pace by degrees; all the way passing thorow a fertill countrey for corne and cattle: and about two of the clocke in the afternoone that Wednesday, being the thirteenth of August, and the day of Clare the Virgin (the signe being in Virgo), the moone foure dayes old, the wind at west, I came to take rest, at the wished, long expected, ancient, famous city of Edenborough, which I entred like Pierce, pennillesse,² altogether monyles. . . .

Walking thus doune the street (my body being tyred with travell, and my minde attyred with moody, muddy, Moorditch melancholy), my contemplation did devoutly pray, that I might meete one or other to prey upon, being willing to take any slender acquaintance of any map whatsoever; viewing and circumviewing every man's face I met, as if I meant to draw his picture, but all my acquaintance was *Non est inventus*, I swear by *priscians paricranion*,³ an oath which I have ignorantly broken many times. At last I resolv'd, that the next gentleman that I met withall, should be acquaintance whether hee would or no: and presently fixing mine eyes upon a gentleman-like object, I looked on him, as if I would survay something through him, and make him my perspective: and hee, much musing at my gazing, and I much gazing at his musing, at last he crost the way and made toward me, and then I made downe the street from him, leaving to encounter with my man, who came after me leading my horse, whom he thus accosted, My friend, (quoth he), doth yonder gentleman (meaning me) know me, that he lookes so wistly on me? Truly Sir, said my man, I thinke not, but my master is a stranger come from London, and would gladly meete some acquaintance to direct him where he may have lodging and horse meate. Presently the gentleman (being of a generous disposition) over-tooke me with unexpected and undeserved courtesie, brought me to a lodging, and caused my horse to bee put into his owne stable, whilest we discoursing over a pinte of Spanish, I related as much English to him, as made him lend him tenne shillings (his name was Master

¹ One line—the only remaining line of his lost poem, *Edinburgh*. It may be observed that it is a mixed metaphor.—R. M.

² *Pierce Pennillesse*, by Thomas Nash, 1592.

³ 'To break the head of a Priscian,'—to break the rules of grammar.

John Maxwell), which money I am sure was the first that I handled after I came out the walls of London : but having rested two houres and refreshed mysele, the gentleman and I walked to see the city and the castle, which as my poore unable and unworthy pen can, I will truly describe.

The castle on a loftie rock is so strongly grounded, bounded, and founded, that by force of man it can never be confounded ; the foundation and walls are unpenetrable, the rampiers impregnable, the bulwarkes invincible, no way but one to it is or can be possible to be made passable. In a word, I have seen many straights and fortresses in Germany, the Netherlands, Spaine, and England, but they must all give place to this unconquered castle, both for strength and scituation.

Amongst the many memorable things which I was shewed there, I noted especially a great peece of ordnance of iron ;¹ it is not for batterie, but it will serve to defend a breach, or to tosse balles of wilde-fire against any that should assaile or assault the castle ; it lyes now dismounted ; and it is so great within, that it was told me that a childe was once gotten there ; but I, to make tryall crept into it, lying on my backe, and I am sure there was roome enough and spare for a greater than my selfe.

So leaving the castle, as it is both defensive against any opposition, and magnificke for lodging and receite, I descended lower to the city, wherein I observed the fairest and goodliest streete that ever mine eyes beheld, for I did never see or heare of a street of that length (which is halfe an English mile from the castle to a faire port which they call the Nether-bow), and from that porte, the streete which they call the Kenny-hate² is one quarter of a mile more, downe to the king's palace, called Holyrood-house, the buildings on each side of the way being all of squared stone, five, six, and seven stories high, and many by-lanes and closes on each side of the way, wherein are gentlemens houses, much fairer then the buildings in the high-street, for in the high-street marchants and tradesmen do dwell, but the gentlemens mansions and goodliest houses are obscurely founded in the aforesaid lanes : the walls are eight or tenne foote thicke, exceeding strong, not built for a day, a weeke, or a moneth, or a yeere ; but from antiquity to posteritie, for many ages ; there I found entertainment beyond my

¹ 'Mons Meg,' still on the ramparts. It was taken to England in 1758 by mistake as unserviceable, and remained in the Tower of London seventy-five years, and was then, through Sir Walter Scott's influence, brought back to Edinburgh Castle.

² Canongate.

expectation or merit, and there is fish, flesh, bread and fruit, in such variety, that I thinke I may offencelesse call it superfluity, or society. The worst was, that wine and ale was so scarce, and the people were such mizers of it, that evrey night before I went to bed, if any man had asked me a civill question, all the wit in my head could not have made him a sober answer.

I was at his Majesties palace, a stately and princely seate, wherein I saw a sumptuous chappell, most richly adorned with all appurtenances belonging to so sacred a place, or so royall an owner. In the inner court, I saw the kings armes cunningly carved in stone, and fixed over a doore aloft on the wall, the red lyon being the crest, over which was written this inscription in Latine,

Nobis hæc invicta miserunt 106 proavi.

I enquired what the English of it was? It was told me as followeth, which I thought worthy to be recorded :

106 fore-fathers have left this to us unconquered.

This is a worthy and memorable motto, and I think few kingdomes or none in the world can truly write the like, that notwithstanding so many inroades, incursions, attempts, assaults, civill warres, and forraigne hostilities, bloody battles, and mighty foughten fields, that maugre the strength and policy of enemies, that royall crowne and scepter hath from one hundred and seven descents, kept still unconquered, and by the power of the King of Kings, (through the grace of the Prince of peace), is now left peacefully to our peacefull king, whom long in blessed peace, the God of peace defend and governe.¹

John Taylor ('The Water-Poet').

The Pennyless Pilgrimage, or the Moneylesse Perambulation of John Taylor, alias, the King's Majesties Water-Poet. How he travailed on foot from London to Edenborough in Scotland, not carrying any Money to or fro, neither Begging, Borrowing, or asking Meate, Drinke, or Lodging.

. . . FOR in some measure, I can let you know,
How that all vertues heere doe overflow,
For hēere Religion, and all clairgie bee,
The young in learning, are brought up yee fee,
The poor maintaind, the sicke finds comfort to,
Kirkes are erected, and such workes they doe :

¹ The old palace of Holyrood was destroyed by fire whilst Cromwell's soldiers were quartered there in 1650, thirty-two years after this, the latest description we have of it, was written.

And though that I were blind as any bat,
 I may say some thing, for to wnesse that,
 Which fame doth spread abroad and mount on hie,
 To let us heare although wee could not see,
 For as the winde, doth blow out from their shore,
 It brings their vertues, to appear the more,
 And when it doth, returne its course heeretill,
 It brings them thanks for their approv'd good will,
 Thus then the winde thinkes that they doe deserue,
 That it should still bee ready them to serue,
 As als the Ocian thinkes it is its part,
 To serue them friendly for their true desert.
 When since the winde, the earth, and eeke the sea,
 Doth in their kinde, them thanke most willingly,
 Why should not then, this Kingdome with the rest,
 Pray for their welfare and account them blest :

And thus, I tak my leaue now of you all,
 Protesting that, in reverence I shall,
 Bee ready alwayes, as my power shall bee,
 To serue this Good Towne, in sinceritie
 And this I vow, heere by a Souldiers hand,
 As I have promide, by my word to stand.

Edinburgh's Vertues, by W. M. ; 1632. 'A true description of the Consciencious, Literall, and Learned properties of the truly renowned Citizens, of the most worthie and famous Citie of Edinburgh.'

So many things are hidden in that dead abyss of Past Time ; only here and there a glimpse of actuality recoverable from the devouring night. And of these few the meaning and meanings are so hard to seize ! For so it stands in this dark Life of ours. The figure of the actuality you may see ; but the spirit of it ? . . .

On Saturday 15th June, 1633, by a singular chain of accidents, I obtain some view of the ancient city of Edinburgh ; and discern a few things there in a quite visual manner, several of which it would gratify me to understand completely. But sure enough the June sun shines on that old Edinburgh, clear as it does on the new and newest ; and men are alive and things verily extant there,—and even a state of excitation is discoverable among them. Curious to see. Westward on its sheer blue rock towers up the Castle of Edinburgh, and slopes down eastward to the Palace of Holyrood ; old Edinburgh Town, a sloping high-street and many steep side lanes,

'A Scotch
 Coronation
 [1633]'

covers like some wrought tissue of stone and mortar, like some strong rhinoceros skin of stone and mortar, with many a gnarled embossment, church steeple, chimney-head, Tolbooth, and other ornament or indispensability, back and ribs of that same eastward slope,—after all not so unlike some crowned couchant animal, of which the Castle were crown, and the life-breath those far-spread smoke-clouds and vapour-clouds rising up there for the last thousand years or so. At the distance of two hundred years or more this thing I see. Rhinoceros Edinburgh lies in the mud: southward a marshy lake or South Loch, now about to be drained; northward a marshy lake or North Loch, which will not be drained for the next one hundred and thirty years.

Faring westward from Dalkeith comes a cavalcade somewhat notable: a many-footed tramp of stately horses, a waving grove of plumes, scarfs, cloaks, embroideries; it is the choicest cavalcade that could be got up in these Northern parts; and in it ride Church and State, Charles Rex namely and William Laud, Archbishop, who in ordinary papers signs himself 'Wil. Cant.' . . . Truce, therefore, to the antecedencies of this same Royal Progress, —sufficient that thou seest the Progress itself; and sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.—Ambling along by the South-western roots of Arthur's Seat; through the green June country towards Edinburgh, tower-crowned, blue-cloaked,—whither, as extreme, compressed agitation is reigning there, may we as well run and announce at last the King *is* coming? . . .

Strolling along these holiday streets of Edinburgh, a number of questions suggest themselves. Some answerable, too many of them unanswerable. For, see, not only at the West Port, where Mr. Archibald Clark with his Bailie retinue sits, thick-breathing; but here, at the West Bow, an inner closed gate, at the head of that tortuous street, stand orators, nay, I think stand Allegories, judging by their personations;—and then again, as we emerge into the High-street, what are these in sky-blue cloaks and plumes, various as the rainbow, as sky messengers newly alighted to congratulate the King's Majesty? The old Tolbooth and all St. Giles's Cathedral never looked so brave. In the bowels of the High Cross fountain there circulates, impatiently demanding egress, a lake of Claret. Judge if this decoration is a popular one! And a little further on, at the public Weigh-house,—what the Scotch call Tron, not yet a Church, but a public Weigh-house,—see, the blunt edifice, by plaster, planks, draperies and upholstery, is changed to an Olympus, on which hover—the Nine Muses of Antiquity, and much else! These, too, are to congratulate the

King's Majesty ; in verses as melodious as possible, apprise him that he is King by 108 descents, counting from the first Fergus, and prophesy that 108 or more shall descend from him in like manner. Of a new set of Allegories at the Nether Bow or lowest gate, of all that is going forward in the interior of Holyrood, and chapels with tapestry, bed-hangings and furnishings, etc., and the cooking and furbishing that goes and has gone on there, my patience fails me to speak. . . .

An historical secret that will interest,—this pageantry has all been got up by Mr. William Drummond of Hawthornden, a gentleman of much genius who lives 'vacant for the Muses,' as he calls it, out at Hawthornden. . . .

Pageants are of small moment to us : nevertheless we must look on this occasion how it stands with Mr. Archibald Clark at the West Port. The heart of the man beating thick with painful expectancy, his breathing fluttered into a series of sighs. Edinburgh waits, with Mr. Clark at its head, in painful expectance of the King's Majesty. Hark, see far overhead : the old Castle has heard his Majesty's trumpet, and answers from her metal throats, in thunder, in rolling smoke-clouds barred with long spears of fire. Fifty shots of their great ordnance : 'fore Heaven a very handsome salute. And there, aye there, Mr. Archibald ; loud knock at this thy West Port door, Majesty knocking for entrance : thou must rise, bestir thee, for the hour is come !—Pageants are a thing valueless as dreams ; records of Pageants are like the dream *of* a dream. Nevertheless, as this old Edinburgh Gate opens, flung back by old Edinburgh beefeaters, the Lord Provost kneeling, presents his oration, and the keys of the City in a silver bason, having first shaken into it a purse of a thousand gold coins ; which Marquis Hamilton as Master of the Horse and Grand Chamberlain of Scotland, receives ; and the King's Majesty listens, and Earth is attentive, and Heaven ; the June sun looks down on it, and two centuries have fled since then ; while all this goes on, I say, and the plumed cavalcade fares slowly through the Grassmarket, West Bow and along its upholstery orbit, looked on by a hundred thousand eyes, the light of which is gone two centuries ago,—I could like to institute a few general reflexions. . . .

Thomas Carlyle, *Historical Sketches*.

GREAT Love's vice-gerent, looke with kind aspect
On my emporium Edinbvrgh, direct
No oblique rayes, accept in love her showes,
Her verdant glory which so brauely goes,

To doe thee service, all her cost compense
 With kind acceptance, with her faults dispense,
 And if in her omission shall be found
 Let her endeavours braue, defects confound.

Walter Forbes.

*A Panegyricke to the Most High and Mighty Monarch Charles,
 King of Great Britaine, France, and Ireland, etc.*

1636

ABOUT nine o'clock at night we came into Edenborough, where, by reason of the foot-boy's negligences, we were put upon great straights, and had our lodging to seek at ten o'clock, and in conclusion, were constrained to accept of mean and nasty lodging, for which we paid one shilling and eight-pence; and the next morning, *Saturday, 27 Junii*, we went to the Towle-booth, where are the courts of justice, which are six. . . . This *Saturday*, after dinner, I took a view of the castle here, which is seated very high and sufficiently commanding . . . upon the wall of the castle, towards the top, is this insculpsion, part thereof gilt,—a crown and sceptre, and dagger placed under it cross-wise, with this superscription: 'Nobis hæc invicta miserunt, 106 proavi'; the same arms and inscription is placed upon the front of the abbey, which is the king's house. . . . Hence you may take a full view of the situation of the whole city, which is built upon a hill nothing oversteep, but sufficiently sloping and ascending to give a graceful ascent to the great street, which I do take to be an English mile long, and is the best paved street with bowther¹ stone (which are very great ones) that I have seen: the channels are very conveniently contrived on both sides of the streets, so as there is none in the middle; but it is the broadest, largest, and fairest pavement, and that entire, to go, ride, or drive upon.

Here they usually walk in the middle of the street, which is a fair, spacious, and capacious walk. This street is the glory and beauty of this city: it is the broadest street (except in the Low Countries, where there is a navigable channel in middle of the street) and the longest street I have seen, which begins at the palace, the gate whereof enters straight into the suburbs, and is placed at the lower end of the same. The suburbs make an handsome street; and indeed the street, if the houses, which are very high, and substantially built of stone (some five, some six stories high), were not lined to the outside and faced with boards,² it were the most stately and graceful street that ever I saw in my life; but this face of boards, which is towards the street, doth much blemish it, and

¹ Boulder.

² See p. 9, second paragraph.

derogate from glory and beauty ; as also the want of fair glass windows, whereof few or none are to be discerned towards the street, which is the more complete, because it is as straight as may be. This lining with boards (wherein are round holes shaped to the proportion of men's heads), and this encroachment into the street about two yards, is a mighty disgrace unto it, for the walls (which were the outside) are stone ; so, if this outside facing of boards were removed, and the houses built uniform all the same height, it were the most complete street in Christendom. This city is placed in a dainty, healthful pure air, and doubtless were a most healthful place to live in, were not the inhabitants most sluttish, nasty, and slothful people . . . only the nobler and better sort of them brave, well-bred men, and much reformed. This street, which may indeed deserve to denominate the whole city, is always thronged with people, it being the market place, and the only place where the gentlemen and merchants meet and walk, wherein they may walk dry under foot though there hath been abundance of rain. Some few coaches are here to be found for some of the great lords and ladies, and bishops.

Touching the fashion of the citizens, the women here wear and use upon festival days six or seven several habits and fashions ; some for distinction of widows, wives and maids, others apparelled according to their own humour and phantasy. Many wear (especially of the meaner sort) plaids. . . . Some ancient women and citizens wear satin straight-bodied gowns, short little cloaks with great capes, and a broad linen boun-grace coming over their brows, and going out with a corner behind their heads ; and this boun-grace is, as it were, lined with a white stracht cambric suitable unto it. Young maids not married all are bareheaded ; some with broad thin shag ruffs, which lie flat to their shoulders, and others with half bands with wide necks, either much stiffened or set in wire, which comes only behind ; and these shag ruffs some are more broad and thick than others. . . .

I was this day with an intelligent, understanding man, who told me there were about sixty back lanes or streets, which were placed in the side of this street, and went out of it narrow and inconvenient straight lanes, some wider, some narrower, some built on both sides, others only on one side ; and enquiring what number of persons might be in this city, I found that it was generally computed that they were no more than sixty thousand persons, because there are only four parish churches in this city, and it is observed that there are no more than about four thousand communicants in every parish. . . .

Upon the top of the Toole-boothie stands the head of Gawrie. Here are pies (whereof I have had some this day to dinner) which are sold twelve for a penny English. Here upon the Toole-boothie stands the head of Earl Gawrie. Many Highlanders we observed in this town in their plaids, many without doublets, and those who have doublets have a kind of loose flap garment hanging loose about their breech, their knees bare; they inure themselves to cold, hardship, and will not diswont themselves; proper, personable, well-complectioned men, and able men; the very gentlemen in their blue caps and plaids. . . .

There are some officers made choice of to take notice of, and to apprehend all those that loiter in the streets upon the Lord's day, during service and sermon-time, these are punished by being committed to the Toll-bowth; and if any are found in any house tippling, or gaming in church-time, they are committed to prison. Those also called to account that are met walking fromwards the church, and are detained in durance until they be brought before the bailiffs of the town, who punisheth them severely. . . .

Bought in Edenburgh; Thanksgiving Sermon upon birth of Prince,¹ and the Itinerary of Scotland and Ireland: two pair of pistols, which cost eight rix dollars, which is £1, 18s. 4d.; a dudgeon-hafted dagger and knives, gilt, 3s. 8d. . . . I paid here for my horses two rix dollars, and for our lodging for six persons, three beds every night, 1s. 6d.; for victuals, Saturday, 7s. 2d.; Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, breakfast about £1, 5s.; washing, 1s. 8d.; rewards to the maid and cook, 2s. . . .

The discipline of the Church of England is much pressed and much opposed by many pastors and many of the people. The greatest parts of the Scotts are very honest and zealously religious. I observed few given to drink or swearing; but if any oath, the most ordinary oath was, 'Upon my soul.' The most of my hosts I met withal, and others with whom I conversed, I found very sound and orthodox, and zealously religious. In their demands they do not so much exceed as with us in England, but insist upon and adhere unto their first demand for any commodity. I observed few bells rung in any of their churches in Edenborough, and, as I was informed, there are but few bells in any steeple, save in the Abbey Church Steeple, which is the king's palace. Herein is a ring of bells erected by King Charles immediately before his coming into Scotland, Anno Dom. 1635, but none here knew how to ring or make use of them, until some came out of England for that

¹ Probably James, afterwards James VII., and II. of England.

purpose, who hath now instructed some Scotts in this art. . . .
 Junii 30.—About twelve hour we left Edenborough. . . .

Sir William Brereton, *Travels*, p. 94 ; Chetham Society).
 Taken from Professor Hume Brown's *Early Travellers in Scotland*.

ABOUT ten o'clock the Bishop of Edinburgh, with James Hanna, the Dean, entered the church, the latter taking his seat in the reader's desk, and the former proceeding to the pulpit above him. The Dean then began to read the new prayer-book, or, as it was generally called, the service-book.

The scene that ensued has had many narrators. They differ in some small particulars, but they are all at one as to the greatness of the tumult. As the Dean went on with the prayers there were openly expressed murmurs of discontent. Some of the expressions used have come down in the narratives, and they are not very savoury: 'False antichristian,' 'beistlie bellie-god,' 'crafty fox,' 'ill-hangit thief,' 'Judas,' are among them. The women present were among the most demonstrative, and they seem to have mustered in great numbers for the occasion. The Bishop from the pulpit, who watched the rubric to see that it was rightly followed, asked the audience to be calm, and allow the service to proceed, and turning to the Dean told him to go on to the collect for the day. At this, a herb-woman, Jenny Geddes by name, who had a market-stall near where the Tron Kirk now stands, started up in wrath, and catching the word 'collect' which the Bishop had used, shouted aloud, 'Deil colic the wame of thee; out, thou false thief! dost thou say mass at my lug?' and snatching up the stool on which she sat, hurled it at his head, 'intending to have given him a ticket of remembrance, but jouking became his safeguard at that time.' Others followed this woman's example. . . . Seldom has there been a popular tumult that led to greater results than this one within St. Giles. 'It not only suppressed the English liturgy almost until the nineteenth century, but it gave an impulse to the civil war of England, which ended in the overthrow of church and monarchy' (Stanley's *Lectures on the Church of Scotland*, p. 72).

The Very Rev. Sir James Cameron Lees.
The Church of St. Giles.

SOME praise the fair Queen Mary, and some the good Queen
 Bess,
 And some the wise Aspasia, beloved by Pericles ;

But o'er all the world's brave women, there's one that bears the
rule,

The valiant Jenny Geddes, that flung the three-legged stool.

With a row-dow—at them now!—Jenny fling the stool!

'Twas the twenty-third of July, in the sixteen thirty-seven,
On Sabbath morn from high St. Giles the solemn peal was given :
King Charles had sworn that Scottish men should pray by
printed rule ;

He sent a book, but never dreamt of danger from a stool.

With a row-dow—yes, I trow!—there's danger in a stool!

The Council and the Judges, with ermined pomp elate,
The Provost and the Bailies in gold and crimson state,
Fair silken-vested ladies, grave Doctors of the School,
Were there to please the King, and learn the virtue of a stool.

With a row-dow—yes, I trow!—there's virtue in a stool!

The Bishop and the Dean came in wi' mickle gravity,
Right smooth and sleek, but lordly pride was lurking in their e'e ;
Their full lawn sleeves were blown and big, like seals in briny
pool ;

They bore a book, but little thought they soon should feel a stool.

*With a row-dow—yes, I trow!—they'll feel a three-legged
stool!*

The Dean he to the altar went, and, with a solemn look,
He cast his eyes to heaven, and read the curious-printed book :
In Jenny's heart the blood upwelled with bitter anguish full ;
Sudden she started to her legs, and stoutly grasped the stool !

With a row-dow—at them now ! firmly grasp the stool !

As when a mountain wild-cat springs on a rabbit small,
So Jenny on the Dean springs, with gush of holy gall ;
' *Wilt thou say mass at my lug, thou Popish-puling fool?*
No ! no !' she said, and at his head she flung the three-legged
stool.

With a row-dow—at them now !—Jenny fling the stool !

A bump, a thump ! a smash, a crash ! now gentle folks beware !
Stool after stool, like rattling hail, came tirling through the air,
With, ' Well done, Jenny ! bravo, Jenny ! that's the proper tool !
When the Deil will out, and shows his snout, just meet him
with a stool !'

With a row-dow—at them now !—there's nothing like a stool !

The Council and the Judges were smitten with strange fear,
The ladies and the Bailies their seats did deftly clear,
The Bishop and the Dean went, in sorrow and in dool,
And all the Popish flummery fled, when Jenny showed the stool!

With a row-dow—at them now!—Jenny show the stool!

And thus a mighty deed was done by Jenny's valiant hand,
Black Prelacy and Popery she drave from Scottish land;
King Charles he was a shuffling knave, priest Laud a meddling fool,

But Jenny was a woman wise, who beat them with a stool!

*With a row-dow—yes, I trow!—she conquered by the stool!*¹

Professor John Stuart Blackie.

God neuer had a church, but there, men say,
The diuell a chapell hath rais'd by some wyles.
I doubted of this saw, till on a day
I westward spied great Edenbrough's Saint Gyles.

A Prouerbe

Drummond of Hawthornden.

My Lord,—I have seen now all the King of Great Britain's dominions; and he is a good traveller that hath seen all his dominions. I was born in Wales, I have traversed the diameter of France more than once, and now I am come through Ireland into this Kingdom of Scotland. This town of Edinburgh is one of the fairest streets that ever I saw (excepting that of Palermo in Sicily), it is about a mile long, coming sloping down from the castle (called of old the Castle of Virgins, and of Pliny,² *Castrum Aletum*) to Holyrood house, now the royal palace; and these two begin and terminate the town . . . there are better French wines here than in England and cheaper, for they are but a groat a quart, and it is a crime of a high nature to mingle or sophisticate any wine here. . . . There is a fair Parliament house built here lately, and it was hoped his Majesty would have taken the maiden head of it, and come hither to sit in person; and, they did ill who advised him otherwise.

'To My Lord
Clifford, from
Edinburgh'
(1639)

James Howell, *The Familiar Letters*.

Taken from Professor Hume Brown's *Early Travellers in Scotland*.

¹ Professor Blackie used to sing this song himself, and always illustrated the last line by flinging a stool across the room.—R. M.

² Error for Ptolemy. See page 2.

1642

Edinburgum

COMMUNUS ut spectet superos caeloque fruatur,
 Montis in acclivi surgit Edina ingo.
 Ancillatricem Cererem Nymphasque ministras,
 Et vectigalem despicit inde Thetin.
 Hic ubi nascentis se pandunt lumina Phoebi,
 Sede sub Arturi regia tecta vides,
 Solis ad occasum surgens, arx imminet urbi :
 Haec habet Arctoi tela tremenda Iovis.
 Adspicis in medio templum, decus urbis et orbis,
 Hac pietas stabilem fixit in aede larem.
 Cuncta nitent intus ; regalis more coronae
 Plexilis aurato marmore lucet apex.
 Virginis Astraeae domus est contermina templo,
 Digna Polycleti Praxiletisque mantu.
 Tecta colunt cives solis heroibus apta,
 Nullius illa minas, nullius arma timent.
 Albula Romuleam, Venetam mare territat urbem,
 Quas regit, undarum ridet Edina minas.
 Crede mihi, nusquam vel sceptris aptior urbs est,
 Vel rerum domina dignior urbe locus.

Arthur Johnston.¹*Celebriorum Aliquot Scotiae Urbium Encomia.*

'To enjoy her heavenly view, Edina rises on her sloping ridge,
 looking down on rich domains of Ceres and the Nymphs and eke
 on the tributary sea. To the East under Arthur's Seat the Palace
 is beheld. To the West the Castle commands the city with its
 thunderbolts of war. In the midst there stands a temple, ornament
 of the city and the world, the abode of Piety : resplendent within
 and surmounted by a regal crown of fretted stone. The abode of
 justice adjoins, worthy of Polycletus and Praxiteles. The burghers
 dwell in noble mansions fit for heroes and fear no threats of danger.
 Tiber puts Rome in terror, and the sea threatens Venice : at such
 threats Edina smiles. No city worthier of the sceptre ; no site
 more suited for the lordship of the land.'

Translation of Arthur Johnston's *Edinburgum* ; taken from Sir Wm. Geddes's
Musa Latina Aberdonensis, vol. xi. of the New Spalding Club.

Edinburgh

INSTALL'D on hills, hir head neare starrye bowres,
 Shines Edinburgh, proud of protecting powers.
 Justice defendes her heart ; Religion east
 With temples, Mars with towres doth guard the west ;

¹ Arthur Johnston, an Aberdonian, was King's Physician, and the most celebrated Latin scholar of his day.—R. M.

Fresh nymphes and Ceres serving, waite upon her,
 And Thetis tributarie doth her honour.
 The sea doth Venice shake, Rome Tiber beates,
 Whilst she bot scornes her vassall watteres' threats.
 For scepters no where standes a towne more fitt,
 Nor place where towne world's queene may fairer sitt.
 Bot this thy praise is, aboue all, most braue,
 No man did e're diffame thee bot a slave.

William Drummond of Hawthornden.

Free translation of Arthur Johnston's Latin sonnet, *Edinburgum*.

POOR old Edinburgh, it lies there on its hill-face between its Castle and Holyrood, extremely dim to us at this two-centuries' distance; and yet the indisputable fact of it burns for us with a strange illuminativeness; small but unquenchable as the light of stars. Indisputably enough, old Edinburgh is there; poor old Scotland wholly, my old respected Mother! Smoke-cloud hangs over old Edinburgh,—for, ever since Æneas Sylvius's time and earlier, the people have had the art, very strange to Æneas, of burning a certain sort of black stones, and Edinburgh with its chimneys is called 'Auld Reekie' by the country people. Smoke-cloud very visible to the imagination: who knows what they are doing under it! Dryasdust with his thousand Tomes is dumb as the Bass Rock, nay dumber, his Tomes are as the cackle of the thousand flocks of geese that inhabit there, and with deafening noise tell us nothing. The mirror of the Firth with its Inchkeiths, Inchcolms and silent isles, gleams beautiful on us; old Edinburgh rises yonder climbing aloft to its Castle precipice; from the rocks of Pettycur where the Third Alexander broke his neck, from all the Fife heights, from far and wide on every hand, you can see the sky windows of it glitter in the sun, a city set on a hill. But what are they doing there; what are they thinking, saying, meaning there? O Dryasdust!—The gallows stands on the Borough Muir; visible, one sign of civilisation. . . .

Thomas Carlyle, *Historical Sketches*.

TWELFE houres chopped as I did enter in Leith, and our Puritans were at that time more as halfe Jewes; for they had forbidden al servile work to be done from Saterdag at noone, until the next Monday, under great penaltyes; so that a boate durst not go upon ferries to pass any man over, what pressant affair soever he could have; and, therefore, I could not pass at Leith, or returne back

again to Edenbrough, specially upon their day of general communion, because theis dayes they send searchers to al the innes to sie who are their absent from their churches; and, if any be found, the hostes are finned for logging them or suffering them to be absent. So I did choose rather to be in the fields then in any town; and, therfor did ridde up the water to Queenes ferry, wher I found that same prohibition in vigour. I offered a shilling for a boate, which cost but two pens ordinarily, but, if I would have given tenne pounds, the pouer fellowes durst not sette a boate to sea; wherfor I resolved to ridde to the Bridge of Sterling, four and twenty miles out of my way, rather than stay in any of theis puritanical litle tounes, which are much more zealous then the greatest. . . .

Gilbert Blakhal, priest of the Scots Mission in France, in the Low Countries, and in Scotland.

'My Voyage from Holy Ylande to Strathboggie in the North of Scotland.'
From A Brief Narration of the Services Done to Three Noble Ladyes.

**The Banish-
ment of
Poverty**

WE held the Lang-gate¹ to Leith Wynd,
 Where poorest purses use to be;
 And in the Calton² lodgèd syne,
 Fit quarters for such company.

Yet I the High-town fain would see,
 But my comrade did me discharge;
 He willed me Blackburn's ale to pree,
 And muff my beard that was right large.

The morn I ventured up the Wynd,
 And slunk in at the Netherbow
 Thinking that troker for to tyne³
 Who does me damage what he dow.

His company he doth bestow
 On me to my great grief and pain;
 Ere I the thrang could wrestle through
 The loun⁴ was at my heels again.

¹ Lang-gate, or dykes: now Princes Street.

² To part with the familiar.

³ Calton Hill.

⁴ rascal.

I greined to gang on the plain-stanes¹
 To see if comrades wad me ken :
 We twa gaed pacing there our lanes,²
 The hungry hour 'twixt twelve and ane.

Then I kenned no way how to fen³
 My guts rumbled like a hurl-barrow ;
 I dined with saints and noblemen,
 Even sweet Giles and Earl of Murray.⁴

Francis Sempill.

For the Honourable William Lenthall, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.

EDINBURGH, 24th December 1650.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,—It has pleased God to cause this Castle of Edinburgh to be surrendered into our hands, this day, about eleven o'clock. I thought fit to give you such account thereof as I could, and as the shortness of time would permit.

I sent a Summons to the Castle upon the 12th instant ; which occasioned several Exchanges and Replies,—which, for their unusualness, I also thought fit humbly to present to you. Indeed the mercy is very great, and seasonable. I think, I need to say little of the strength of the place ; which, if it had not come in as it did, would have cost very much blood to have attained, if at all to be attained ; and did tie up your Army to that inconvenience, that little or nothing could have been attempted whilst this was in design ; or little fruit had of any thing brought into your power by your Army hitherto, without it. I must needs say, not any skill or wisdom of ours, but the good hand of God hath given you this place.

I believe all Scotland hath not in it so much brass ordnance as this place. I send you here enclosed a List thereof,⁵ and of the arms and ammunition, so well as they could be taken on a sudden. Not having more at present to trouble you with, I take leave, and rest, Sir, Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

Taken from Thomas Carlyle's *Life of Cromwell*.

LET us call back the past as it was two hundred and fifty years ago, and what a different scene rises before our eyes ; an open,

¹ I longed to go on the pavement.

² by ourselves.

³ feed, manage.

⁴ S. Giles and the Earl of Murray were both starved to death.

⁵ This list included 'the great iron murderer called Muckle-Meg.'

undulating muirland, covered with whin and broom, and with thickets of thorn and natural oak growing in the more sheltered hollows. This is the great Boroughmuir, which stretches far away to the hills of Braid, and in more remote times formed part of the ancient forest of Drumselch. A long winding loch lies between us and the town, in the low ground which future generations were to call the Meadows. Its placid waters and reed-fringed shores are the haunts of innumerable wild fowl. The moor is bare and desolate, but here and there rises a stern, grey tower, half fortress, half dwelling-house, with a few humble cottages clustering round it for protection and defence. Such is the Wrytshouses, the ancient home of the Napiers, its walls enriched by quaint carvings and inscriptions, which crowns the gently rising ground at the south-west corner of the loch. The evening breeze no longer brings us the sweet sound of St. Catherine's vesper bell, for long before the day whose story is unrolled before us, the tide of the Reformation had swept wildly through the land; but the shattered walls still remain to bear witness to the piety of an elder generation. St. Roque's Chapel is in ruins, but the victims of the plague still find a large resting-place near the shrine of their patron saint.

Such, then, was the Boroughmuir two hundred and fifty years ago, the great gathering ground on which so many troops had assembled before marching against the Southron, and where so many skirmishes had taken place in the civil wars that rent the country in Queen Mary's time. But it requires an effort of the imagination to realise it all now! . . .

The true fruit of Napier's years of toil and study appeared in 1614, when he produced his book of logarithms, which he dedicated to Prince Charles (afterwards Charles I.) and which rapidly made his name famous over Europe. He died at Merchiston in 1617, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Archibald. This was the first Lord Napier. He married Montrose's sister, and for some years he acted as tutor to his illustrious brother-in-law, who was left fatherless very young. It was his son, the second Lord Napier, who was Montrose's faithful companion and friend. He married Lady Elizabeth Erskine, and when he passed into the exile from which he never returned, she remained for some time at his castle of Merchiston, and was there when Montrose was executed. From there she sent the faithful servant, who at the dead of night stole to the unhallowed spot on the Boroughmuir where the mutilated trunk of the dead hero had been hastily buried. He carefully and reverently extracted the heart; and, wrapping it in a piece of fine linen, which to this day is treasured

in the Napier charter-chest, he brought it to his mistress, who had it skilfully embalmed. It was then enclosed in a steel box made of the blade of Montrose's sword, and preserved as a precious relic. Montrose had always felt a deep affection for his nephew and his wife, and had promised at his death to leave his heart to Lady Napier, and so the pledge was redeemed. . . .

Margaret Warrender, *Walks near Edinburgh.*

THEY brought him to the Watergate,
 Hard bound with hempen span,
 As though they held a lion there,
 And not a fenceless man.
 They set him high upon a cart—
 The hangman rode below—
 They drew his hands behind his back,
 And bared his noble brow.
 Then, as a hound is slipped from leash,
 They cheered the common throng,
 And blew the note with yell and shout,
 And bade him pass along.

'The
 Execution of
 Montrose.'

It would have made a brave man's heart
 Grow sad and sick that day,
 To watch the keen malignant eyes
 Bent down on that array.
 There stood the Whig west-country lords,
 In balcony and bow ;
 There sat their gaunt and withered dames,
 And their daughters all a-row.
 And every open window
 Was full as full might be
 With black-robed Covenanting carles,
 That goodly sport to see !

But when he came, though pale and wan,
 He looked so great and high,
 So noble was his manly front,
 So calm his steadfast eye ;—
 The rabble rout forbore to shout,
 And each man held his breath,
 For well they knew the hero's soul
 Was face to face with death.

And then a mournful shudder
 Through all the people crept
 And some that came to scoff at him
 Now turned aside and wept.

William Edmonstoune Aytoun.
 From *Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers*.

1656

Arnoldus.—O, how sweetly the weather smiles, the horizon looks clear, the sky is serene, and the birds you may see them beat the ambient air with their tunable notes! Come, Theophilus, let us mount our horses, and lift up your eyes to behold those lofty embellishments of Edinburgh.

Theophilus.—They are obvious enough, half an eye may see them.

Arnoldus.—Welcome to these elevated ports, the princely court of famous Edinburgh. This city stands upon a mighty scopulous¹ mountain, whose foundations are cemented with mortar and stone; where the bulk of her lofty buildings represent it a rock at a reasonable distance, fronting the approaching sun; whose elevations are seven or eight stories high, mounted aloft in the ambient air. But the length, as I take it, exceeds not one mile, and the breadth on't measures little more than half a mile; nor is there more than one fair street, to my best remembrance. But then it's large and long, and very spacious, whose ports are splendid, so are her well-built houses and palaces, corresponding very much to compleat it their metropolis.

Theophilus.—What fabrick is that on the east of Edinburgh?

Arnoldus.—Hallihood-House, the regal court of Scotland.

Theophilus.—But there's yet another great fabrick, that presents westward.

Arnoldus.—That's Edinburgh-Castle, elevated in the air, on an impregnable precipice of rocky earth, perpendicular in some parts, rampir'd and barrocadoed with thick walls of stone, and graffs proportionable, to contribute an additional strength. So that you are to consider this inaccessible castle shines from a natural as well as an artificial product, because part of it you see contiguous with the rock; but the other part, because affixed by cemented stone, which inoculates and incorporates them so firmly together, that the whole mass of building is of such incredible strength, that it's almost fabulous for any man to report it, or sum up the impregnable lustre and beauty of this fair fortress, that defies all attempts, except famine, disease, or treachery be conduct; so that culverins and

¹ *Scopulosus*, full of rocks?

cannons signify but little, without bombs and carcasses. On the other hand, the defendants must not be too liberal, lest their water forsake them sooner than their ammunition; so inevitably draw upon them the foregoing consequence, and incommode them with a thousand inconveniences. True it is, many arguments of art and artillery have been sent to examine this impregnable castle, but none were ever found more successful than hunger and disease, or the golden apples of the Hesperides. Such kind of magnets muzzle mercenaries, and make them a golden bridge to pass over.

Theophilus.—Is this fair fabrick the Parliament-House where the grandees sit on national affairs?

Arnoldus.—Yes, this is their palace where the parliament sits to accommodate the kingdom; whose famous ports we now relinquish to take a review of the bars of Musselburg. But that on our right hand is delicate Dalkeith, surrounded with a park; and that on our left hand is Preston-pans, where the natives make salt from the brine of the ocean. That other town before us is the corporation of Haddington; and this is the Brill; but the Bass you may see is a prodigious rock, that makes an island on the skirts of the ocean.

Richard Frank, *Memoirs*. Scott's Edition.

AFTER this we returned to Edinburgh, where many thousands were gathered together, with abundance of priests among them, about burning a witch, and I was moved to declare the day of the Lord amongst them. . . . I mentioned before, that many of the Scotch priests, being greatly disturbed at the spreading of truth, and the loss of their hearers thereby, were gone to Edinburgh, to petition the council against me. Now, when I came from the meeting to the inn where I lodged, an officer belonging to the council brought me the following order:—

1657

*'Thursday, the 8th of October, 1657, at his Highness's
Council in Scotland.'*

ORDERED,—That George Fox do appear before the Council on Tuesday, the 13th of October next, in the forenoon.

E. DOWNING, *Clerk of the Council.*

When he had delivered me the order, he asked me, 'whether I would appear or not?' I did not tell him whether I would or not; but asked him 'if he had not forged the order': he said, 'no, it was a real order from the council, and he was sent, as their messenger, with it.' When the time came I appeared, and was conducted into a large room, where many great persons came and

looked at me. After a while the door-keeper lead me into the council-chamber; and as I was going in he took off my hat. I asked him 'why he did so, and who was there, that I might not go in with my hat on?' for I told him 'I had been before the Protector with it on.' But he hung it up, and lead me in before them. When I had stood awhile, and they had said nothing to me, I was moved of the Lord to say, 'Peace be amongst you; wait in the fear of God, that ye may receive his wisdom from above, by which all things were made and created; and that by it ye may all be ordered, and may order all things unto your hands to God's glory.' They asked me 'what was the occasion of my coming into that nation?' I told them, 'I came to visit the seed of God, which had long lain in bondage under corruption; and the intent of my coming was, that all in the nation, that professed the Scriptures, the words of Christ, and of the prophets, and apostles, might come to the light, Spirit, and power, which they were in, who gave them forth; that so in and by the Spirit they might understand the Scriptures, know Christ and God aright, and have fellowship with them, and one with another.' They asked me 'whether I had any outward business there?' I said, 'nay.' Then they asked me how long I intended to stay in the country? I told them 'I should say little to that; my time was not to be long, yet in my freedom in the Lord, I stood in the will of him that sent me.' Then they bid me withdraw, and the doorkeeper took me by the hand, and led me forth. In a little time they sent for me again, and told me, 'I must depart the nation of Scotland by that day seventh night.' I asked them, 'Why, what had I done? What was my transgression, that they passed such a sentence upon me to depart out of the nation?' They told me, 'they would not dispute with me.' Then I desired them 'to hear what I had to say to them': but they said, 'they would not hear me.' I told them, Pharaoh heard Moses and Aaron, and yet he was a heathen and no Christian, and Herod heard John the Baptist; and they should not be worse than these. But they cried, 'withdraw, withdraw.' Whereupon the door-keeper took me again by the hand, and led me out. Then I returned to my inn, and continued still in Edinburgh, visiting Friends there and thereabouts, and strengthening them in the Lord. . . .

I went from Leith to Edinburgh again . . . when we were come to the city, I bid Robert Widders follow me; and in the dread and power of the Lord we came up to the first two sentries; and the Lord's power came so over them, that we passed by them without any examination. Then we rode up the street to the market-place, by the main-guard out at the gate by the third sentry, and so clear

out at the suburbs, and there came to an inn and set up our horses, it being the seventh day of the week. Now I saw and felt that we had rode, as it were, against the cannon's mouth, or the sword's point; but the Lord's power and immediate hand carried us over the heads of them all. Next day I went to the meeting in the city, Friends having notice that I would attend it. There came many officers and soldiers to it, and a glorious meeting it was; the everlasting power of God was set over the nation, and his Son reigned in his glorious power. All was quiet, and no man offered to meddle with me. When the meeting was ended, and I had visited Friends, I came out of the city to my inn again; and next day, being the second day of the week, we set forward towards the borders of England.

George Fox, *Journal*.

IF we include the suburbs of the canons, either side of the slope from summit to base is lined with lofty buildings, a long line of them stretching in a spacious street along the middle of the ridge from one extremity to the other. The buildings are separated from each other by streets and closes, almost all of which are narrow. The houses on the opposite sides of the street, therefore, are so close that there is hardly space for fresh air, and for this reason they are mutually harmful. I am not sure that you will find anywhere so many dwellings and such a multitude of people in so small a space as in this city of ours.

There were two main causes in former times which occasioned the growth of the city to its present extent. In the first place, our kings from the earliest times dwelt longer here than elsewhere; in the second, during the last century, James v., following the example of France, established here the supreme civil court,¹ which before that time had been held in different parts of the country. . . . Towards the south the city has been extended in breadth much beyond its ancient limit, as it has in length towards the east; for at the present time the Grassmarket and the Horse-market are within the city walls, which, according to national custom, are not so strong as to resist cannon-balls—the custom of the Scots being to defend their cities with arms and not with walls. . . . The castle has been carefully repaired by late kings, and strengthened by breastworks on the east. There is one great church in the city which is at present separated into three distinct buildings for sacred purposes, the eastern, the middle, and the western, to each of which pertains its own parish. Near the

¹ College of Justice, founded by James v., 1533.

church is the edifice known as the Parliament House, where the Three Estates meet to deliberate on grave affairs of State, and where also the Courts of Justice meet. Towards the south, beyond the Cowgate, is a pile of new buildings of elegant construction, known as Heriot's Hospital¹ from the name of its founder. Towards the east, and not far from the hospital, is the church of the Gray Friars (so called from their mixed colour), where is the public cemetery of the city within the walls. On the south also at present stands the University of the city, magnificently enlarged and adorned with buildings. Behind it is a new church, called Yester's, lately built at the expense of the Lady of Yester. Near it is the public school, where humane letters are taught.² To the south of the Great or High Street is a magnificent new building near the old weighing-machine, for which reason it is called the weigh-house. On the north side of the great church and close to it is the public prison, where was the ancient tolbooth.³ In the middle of the great street is the public cross, where all public proclamations are wont to be made by the voice of a herald. From the Netherbow with a gentle descent stretches a long street, commonly called the Canongate, which extends to the Abbey of Holyrood. This street, also, is adorned on either side and throughout its whole length with elegant buildings, forming a continuous row. In this street is an elegant tolbooth, where is the public prison. About the middle of the street a cross is erected, at which the market of the suburb is held on stated days; for this street and way of the canons is within the walls of the city. And nearer the Abbey another cross is erected, which is known as the Cross of the Precincts,⁴ because between it and the Abbey a certain space is marked off, which was formerly kept as an asylum for those who dared not venture abroad on account of the rigour of the law or the injustice of the supreme law. Since last century the Abbey has been turned to other uses, for there is there an elegant palace built by James v., although the work has not been completed. The houses of the Canons are set apart for the use of those in attendance on the court. There is here also a church of elegant construction, but partly in ruins. On the south side of the Canongate, not far from the public cross, are the house and gardens of the Earl of Moray, of such elegance, and cultivated

¹ Begun 1628, finished 1659.

² Old High School, built 1554, demolished 1777.

³ Demolished 1561.

⁴ The 'Girth Cross,' ancient boundary of the Sanctuary.

with such diligence, that they easily challenge comparison with the gardens of warmer climates, and almost of England itself. And here you may see how much human skill and industry avail in making up for the defects of nature herself. Scarcely would one believe that in severe climates such emenity could be given to gardens. But to return to the Netherbow of the city. Running northward from it is a sloping street, called Leith Wynd, because it forms the road to Leith. At the foot of this street is a gate near which is a tolerably fine church, called the College Church, from the College of the Canons, who, in the time of the Roman superstition, performed the religious ceremonies there. This church was built by the widow of James III.¹ It is beside my present purpose to specify the different periods when these additions were made to the city, and from what princes it received its privileges on the occasion of this increase. The affairs of the city are in the hands of a provost, who for some time past has been chosen every year from the number of the citizens, while formerly some neighbouring noble held this office. The provost has assessors, an ex-provost, and four magistrates, whom they call bailies; and these also are chosen every year from the well-to-do citizens. Occasionally the provost and bailies are continued in office beyond the year. The suburb of the Canongate is under the provost of the city, from which it receives a bailie and a clerk, or keeper of the register. Leith also has of late been under the provostship of Edinburgh, which every year assigns it bailies and a keeper of the register. The suburb beyond the West Port has also its own bailie. The whole municipality comprises not only the city within the walls, but expressly the two largest suburbs—the suburb beyond the West Port, the Canongate, and Leith. Edinburgh is our noblest centre of trade, where not only home products are sold to those living at hand, but home and foreign products are also sent to every part of the country. The whole city is divided into eight districts or neighbourhoods called the quarters of the city. In each district or quarter the youths have their own leader or captain, lieutenant, and standard-bearer, whom they follow.

David Buchanan.

This translation taken from Professor Hume Brown's *Scotland before 1700*. (The original was written in Latin to accompany Gordon of Rothiemay's plan of Edinburgh, and is ascribed to between 1647 and 1652, but, according to Professor Hume Brown, is of date later than 1660. It was published from the MS. by the Bannatyne Club Miscellany.)

¹ Trinity College Church, founded by Mary of Gueldres in 1462, and demolished by the North British Railway Company in 1845.—R. M.

1661?

. . . EDINBURGH is the capital town, and the handsomest of the kingdom of Scotland, distant only a mile from the sea, where Leith is its sea-port. It stands on a hill, which it entirely occupies. This hill, on the side whereon the castle is built, is scarped down as steep as a wall, which adds to its strength, as it is accessible only on one side, which is therefore doubly fortified with bastions, and a large ditch cut sloping into the rock. I arrived by the suburbs, at the foot of the castle where at the entry is the market-place, which forms the beginning of a great street in the lower town, called Cougnet. On coming into this place, one is first struck with the appearance of a handsome fountain, and, a little higher up, with a grand hospital or alms-house for the poor: there is no one but would at first sight take it for a palace. You ascend to it by a long staircase, which ends before a platform facing the entry at the great gate. The portico is supported by several columns, and the arms and statue of the founder, with a tablet of black marble, on which there is an inscription, signifying, that he was a very rich merchant, who died without children. There are four large pavilions, ornamented with little turrets, connected by four large wings, forming a square court in the middle, with galleries sustained by columns, serving for communications to the apartments of this great edifice. One might pass much time in considering the pieces of sculpture and engraving in these galleries, the magnitude of its chambers and halls, and the good order observed in this great hospital. Its garden is the walk and place of recreation for the citizens, but a stranger cannot be admitted without the introduction of some inhabitant. You will there see a bowling-green, as in many other places in England: it is a smooth even meadow, resembling a green carpet, a quantity of fruit-trees, and a well-kept kitchen-garden. From thence I proceeded along this great street to see some ancient tombs in a large burial-ground, and, farther on, the college of the university. I was shown a pretty good library, but the building is not remarkable; it has a court, and the schools are round about it. This lower town is inhabited by many workmen and mechanics, who, though they do not ennoble the quarter, render it the most populous. Here are a number of little narrow streets mounting into the great one, that forms the middle of the town, and which from the castle extends gently to the bottom of the hill, that seems on two sides enclosed by a valley, which serves for a ditch; in one is what we have called the lower town, and in the other are the gardens, separated from the town by a great wall. I lodged at Edenburgh in the house of a French cook, who directed me to the merchant on whom I had taken a bill of exchange at

London. He took me into the castle, which one may call impregnable, on account of its situation, since it is elevated on a rock scarp'd on every side, except that which looks to the town, by which we entered after having passed the drawbridge, defended by a strong half-moon, where there is no want of cannon. This brings to my mind one¹ seen in entering the court, which is of so great a length and breadth, that two persons have laid in it as much at their ease as in a bed. The people of the castle tell a story of it more pleasant than true: they say it was made in order to carry to the port of Lyth against such enemies as might arrive by sea; we saw several of its bullets, of an almost immeasurable size. This court is large, with many buildings without symmetry. There are some lodgings, pretty well built, which formerly served for the residence of the kings of Scotland, and at present for the viceroys, when the King of England sends any; for at the time I was there, there was only the Grand Chancellor, who had almost the same authority and power as a viceroy.

Descending from this castle by the great street, one may see its palace, and, a little before the great market-place, the custom-house, where are the king's weights. This street is so wide that it seems a market-place throughout its whole extent. The cathedral church is in the middle; its only ornament is a high square tower. Beside it is the parliament-house, where the chancellor resides. There are several large halls, well covered with tapestry, where the pleadings are held, and a fine court. In the great hall are several shopkeepers, who sell a thousand little curiosities. There is besides a large pavilion, having a little garden behind it, where there is a terrace commanding a view over all that part of the town called the Cougnet, at the foot of the palace and pavilion where the chancellor resides. This fine large street serves for the ordinary walk of the citizens, who otherwise repair to the suburbs of Kanignet, in the ancient palace of the kings of Scotland.

This suburb is at the end of the great street, where there is another of the same size, and almost as handsome, which adjoins to the palace called the king's house, said to have been formerly an abbey, great appearances thereof being still remaining. In entering, you pass the first great court surrounded with lodgings for the officers; and from thence into a second, where appears the palace, composed of several small pavilions, intermixed with galleries and turrets, forming a wonderful symmetry; but it has been much damaged by fire.² There is likewise the church, the cloisters, and the gardens of this ancient abbey. This suburb is separated from

¹ Mons Meg.

² By Cromwell's troops, 1650.

the town by a gate with a bell tower, wherein is a clock ; and on one side appears the little suburb of Leyth-oye, the way leading to the port of Leyth.

Jorevin de Rocheford.

From Professor Hume Brown's *Early Travellers in Scotland: Travels*, printed from *Antiquarian Repertory*, vol. iv. p. 599. (Translation from a very scarce book published at Paris in 1672.)

**Jock of
Hazelgreen**

As I went forth to take the air,
Intill an evening clear,
I spied a ladye in a wood,
Making a heavy bier ;
Making a heavy bier, I wot,
While the tears drapped frae her een ;
And aye she sixed, and said ' Alas,
For Jock o' Hazelgreen !'

The sun was sinking in the west,
The stars were shining clear,
When through the thickest o' the wood
An auld knicht did appear.
Says, ' Wha has done ye wrang fair maid,
And left ye here alane ?'
' Oh, nobody has done me wrong ;
I weep for Hazelgreen.'

' Why weep ye by the tide, ladye ?
Why weep ye by the tide ?
How blythe and happy nicht he be,
Gets you to be his bride !
Oh, wha has done ye wrang, fair maid,
And left ye here alane ?'
' Oh, naebody has dune me wrang ;
I weep for Hazelgreen !'

' What like a man was Hazelgreen,
Fair May, pray tell to me ?'
' He is a comely, proper youth,
I in my sleep did see ;
His shoulders broad, his arms long,
Sae comely to be seen !'
And aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock o' Hazelgreen.

'Now haud your tongue, fair May,' he says ;

'Your weeping let alane ;

I'll wed ye to my eldest son,

And ye'll be ca'd, My Dame.'

'It's for to wed your eldest son,

I am a maid ower mean ;

I'll rather choose to stay at hame,

And dee for Hazelgreen.'

'If you'll forsake this Hazelgreen,

And go along with me,

I'll wed you to my youngest son,

Make you a lady free.'

'It's for to wed your youngest son,

I am a maid ower mean ;

I'll rather stay at hame, and dee

For Jock o' Hazelgreen.

'Young Hazelgreen, he is my love,

And ever mair shall be ;

I'll no forsake young Hazelgreen,

Though him I ne'er should see.'

And aye she sixed, and said 'Alas !'

And made a piteous meane ;

And aye she loot the tears down fa'

For Jock o' Hazelgreen.

And he has ta'en her up behind

And spurred on his horse ;

Till ance he cam to Edinbruch toun,

And lichtit at the Cors.

He's ta'en her to the Luckenbooths,

Coft¹ her a braw new gown ;

A handsome feather for her hat,

A pair o' silken shoon.

'Young Hazelgreen he is my love,

And ever mair shall be ;

I'll no forsake young Hazelgreen

For a' the claes ye'll gie.'

And aye she sixed, and said 'Alas !'

And made a piteous meane ;

And aye she loot the tears down fa'

For Jock o' Hazelgreen.

¹ Bought.

Then he has coft for this fair May
A fine silk riding-goun ;
And he has coft for this fair May
A steed, and set her on ;
Wi' meugie feathers in her hat,
Silk stockings and siller shoon ;
And they have ridden far athort,
To seek young Hazelgreen.

When they did come to Hazelyetts,
They lichtit doun therein ;
Monie were the brave ladyes there,
Monie ane to be seen.
When she lichtit doun amang them a',
She micht hae been their queen.
But aye she loot the tears doun fa'
For Jock o' Hazelgreen.

Then forth there came young Hazelgreen,
To welcome his father free :
'Ye're welcome here, my father dear,
And a' your companie.'
But, when he saw this lady fair,
A licht lauch lauchit he :
Says, 'If I getna this ladye,
It's for her I maun dee.

This is the very maid,' he cried,
'I ance saw in a dream,
A-walking through a pleasant shade,
As she had been a queen.
For her sake I did vow a vow
I ne'er should wed but she.
Should this fair ladye cruel prove,
I'll lay me doun and dee.'

'Now haud your tongue, young Hazelgreen,
And let your folly be :
If ye be sick for that ladye,
She's thrice as sick for thee :
She's thrice as sick for thee, my son,
I've heard her sae compleen ;
And a' she wants to heal her woe
Is Jock o' Hazelgreen.'

He's ta'en her in his arms twa,
 Led her through bouir and ha';
 'Cheer up your heart, my dearest May,
 Ye're lady ower them a'.
 The morn shall be our bridal day,
 This nicht's our bridal e'en.
 Ye'se never mair hae cause to mourn
 Frae Jock o' Hazelgreen.'

Taken from the version in Robert Chambers's *Collection of Scottish Songs and Ballads*, which is compiled from that in Kinloch's collection and that in Buchan's collection, one which Mr. Chambers took down from recitation, and another shown him in MS. by Mr. Kinloch. It was on the third stanza of this old ballad that Sir Walter Scott founded his 'Jock o' Hazeldean.'

OUR next quarters we took up at Edinburgh, which is the metropolis of Scotland. . . . 'Tis situated high, and extends above a mile in length, carrying half as much in breadth, it consists of one fair and large street with some few narrow lanes branching out of each side, 'tis environed on the east, south, and west with a strong wall, and upon the north strengthened with a loch; 'tis adorned with stately stone buildings, both private and publick, some of which houses are six or seven stories high which have frequently as many different apartments and shops, where are many families of various trades and calling, by reason of which 'tis well throng'd with inhabitants, and is exceeding populous, which is the more occasioned by the neighborhood of Leith which is a commodious haven for ships, and likewise, because as 'tis the seat of their kings or vice-roys, so 'tis also the oracle or closet of the laws, and the palace of justice.

On the east side or near to the monastery of St. Cross¹ that was a holy rood, is the king's palace, which was built by King David the First,² but being much ruinated and impaired in the late unhappy broils betwixt the two kingdoms, it hath been since enlarged and beautified, and is now become a stately and magnificent structure: And not far from this house, within a pleasant park adjoyning to it, riseth a hill with two heads called of Arthur, the Britain Arthur's Chair.

A little further stands the college founded and endowed by that most famous favourer of learning, the wise and learned King James

¹ Holyrood.

² The Abbey was founded by David I., but there was no palace attached till James V.'s time. Of course the Abbey afforded Royal lodging.—R. M.

the Sixth¹; though afterwards the magistrates and citizens of this place proved likewise very considerable benefactors to it, and upon their humble address to the same prince, it was made an university, A.D. 1580, but the privileges hereof were not fully confirmed and thoroughly perfected till the year 1582,² and have been since the same with those of any other university in this kingdom.

The dignity of Chancellor and Vice-Chancellor doth reside in the Magistrates and Town Council of Edinburgh, who are the only patrons; neither was the dignity, they say, as yet ever conferred upon any simple person: the persons endowed were a Principal or Warden, a Professor of Divinity, four Masters or Regents, for so they are called, of Philosophy, a Professor or Regent of Humanity or Philology: Since the first foundation the town hath added a Professor of Hebrew, 1640,³ and the city of Edinburgh hath since added a Professor of Mathematicks.

The library was founded by Clement Little, one of the officials or commissaries for Edinburgh, A.D. 1635,⁴ since which time it is much increased both by donatives from the citizens, as also from the scholars, who are more in number, than in any other college in the kingdom; and here were presented to our view two very great rarities, the one was a tooth taken out of a great scull being four inches about, and the other was a crooked horn taken from a gentlewoman of the city who was fifty years old, being eleven inches long, which grew under her right ear, and was cut out by an eminent chirurgion then living in the town, who presented it to the college.

About the middle of the city stands the cathedral, which is now divided into six sermon houses, for which service there are seven other kirks set apart besides, and not far from the cathedral is the Parliament House, whither we had the good fortune to see all the

¹ It was founded and endowed partly with a bequest of 8000 merks left by Robert Reid, Abbot of Kinloss and Bishop of Orkney, who died in 1558, which money was used to purchase the site and the buildings on it which were at first utilised; and partly by donations and subscriptions given subsequently. It was not till 1616, thirty-four years after the college had been in existence, that King James, during his first visit to Scotland after he had succeeded to the English Crown, gave it the name of King James's College, and a 'Royal Godbairn gift' of lands and tithes in Lothian and Fife.—R. M.

² The charter was signed by James VI. in April 1582.

³ It was in 1642.

⁴ Clement Little, an advocate and commissary, left his library in 1580 to 'Edinburgh and the Kirk of God thair to remain,' and the magistrates appropriated this bequest for the college.—R. M.

flower of the nobility then to pass in state, attending Duke Lauderdale who was sent down High Commissioner. And indeed it was a very glorious sight.

In the Castle Queen Mary was brought to bed of a son, who was afterward christened at Sterling, and called James, who at last became the happy uniter of the two crowns; and in that chamber in which he was born are written upon the wall these following verses, in an old Scotch character:—

JAMES (6 Scot.) (1 England).

Laird Jesu Christ, that crownit was with thorns,
 Preserve the birth quhais badgie here is borne,
 And send hir son succession, to reign still
 Lange in this realm, if that it be thy will,
 Als grant (O Laird) quhat ever of hir proceed,
 Be to thy glory, honour, and praise, so beed.

July 19, 1566.

A little below the castle is a curious structure built for an hospital by Mr. Herriot, jeweller to the aforementioned King James, and endowed with very great revenues for the use of poor orphans, and impotent and decrepit persons, but by the ruinous and desolate condition it seem'd at that time to be falling into, it became to us a very doleful spectacle, that so noble a heroick design of charity should be so basely perverted to other evil ends and purposes, contrary to the will and intention of the donor.

The city is governed by a Lord Provost, who hath always a retinue befitting his grandeur; and for the punishing delinquents there is a large tolbooth, for so they call a prison or house of correction, where all malefactors are kept in hold to satisfie the law as their offences shall require.

Within seven miles round the city there are of noble and gentlemen's palaces, castles, and strong builded towers and stone houses, as we were inform'd, above an hundred, and besides the houses of the nobility and gentry within it, here dwell several merchants of great credit and repute, where because they have not the conveniency of an exchange as in London, they meet about noon in the High Street, from whence they adjourn to their changes, *i.e.* taverns, or other places where their business may require them to give their attendance.

The fortune of this city hath in former ages been very variable and inconstant; sometime it was subject to the Scots, and another while to the English, who inhabited the east parts of Scotland,

until it became wholly under the Scots dominion about the year 960, when the English being overpowered and quite oppressed by the Danes were enforced to quit all their interest here, as unable to grapple with two such potent enemies. . . .

James Brome.

(A clergyman of the Church of England.)

From Professor Hume Brown's *Early Travellers in Scotland*.

ARTHUR'S SEAT shall be my bed,
The sheets shall ne'er be press'd by me ;
S. Anton's well shall be my drink,
Sin' my true-love 's forsaken me.

Old Song.

1677

FROM hence to Edinburgh. The streets were almost melted with bonfires, and full of tradesmen and apprentices, every one straightly imprisoned in stiff new clothes and so feathered with ribbons, that they would all have flown like birds of paradise, had they not been fast tied to cold iron, a musket and a sword to secure them. The continual noise of the great guns from the Castle and the flame that enclosed them on every side hardened them so much, that they attempted to fire their own engines, which they then did with so much freedom and carelessness that they could fire one way and look another. We lighted at the foot of the Canny-gate ; and, after we had drunk as much as we thought would secure us from the flame, we ventured to run the gauntlet of fire, swords, pikes, and guns : with much ado we passed it once with safety ; but on our return, we scaped very narrowly, the smoke having like to overcome us. Such a confusion, I must needs say, I never saw before, every day while we stayed there. We frequently met here a sword, there a pike or gun walking home to their own masters, and the poor holiday heroes were as much deplumed as Æsop's jay, having no feathers remaining, but a knot of red and yellow, or blue, hanging loosely on the cock side of their bonnets, which if they held together, must be worn till this time twelvemonth, whereby they are to challenge their places. We washed ourselves with wine, for fear some sparks should remain to destroy, and ventured to bed : the bottom of my bed was loose boards, one laid over another, with sharp edges, and a thin bed upon it. I ken I got but little sleep that night.

From Thomas Kirk's *Tour in Scotland*.

Edited by Prof. Hume Brown.

To the Lords of Convention 'twas Claver'se who spoke,
 'Ere the King's crown shall fall there are crowns to be broke ;
 So let each Cavalier who loves honour and me,
 Come follow the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.

Bonnie
 Dundee

1689

'Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
 Come saddle your horses, and call up your men ;
 Come open the West Port, and let me gang free,
 And it's room for the bonnets of Bonny Dundee !'

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,
 The bells are rung backward, the drums they are beat ;
 But the Provost, douce man, said, 'Just e'en let him be,
 The Gude Town is weel quit of that Deil of Dundee.'

Come fill up my cup, etc.

As he rode down the sanctified bends of the Bow,
 Ilk carline was flyting and shaking her pow ;
 But the young plants of grace they look'd couthie and slee,
 Thinking, 'Luck to thy bonnet, thou Bonny Dundee !'

Come fill up my cup, etc.

With sour-featured Whigs the Grassmarket was cramm'd
 As if half the West had set tryst to be hang'd ;
 There was spite in each look, there was fear in each e'e,
 As they watch'd for the bonnets of Bonny Dundee.

Come fill up my cup, etc.

He spurr'd to the foot of the proud Castle rock,
 And with the gay Gordon he gallantly spoke ;
 'Let Mons Meg and her marrows speak twa words or three,
 For the love of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.'

Come fill up my cup, etc.

The Gordon demands of him which way he goes—
 'Where'er shall direct me the shade of Montrose !
 Your Grace in short space shall hear tidings of me,
 Or that low lies the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.

Come fill up my cup, etc.

'There are hills beyond Pentland, and lands beyond Forth,
If there's lords in the Lowlands, there's chiefs in the North;
There are wild Duniewassals, three thousand times three,
Will cry *hoigh!* for the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.

Come fill up my cup, etc.

'There's brass on the target of barken'd bull-hide;
There's steel in the scabbard that dangles beside;
The brass shall be burnish'd, the steel shall flash free,
At a toss of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.

Come fill up my cup, etc.

'Away to the hills, to the caves, to the rocks—
Ere I own an usurper, I'll couch with the fox;
And tremble, false Whigs, in the midst of your glee,
You have not seen the last of my bonnet and me!'

Come fill up my cup, etc.

He waved his proud hand, and the trumpets were blown,
The kettle-drums clash'd, and the horsemen rode on,
Till on Ravelston's cliffs and on Clermiston's lea,
Died away the wild war-notes of Bonny Dundee.

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle the horses, and call up the men,
Come open your gates, and let me gae free,
For it's up with the bonnets of Bonny Dundee!'

Sir Walter Scott.

1693

'MR. ARESKINE prayed in the Tron Church last year, "Lord, have mercy on all fools and idiots, and particularly on the Magistrates of Edinburgh."'

From *Scotch Presbyterian Eloquence*.

1702

It is now the *Royal City*, having the *King's Palace*, the *Courts of Justice*, and the *Parliament House*, which was before the Reign of K. James the 5th, held indifferently at *Perth*, *Stirling*, or *Forfar*. It is seated on an Hill, and consists chiefly of *one Fair Street* from *West* to *East*, about a *Mile* long from the *Castle* to *Hali-rood House*: But then we include *Cani-Gate*, or *Canon Gate*, tho' a distinct Corporation; and, in strictness, is rather the *Suburbs of Edinburgh*, than any part of the City it self, like *London* and *Westminster*, and has the Name of *Cani-Gate*, from a Society of

Canons who formerly dwelt in it. The Street is wide and well paved, and the *Scotchman* is apt to say that it is *sike* another as *Cheapside*: it swells in the middle, the Kennels¹ being made on *each side*, so that 'tis commonly very clean, and is thereupon their *Parade*, tho' the natural Descent, and its Situation on an Hill contributes more to keep it so, than any Industry or Care of the People.

Their *Old Houses* are cased with Boards, and have *Oval Windows* (without Casements or Glass) which they open or shut as it stands with their Conveniency. Their *New Houses* are made of Stone, with good Windows modestly framed and *glazed*, and so lofty, that *Five* or *Six* Stories is an ordinary height; and one Row of Buildings there is near the *Parliament-Close* with no less than *Fourteen*. The reason of it is, their Scantness of room, which not allowing 'em large *Foundations*, they are forced to make it up in the *superstructure*, to entertain Comers, who are very desirous to be *in*, or as *near* as they can to the City.

Most of the Houses, as they are parted into *divers Tenements*, so they have as *many Landlords* as *Stories*; and therefore have no dependance on one another, otherwise than as they stand on the *same Foundation*, so that in this respect they may be compared to our Students Apartments at the *Inns of Court*, which are bought and sold without regard to the Chambers *above* or *below* 'em.

Their Stairs are unsightly and inconvenient: For being built out of the *Street*, for the Service of every Story, they are sometimes so *steepy*, *narrow*, and *fenceless*, that it requires Care to go up and down for fear of falling. But in their New Houses the Contrivance is better; and the *Stair-Case* being made within the Yard, or Foundation of the Building, the Ascent and Descent is more decent and easie. . . .

The City is Govern'd by a *Lord Provost* and *Four Bailiffs*, who with the assistance of some substantial Citizens, in the nature of our *Common-Council*, manage all Publick Affairs relating to the Benefit of the Corporation or Peace of the City.

The Pride of *Edinburg* is the *Parliament-Yard*, or *Close* as they call it. In the midst whereof is the Effigies of King Charles II. on Horse-back, a well proportion'd Figure of *Stone*, and natural enough. The Yard is *Square* and well paved, Beautified with good Buildings round about it; and the only fault is, that it is no bigger, the height of the Houses bearing no correspondence to the dimensions of the *Area*. Its *Western* boundary is the *Parliament-House*, a large Room and high Roofed. Over the Entrance is the

¹ Channels.

Scotch Arms with *Mercy* and *Truth* on each side, like Two Supporters, and this Inscription—*Stant his Felicia Regna*—These Vertues make Kingdoms happy. Under the Arms was, *Unio Unionum*—the Union of Unions—Meaning not only the Union of the Two Kingdoms, but that to the Uniting of Kingdoms *Good Advice* is necessary, which is the business of that Place. Within the Room on the *South* of it, is an high *Throne*, and on each side several *Benches*; one above another, the uppermost whereof is level with the *Throne*, and the lowest reaches the *Pit*, well furnished with *Forms*, for the conveniency and ease of the Members. Opposite to the *Throne*, and without the Area, is a *Pulpit*, for Sermons in Sessions of Parliament, upon special Occasions. Behind the *Pulpit* is a large Partition, where *Strangers* stand and hear the *Sermon*; and sometimes the *Delater* of the House, which to my thoughts were not managed with Gravity enough, but was next door to wrangling.

East of this House, but *South* of the Square is the *Privy-Council-Chamber*. And not far from it, the Royal-Exchange, made up of a *Double Row* of Shops, very small and meanly furnished. There is also *another Exchange*, inferior to this, but both above Stairs, and without any piece of Magnificence to distinguish them from the other Buildings.

In the first Floors level with the Yard, are three or four *Book-sellers*, and as many *Goldsmiths*, whose Shops are sufficiently stockt, to let us see their Occupations and Trades.

The *Northern* Boundary is the Wall of the *High-Church*, which with a few Shops joining to it, (leaving room for Coaches to pass to the *Parliament-House*), concludes the Figure of this Close, the Beauty of their City.

On the *West* of the High-Street and a Musket-shot distance from the Houses, stands the *Castle* built near 2020 Years ago. . . .

South of the *Castle*, and not far distant from it, we have the beautiful Front of a large *Hospital*, built by one Hariot, a Goldsmith, for the Education of 40 Boys, who, if they take to *Learning*, and go to the *College*, have an *Exhibition*, each of £7 sterling, or thereabouts; if put to *Trades*, about 200 Marks, or about £11 sterling, for the encouragement of their Masters.

South of the *Cow-Gate*, and on a Rising stands the *College*, consisting of one small *Quadrangle*, and some other Lodgings without Uniformity or Order, built at several times, and by divers Benefactors, who thought probably to be better distinguish'd by this variety of Forms and Situations in those Buildings. In the midst hereof is the *Library*, a large and convenient Room made about

60 Years ago for that purpose. The Roof is covered with Lead, and is neatly kept within; well furnish'd with Books, and those put in very good Order, and Cloister'd with Doors made of Wire which none can open but the Keeper, and which is thought a better way than our multitude of *Chains* incumbering a Library, and are equally troublesome and chargeable to us. It has (as all other Publick Libraries) many Benefactors, whose Books are distinguish'd by their several Apartments, and the Donors Names set over 'em in *Golden Letters*. A Device grateful and honourable enough for the Parties concern'd, encourages others to follow their Examples; such especially who may be charmed to the doing of a *Good Work*, tho' not always upon a Principle of *Goodness*. Over the Books are hung the *Pictures* of divers Princes, and most of the Reformers, as *Luther*, *Melancthon*, *Quinglius*, *Calvin*, etc., and near them *Buchanan's Scull*, very intire, and so thin that we may see the Light through it. And that it is really his, appears from hence, because one Mr. *Adamson*, Principal of the *College*, being a young Man of 24 Years of Age when *Buchanan* was buried, either out of Curiosity or Respect to the Dead, brib'd the *Sexton* some time after to procure him the *Skull*, which being brought, he fastened these Verses to it, and at his Death left it and them to the *College*. . . .

The first cause of building this *College*, was the *Legacy* of one Mr. *Clement Little*, a Commissary, who bequeathed his valuable Study to *Edinburgh and the Kirk of God*, 1580. Whereupon the Citizens were obliged to build a convenient place for 'em, and accordingly did so the Year following. After which Additions were made from time to time, till the whole came to the bulk we now see it in.¹ Among the rest is a *Chappel* use by the *French Protestants* in and about the City, and a spacious *Garden* for the Professors in Common, to walk and divert themselves in the Evening.

There are in the *College* a *Principal* and Eight *Professors*.

1. A *Divinity Professor*.
2. A Professor of the *Eastern Languages*.
3. A Professor of the *Mathematics*.
4. Four Professors of *Philosophy*.
5. A Professor of *Philology* or *Humanity*, who teaches Classick Authors, and is a kind of School-Master to prepare Youth for a more solid Learning.

What the *Principal's* Income is, as Principal, I know not, but as a *Divinity Professor*, which he always is, his Stipend is 100*l. per Annum Sterling*. The *Mathematick Salary* is 100*0*l.* Scotch*, near

¹ See page 80, footnote 1.—R. M.

8ol. in *English Money*. The *Language Professor* has 1000 *Marks Scotch*, or about 58l. with us. The *Philosophy Professors* 400 *Marks* each of *Scotch Coin*, or 16l. 13s. 4d. But they help it by their Pupils, and raise it to a good Subsistence. There are also 50 *Bursers* more like our *Exhibitioners* than *Scholars of Houses*: These have 10l. *per Annum* each towards their Maintenance, yet are not forced to College Attendance except in *Term time*, when they and the other Students meet together. These *Students* are divided into four *Classes*, as at *Glasgow*.

In the first *Class* was taught *Greek*.

In the second *Logick*.

In the third *Ethicks*, *Physicks*, and some *Mathematicks*, and then they had the Degree of *Batchelor of Arts*.

In the fourth *Geometry* and *Geography*, and then they Commence *Masters*, the highest Degree of that College.

They have but *One Term* in the Year, beginning *October* the 10th, and ending *July* the 12th, which is the time of their *Act* or *Commencement*. So that their *Vacation* being short, and the *Term* continued so many Months (all which while the Professors are very diligent) they make some amends for the Years wanting in our Account to make up the Stated Terms for Receiving Degrees. And so much for the *College of Edinburgh*; which, as an *University*, has the *Lord Provost* of the City for its *Chancellour*, and the *Principal* his *Vice-Chancellour* to Govern it and dispatch Business. . . .

On the *North* of the City in a Bottom, is the *Physic-Garden* with 2700 sorts of Plants, as the Keeper of it told me. But then this variety of Plants is all its Beauty, having no *Walks*, and but little *Walling* or good *Hedges* to recommend it; and is (to my thinking) the rudest piece of Ground I ever saw with that Name. The Manager of it, I suppose, guest at my thoughts, and told me, that he was taking a much more convenient Field a little farther off, which he design'd to Fence with a large Brick Wall, and removing his Plants thither, digest 'em into such a Method as might make it a *Pleasant* as well as *Useful* Garden. . . .

Here is no *Cathedral*; and tho' there be a Chapter when there is a *Bishop*, yet the Prebendaries are little more than *nominal*, the *Stipends* being deduced out of the *Bishops Revenue*, which being not great in it self, very ill affords those Defalcations. And tho' the *Prebendaries* demand not above 8 or 10l. yearly each of 'em, yet are seldom paid, and thereupon sometimes murmur: But the reason of that neglect I take to be this; That because these *Prebends* are not given by the *King*, or *Bishops*, but are Append-

ages to the Neighbouring *Benefices* and follow the *Presentation* to such Living, therefore the *Bishop* thinks he is not bound to take that notice of 'em, as he might otherwise do, were they Creatures of his own : And so much for *Edinburg*.

Rev. Thomas Morer.

(Minister of St. Anne's, Aldgate, London. At one time chaplain to a Scottish regiment.)

A Short Account of Scotland.

If my dear wife should chance to gang,
Wi' me, to Edinburgh toun,
Into a shop I will her tak,
And buy her a new gown.
But if my dear wife should hain the charge,
As I expect she will,
And if she says, The auld will do,
By my word she sall hae her will.

My wife sall
hae her will

Old Ballad.

Now help me, Art, to describe this mighty city and vniversity, the metropolis of this ancient kingdom of Scotland, that tooke me vp a full halfe day to see thoroughly. This town extends itselfe east and west in length, and consists chiefly of one wide streete of tall building, with some piazzas of the sides. Its scituation is on a steep hill between 2 larger hills, and so the ffronts of the houses towards the streetes are not so high as the backward parts are, they being left further down the sides of the hill, according to the precipice of the hill on which part they stand. And some of these houses are 7 and 8 storys high towards the streete ; and more backward, and in the Parliament Close, it seems there were houses 14 stories high before they were burnt down by a late fire ; but I suppose it was of the back parts they were so high, for the hill there is very steep.

On the east end of this town stands the Queen's house, called the Abbey, or Holy Road House, a regular handsome square building of free stone ; 'tis built about a square court, which is in the middle of it, with piazzas about it, but it is but small for such a queen : the rooms of it are good for what there are of them, and the Duke of Hamilton inhabits there now.

Of the west end of this town is a large castle on a steep stone rock, they say the strongest in the world, unless that at Namur outdoes it, but they have no water in it other than which falls from the clouds, by reason of its situation. At the entrance into it is placed a vast large gun they call Muns Megg. . . . Here is

likewise in this castle a brass gunn they call the Green Dragon, which they say shoots the best of any gun in Europe, with a great many other fine pieces both of brass and iron. Here is also a good armory, and the castle seems very strong, and is well fortified, especially of the south side.

Of the upper end of the great streete, towards this castle, is the Parliament House, where the Lords and Comons sitt together in the form of an halfe moon below stairs; and above stairs sitt the Commissioners for hearing causes; and in another room the Lords of the Treasury meet about their business.

Of the back side of this building (the Parliament House) is a small open square they call the Change, and of the fore part of it a larger, called the Parliament Close; and further behind it is a large library, called the Advocates Library.

Of the fore part (another side) of the Parliament House is a church they call the High Church, which was a cathedrall, but is now divided into 4 parts, and serves 4 severall parishes. On the tower of this church is fine arch'd work, with 4 supporters, which represents a crown every way, and I think is before that on St. Nicholas Church at Newcastle.

This town consists of 8 parishes, and the High Church serving for 4 parish churches, there are but 4 more, which are of no great note, and so there are, in all this city, but 5 churches.

On the hill of the south side of the town is a pretty bagnio and a hall, belonging to the Society of Chirurgions. This hall is newly built, and the rooms of it are hung round with pictures of some of the great men of the country, and of most of the surgeons belonging to it, and here is somewhat of a collection of anatomys, etc.

On the same hill is the college belonging to the vniversity of this citty, which is a large but ordinary building, and has in it a good library. The scholars do not inhabit this college, but are lodged about the town.

On this same hill, more westward, and over against the castle, is a fine stone building, founded by one Harett for the education of poor boys. I had good French wine at this town, and payd 2od. a quart for Burdeaux wine, and 4od. for Burgundy and Champaign.

This town is very populous, and has abundance of poor people in it, so that the streetes are crowded with beggars; but I dont take it to be so large as York or Newcastle, tho' indeed neither of them have so wide a streete, or are of so tall buildings as the great streete here. The people here are very proud, and they call the ordinary tradesmen merchants; there is no large rivers up to this town, but of the north side of it, at some distance, is a small one.

Att the best houses here they dress their victuals after the french method, tho' perhaps not so cleanly, and a soop is comonly the first dish, and their reckonings are dear enough. The maid servants attended without shoes or stockings. . . .

From a very rare little book entitled *North of England and Scotland. Journall. 1703.* First published from the original MS. (formerly in the possession of the late Mr. Johnes of Hafod, the well-known translator of Froissart, Joinville, etc.) by William Blackwood, Edinburgh. MDCCXVIII.

THERE'S nothing else worth notice, Except the excellent Chimes in every steeple, which play a Quarter of an hour together, and the fine Monuments in the Churchyards, built after the manner of Mausoleums, of the best marble, under which are convenient Vaults; I shall therefore give a small account of their Constitution and Courts of Justice. . . .

It hapned whilst we were at Edenborough, that the Act for a treaty of union, between England and Scotland, was upon debate, and having the honour to have severall Lords and Members of parliament often dine with us, they inform'd us of the grand day when the Act was to be past or rejected, and by speciall favour of my Lord high Commissioner, we had leave to stand upon the throne by his right hand. . . . Now the whole Act being finish'd, the Vote was put whether it should be carry'd approven, or no, and 'twas carry'd approven, by 34 voices. As soon as this was over, we left the house, and that night Collonell Ogilby, the Lord Chancellor's brother, the Lord Hardress,¹ and severall Lords and parliament men, came to our lodgings, and embrac'd us with all outward marks of love and kindness, and seem'd mightily pleas'd at what was done; and told us we should now be no more English and Scotch, but Brittons. And thus we merrily spent the night, in drinking to the Success of the treaty and happy union.

Joseph Taylor.

From *A Journey to Edenborough in Scotland, by Joseph Taylor, late of the Inner Temple, Esq.* (Printed from the original MS. by William Cowan, and published by William Brown, 26 Princes Street, Edinburgh. MCMIII.)

. . . LEAVING my company behind in bed, I, the next morning, (Saturday) with Mr. Lowe and my servant, rode to Edinburgh to get lodgings, before the rest arrived. We got there by ten o'clock, and were soon provided, and by three o'clock the rest arrived. We

1705

1709

¹ No such title.

had presently a great number of visitors; ministers, gentlemen and citizens, vying with each other who should show us most civility. . . .

I took opportunities, as they offered, of seeing what was most curious in Edinburgh. The principal street, I must own to be the finest (of a single street) that I ever saw. The houses are commonly seven stories high; and in 'the Parliament Close,' several are fourteen stories, all built of stone. For its bigness, this city is reckoned as populous as any in Europe. At the end of it stands the royal palace of Holyrood House, a handsome building. . . .

I saw there, among other things, the long gallery in which are the pictures of the Kings of Scotland, down from Fergus the 1st. I saw also the Castle, which stands on so high, hard, and steep a rock, at the other end of the city. . . .

In this castle, since the Union of the two kingdoms, they keep the crown, sceptre, and sword of state, in an iron chest, with several locks and keys. They are not to be seen, unless they that keep the several keys are all present at the same time, which, I was informed upon the spot, had never been known since the Union. I saw also Herriot's Hospital, which is well endowed, carefully managed, and justly esteemed a noble charity; and the Anatomy Hall, very commodious for the purpose. We forgot (I know not how) to see the Physic Garden, which I have been informed (allowing for its northern situation) is extremely well provided.

I saw also the Library belonging to the College, well furnished with printed books of all sorts, ancient and modern; and some manuscripts. I there viewed the skull of the famous and eminently learned George Buchanan, of whom the nation so much glories. It is so very thin, that a man may see through it: also the original of the Bohemian Protest against the Council of Constance, for burning John Husse, and Jerome of Prague, in 1415, with one hundred and five seals of the great men of Bohemia, Moravia, etc., hanging at it. It was brought from abroad by a Scottish gentleman, who procured it in his travels.

The College is a good building, with three courts. There is a high tower over the great gate, which looks to the city. The public schools are large and convenient. There are also accommodations in the College for a number of students to lodge, though they are seldom made use of, but by those in meaner circumstances. There are also handsome dwellings for the Professors and Principal, with good gardens.

At another time, I spent an afternoon in the Advocates' Library,

which is large and well furnished. There is, also, a large collection of medals and coins, made by Mr. Southerland, some of which are very nice and curious.

One passage, as to their Parliament House, I must not forget. Walking, one afternoon, in the close adjoining, a man stepped to me with a key in his hand, asking if I was disposed to take a view of their Parliament House. I presently made answer, that I fully intended to have a sight of it before I left Edinburgh; but that was not a convenient time, because I was expecting a gentleman whom I had appointed to meet me there. He replied that he would leave a youth upon the spot, with orders to let any gentleman he should observe walking there know how I was employed, and that I should be with him presently. He added, it would be a pleasure to him to gratify a stranger (as he perceived me to be) with the sight. . . .

After taking leave of my friends at Edinburgh, with hearty thanks for all their civilities, and a cold treat given the Principal and Masters of the College one evening, (which was all that I could prevail with them to accept) I left that city, to go to Aberdeen. . . .

Edmund Calamy, D.D.,
An Historical Account of My own Life.

WELCOME, my Lord : Heav'n be your guide,
And further your intention,
To whate'er place you sail or ride ;
To brighten your invention.
The book of mankind lang and wide
Is well worth your attention ;
Wherefore please some time here abide,
And measure the dimension
Of minds right stout.

O that ilk worthy British peer
Wad follow your example,
My auld grey head I yet wad rear
And spread my skirts mair ample.
Should London poutch up a' the gear ?
She might spare me a sample :
In troth his Highness should live here,
For without oil our lamp will
Gang blinken out.

1720

The City of
Edinburgh's
Salutation to
the Marquis
of Carnarvon

Lang syne, my Lord, I had a court
 And nobles fill'd my cawsy ;
 But, since I have been fortune's sport,
 I look nae hawff sae gawsy,
 Yet here brave gentlemen resort,
 And mony a handsome lassy :
 Now that you 're lodg'd within my port,
 How well I wat they'll a' say,
Welcome, my Lord.

For you my best cheer I'll produce
 I'll no mak muckle vaunting ;
 But routh for pleasure and for use,
 Whate'er you may be wanting,
 You's hae at will to chap and chuse,
 For few things am I scant in ;
 The wale of well-set ruby juice,
 When you like to be rantin,
I can afford.

Than I, nor Paris, nor Madrid,
 Nor Rome, I trow 's mair able,
 To busk you up a better bed,
 Or trim a tighter table.
 My sons are honourably bred,
 To truth and friendship stable :
 What my detracting faes have said,
 You'll find a feigned fable,
At the first sight.

May classic lear and letters belle,
 And travelling conspire,
 Ilk unjust notion to repel,
 And god-like thoughts inspire ;
 That in ilk action, wise and snell,
 You may shaw manly fire ;
 Sae the fair picture of himsel
 Will give his Grace, your Sire,
Immense delight.

Allan Ramsay.

The Palace of Holy Rood was formerly a Monastery of Canons Regular; but being all burnt down, except the Church, it was afterwards, by reason of its Nearness to *Edinburgh*, converted into a Royal Palace.¹

You enter into the outer Court of the Palace under a large Arch (or Pend in *Scots*) a-top of which is the Apartment of the Porter or House-keeper, consisting of eight good Rooms, and where the Dukes of *Hamilton*, Hereditary Keepers of this Palace, us'd to reside before the Union of the Crowns; but now they have apartments in the Palace.

The outer Court is as large as the *Meuse* in *London*, and Coach-houses and Stables dispos'd round it as there. On the North side of this Bass Court is a fine Garden, still well kept, and since the Kings went to live in *London*, converted into a Physic Garden, with an allowance of fifty pounds a Year to the Keeper. I am no Botanist, so will not pretend to give you any Account of the Herbs in this Garden; but there is a fine Dial erected by *Mary* Queen of *Scots*, and repair'd by King *Charles* the First when he was here.

On the South side of this Court is another larger Garden, which Duke *Hamilton* as House-keeper lets out to Gardiners in several Branches.

King *Charles* the Second pull'd down the old Palace, except two double Towers, which were built by King *James* the Fifth on the South and North side of the Entry into the Palace; and by that great Architect Sir *William Bruce* built this new one all of free stone in the Form of a Square, supported by Pillars, as the *Royal Exchange* at *London*, and adorn'd with the several Orders of Architecture. It consists of two noble Stories, besides Garrets a-top and Offices below.

You enter this Palace from the outer Court between the four Towers I formerly mention'd under a Cupola in the Form of an Imperial Crown, ballustraded on each side of the Cupola a-top, and supported with Pillars below.

You turn to the right to mount to the Royal Apartments, as at St. *James's* at *London*, and the Stair-case and Rooms of State run exactly as there, only the Guard Room here is near twice as big as that at St. *James's*; the Drawing Room, the Presence, Anti-Chamber, and other Rooms of State both higher and larger; and in a Suite from the West through the South and East side of the Palace you go to the Gallery, which taketh up intirely the North Side of the Palace, and is adorn'd with all the pictures of the

¹ See page 79, footnote.

Kings of *Scotland*, from *Fergus* their first King, 320 Years before the Birth of Christ, down to the Revolution. Those Kings that were eminent, and all the Race of the *Stewarts*, are whole Lengths, the others are but Bustos. . . .

King Arthur's Seat is the highest, and is near half a Mile to the top. They tell you, that *Arthur* the *British* King was here, and us'd to view the Country from thence, and ever since it's call'd his Seat.

This Palace and Park is the best Sanctuary for Debtors in the World; for nothing but the King's express Order can take a Man out there. You know, that within the Verge of the Court in *England*, the Board of Green Cloth will give leave to arrest a Man; but here there's no such thing, except I should carry off another Man's Goods and take Sanctuary with them. Here the Lords of the Session may exert their Authority as they say; but there is no Example.

The Suburb, which leads from hence in a direct Line to the City Gate, is call'd the Canon Gate, or the Street of the Canons Regular, who first founded the Abbey; but since the Abbey was converted into a Royal Palace, the prime Nobility built their Palaces in this Street, and those that were oblig'd to attend the Court, took Lodgings here; so that nothing can be suppos'd to have suffer'd so much by the Union as this street. . . .

The *Netherbow* is a Gate finer than *Ludgate* in *London*, having towers on each Side of the Gate, and a Spire a-top. It is called the *Netherbow*, because there is an upper Bow or Descent that goeth from the Castle-Hill to the Grass-Market. There are but six Gates by which you can enter this City, this and the *Cowgate* Port or Gate to the East, two to the South, one to the West, and one to the North. At the East end of the Lake there runs an old *Roman* Wall, kept in good Repair, quite round the City, except on the North, which is guarded by a Lake or Loch.

The High-Street of *Edinburgh*, running by an easy Ascent from the *Netherbow* to the Castle, a good half Mile, is doubtless the statliest Street in the World, being broad enough for five Coaches to drive up a-breast; and the Houses on each Side are proportionably high to the Broadness of the Street; all of them six or seven Story high, and those mostly of free Stone, makes the Street very august.

Half way up this Street stands St. *Giles's* Church, the ancient Cathedral of this City, in the Form of a Cross; but since the Reformation it is turned into four convenient Churches, by Partitions, called the High Kirk, the Old Kirk, the Tolbooth

Kirk, and *Haddock's Hole*.¹ A-top of this Church is erected a large open Cupola, in the Shape of an imperial Crown, that is a great Ornament to the City, and seen at a great Distance. King *David* erected a Copy after this over *St. Nicholas's Church* in *Newcastle*, but does not near come up to it. . . .

To the South of *St. Giles's Church* is a fine Square, with an Equestrian Statue of King *Charles* the Second in the middle. In this Square stands the Parliament-House, where their Parliaments were kept: Also the Council and Treasury, and all the other publick Offices. It's a fine modern Building of Free Stone finished by *Charles* the First in 1636. Underneath this Building is kept the Lawyer's Library, where there is a fine Collection of Books, of Medals, and of ancient Coins, the largest of *English* and *Scots* Coins I ever saw. I could not perceive that the *Scots* bore the Lion Rampant in a Tressor of *Flower-de-Luces* on their Coins, till the *Stewarts*.

Joining to this Library is the Register, where are kept all the Deeds and Securities of the Nation, as a common Bank. Here is also a very good Bank for Money, whose Notes go current all over the Nation. There is also a fine Room in this Square for the meeting of the Royal Boroughs, adorned with Pictures.

In this great Street are several Stone Fountains of Water, brought in Pipes at three Miles Distance, disposed at convenient Distances to supply the whole City with Water; and on each Side of this Street are Lanes, or Wynds as they are called here, that run down to the bottom.

This made an *English* Gentleman, that was here with the Duke of *York*, merrily compare it to a double wooden Comb, the great Street the Wood in the middle, and the Teeth of each Side the Lanes.

These Lanes lead you to a Street below, called the *Cowgate*, which runs the whole Length East and West of the other, but is neither half so broad nor well built. The High-Street is also the best pav'd Street I ever saw. I will not except *Florence*. One would think the Stones inlaid; they are not half a Foot square; and notwithstanding the Coaches and Carts, there is not the least Crack in it. . . .

J. Macky.

A Journey through Scotland. In Familiar Letters from a Gentleman there, to his Friend Abroad. Being the Third Volume which Compleats *Great Britain*. By the Author of *The Journey Thro' England*. London: Printed for J. Pemberton, at the Buck and Sun, and J. Hooke, at the Flower-de-Luce, both against *St. Dunstan's Church* in Fleet Street. MDCCXXIII.

¹ Haddo's Hole, so called after the Cavalier, Sir John Gordon of Haddo, whom the Covenanters incarcerated there, and then put to death at the Cross.—R.M.

1724

'I AM now at the Gates of *Edinburgh*; but before I come to describe the Particulars of that City, give me leave to take it in Perspective, and speak something of its Situation, which will be very necessary with respect to some Disadvantage which the City lyes under on that Account.

When you stand at a small Distance, and take a View of it from the East, you have really but a confus'd Idea of the City, because the Situation being in Length from East to West; and the Breadth but ill proportion'd to its Length, you view under the greatest Disadvantage possible; whereas if you turn a little to the Right Hand towards *Leith*, and so come towards the City, from the North you see a very handsome Prospect of the whole City, and from the South you have yet a better View of one Part, because the City is encreased on that Side with new Streets, which, on the North Side, cannot be.

The particular Situation then of the whole is thus. At the Extremity of the East End of the City stands the Palace or Court, call'd *Haly-Rood House*; and you must fetch a little Sweep to the right Hand to leave the Palace on the left, and come at the Entrance, which is called the *Water Port*, and which you come at thro' a short Suburb, then bearing to the left again, South, you come to the Gate of the Palace which faces the great Street.

From the Palace, West, the Street goes on in almost a straight Line, and for near a Mile and a half in Length, some say full 2 measur'd Miles, thro' the whole City to the Castle, including the going up the Castle in the Inside; this is, perhaps, the largest, longest, and finest Street for Buildings and Number of Inhabitants, not in *Bretain* only, but in the World.

From the very Palace Door, which stands on a Flat, and level with the lowest of the plain Country, the Street begins to ascend; and tho' it ascends very gradually at first, and is nowhere steep, yet 'tis easy to understand that continuing the Ascent for so long a Way, the further Part must necessarily be very high; and so it is; for the Castle which stands at the Extremity West, as the Palace does East, makes on all the three Sides, that only excepted, which joins it to the City, a frightful and impassable Precipice.

Together with this continued Ascent, which, I think, 'tis easy to form an Idea of in the Mind, you are to suppose the Edge or Top of the Ascent so narrow, that the Street, and the Row of Houses on each Side of it, take up the whole Breadth; so that which Way soever you turn, either to the Right, or to the Left, you go down Hill immediately and that so steep, as is very troublesome to those who walk in these Side Lanes which they call Wynds, especially if their

Lungs are not very good: So that, in a Word, the City stands upon the narrow Ridge of a long ascending Mountain. . . .

The City suffers infinite Disadvantages, and lies under such scandalous Inconveniences as are, by its Enemies, made a Subject of Scorn and Reproach; as if the People were not as willing to live sweet and clean as other Nations, but delighted in Stench and Nastiness: whereas, were any other People to live under the same Unhappiness, I mean as well of a rocky and mountainous Situation, throng'd Buildings, from seven to ten or twelve story high, a Scarcity of Water, and that little they have difficult to be had, and to the uppermost Lodgings, far to fetch; we should find a *London*, or a *Bristol* as dirty as *Edinburgh*, and, perhaps, less able to make their Dwelling tolerable, at least in so narrow a Compass; for, tho' many Cities have more People in them, yet, I believe, this may be said with Truth, that in no City in the World so many People live in so little Room as at *Edinburgh*.

On the North Side of the City, as is said above, is a spacious, rich, and pleasant Plain, extending from the Lough, which as above joins the City, to the River of *Leith*, at the mouth of which is the Town of *Leith*, at the distance of a long *Scots* mile from the City. And even here, were not the North side of the Hill, which the City stands on, so exceeding steep, as hardly, (at least to the Westward of their Flesh-Market) to be clamber'd up on Foot, much less to be made passable for Carriages. But, I say, were it not so steep, and were the Lough fill'd up as it might easily be, the City might have been extended upon the Plain below, and fine beautiful Streets would, no Doubt, have been built there; nay, I question much whether, in Time, the high Streets would not have been forsaken, and the City, as we might say, run all out of its Gates to the North. . . .

From the Palace Gate, Westward, this Street is call'd the *Cannon-gate*, vulgarly the *Cannigate*, which Part, tho' a Suburb, is a kind of Corporation by itself, as *Westminster* to *London*; and has a Toll-Booth, a Prison, and a Town-Guard by itself, tho' under the Government of the Provost and Bailiffs of *Edinburgh*, as *Leith* itself also is. In this Part of the Street, tho' otherwise not so well inhabited as the City itself, are several very magnificent Houses of the Nobility, built for their Residence when the Court was in Town, and on their other Occasions, just as was the Case in the *Strand* between *London* and *Whitehall*, before the Encrease of the City prompted the building those fine Houses into Streets.

Of these the Duke of *Queensberry's*, the *Earl of Wintoun's*, the Duke of *Roxburgh's* and the *Earl of Murray's* are the chief; the

first and last are very magnificent, large and princely Buildings, all of Free-stone, large in Front, and with good Gardens behind them, and the others are very fine Buildings, too many to be describ'd.

At the upper, or West End of this Street, and where it joins to the City, is a Gate which, just as *Ludgate*, or *Temple Bar*, stands parting the City itself from the Suburb, but not at all discontinuing the Street, which rather widens, and is more spacious when you are thro' the Gate than before.

This Gate, or *Bow*, is call'd the *Nether-Bow*, or, by some, the *Nether-Bow Port*.

Just at this Port, on the Outside, turn away two Streets, one goes South to a Gate or Port which leads out of the City into the great Road for *England*, by the Way of *Kelso*, and is call'd *St. Mary Wynde*; and, on the right Hand of it, another Port turns away West, into the low Street, mention'd before, where was a Lough formerly fill'd up, and is called the *Cow-Gate*, because, by this Street, the Cattle are driven to and from the great Market-place, call'd the *Grass Market*, where such Cattle are bought and sold, as also where is a Horse-Market weekly, as in *Smith field*. This Street, call'd the *Cow-Gate*, runs parallel with the high Street, but down in a Bottom, as has been said.

But to go back to the *Nether-Bow Port*, as this turning is on the left Hand going into the City, so on the right Hand goes another Street, which they call *Leith-Wind*, and leads down to a Gate which is not in the City Wall immediately, but adjoining to a Church called the *College-Kirk*, and thro' which Gate, a Suburb runs out North, opening into the Plain, leads to *Leith*; and all along by the Road Side, the Road itself pav'd with Stones like a Street, is a broad Causeway, or, as we call it, a Foot Way, very firm, and made by Hand at least 20 Foot broad, and continued to the Town of *Leith*. This Causeway is very well kept at the publick Expence, and no Horses suffer'd to come upon it.

At the turning down of this Street, without the *Nether-Bow Port*, which they call the Head of the *Canon-gate*, there stood a very great Pile of Building which went both Ways, Part made the East Side of the Turning call'd *Leith-Wynd*, And Part made the North Side of the *Cannon-gate*; the whole was built, as many such are, for private dwellings, but were stately, high, and very handsome Buildings, seven or eight Stories: But great Part of this fine Pile of Building was very unhappily burnt a few Years ago, whether they are yet fully rebuilt, I cannot say.

We now enter the City, properly so call'd; in almost the first

Buildings of Note on the North Side of the Street, the Marquess of Tweeddale has a good City House, with a Plantation of Lime-trees behind it, instead of a Garden, the Place not allowing Room for a large Garden; adjoining to which are very good Buildings, tho' in the narrow Wynds and Alleys, such as if set out in handsome Streets, would have adorn'd a very noble City, but are here crouded together, as may be said, without Notice.

Here the Physicians have a Hall, and adjoining to it a very good Garden; but I saw no Simples in it of Value, there being a Physick Garden at the Palace which furnishes them sufficiently: But they have a fine *Museum*, or Chamber of Rarities, which are worth seeing, and which, in some Things, is not to be match'd in *Europe*. Dr. *Balfour*, afterwards Knighted, began the Collection. Sir *Robert Sibbald* has printed a Catalogue of what was then deposited in his Time. The Physicians of *Edinburgh* have preserved the Character of Able, Learned, and Experienc'd, and have not been outdone by any of their Neighbours: And the late Dr. *Pitcairn*, who was the *Ratcliff* of *Scotland*, has left large Testimonies of his Skill in Nature and Medicine to the World. . . .

On the West End of the great Church, but in a different Building, is the *Tolbooth*, or common Prison, as well for Criminals as Debtors, and a miserable Hole it is, to say no worse of it; tho', for those that can pay for it, there are some Apartments tolerable enough, and Persons of Quality are sometimes confin'd here.

The great Church and this Prison also standing in the middle of the Street, the Breadth and Beauty of it is for some Time interrupted, and the Way is contracted for so far as these Buildings reach on the North Side.

But these Buildings past, the Street opens again to a Breadth rather wider than before, and this is call'd the *Land-Market*, but for what Reason I know not. This Part is also nobly built, and extends West to the *Castle-Hill*, or rather to a narrower Street which leads up to the Castle.

At the upper End of this *Land-Market* is a Stone Building, appropriated to several publick Offices of lesser Value, and is call'd the *Weigh-house*; for below Stairs are Warehouses, with publick Weights and Scales for heavy Goods.

Here the high Street ends, and parting into two Streets, one goes away South West, and descending gradually, leads by the West Bow, as 'tis called, to the *Grass-market*. This Street, which is call'd the *Bow* is generally full of wholesale Traders, and those very considerable Dealers in Iron, Pitch, Tar, Oyl, Hemp, Flax, Linseed, Painters' Colours, Dyers, Drugs and Woods, and such like,

heavy Goods, and supplies Country Shopkeepers, as our Wholesale Dealers in *England* do : And here I may say, is a visible Face of Trade, most of them have also Warehouses in *Leith*, where they lay up the heavier Goods, and bring them hither, or sell them by Patterns and Samples, as they have Occasion.

Daniel Defoe.

A Tour Through the Whole Island of Great Britain, etc., by a Gentleman.
Vol. iii. page 29. (Printed in 1727. First vol. in 1724.)

Mally Lee

As Mally Lee cam' down the street, her capuchin did flee ;
She coost a look behind her, to see her negligee.

And we're a' gaun east and wast, we're a' gaun agee,
We're a' gaun east and wast, courtin' Mally Lee.

She had twa lappets at her head, that flaunted gallantlee,
And ribbon knots at back and breast of bonnie Mally Lee.

And we're a' gaun east and wast, we're a' gaun agee,
We're a' gaun east and wast, courtin' Mally Lee.

A' doon along the Canongate were beaux o' ilk degree ;
And mony ane turned round to look at bonnie Mally Lee.

And we're a' gaun east and wast, we're a' gaun agee,
We're a' gaun east and wast, courtin' Mally Lee.

And ilka bob her pong-pong gi'ed, ilk lad thocht 'that's to me,'
But feint an ane was in the thocht o' bonnie Mally Lee.

And we're a' gaun east and wast, we're a' gaun agee,
We're a' gaun east and wast, courtin' Mally Lee.

Frae Seton's Land a countess fair looked owre a window hie,
And pined to see the gently shape o' bonnie Mally Lee.

And we're a' gaun east and wast, we're a' gaun agee,
We're a' gaun east and wast, courtin' Mally Lee.

And when she reached the palace porch, there lounged erls three ;
And ilk ane thocht his Kate or Meg a drab to Mally Lee.

And we're a' gaun east and wast, we're a' gaun agee,
We're a' gaun east and wast, courtin' Mally Lee.

The dance gaed through the palace ha', a comely sight to see,
But nane was there sae bright or braw as bonnie Mally Lee.

And we're a' gaun east and wast, we're a' gaun agee,
We're a' gaun east and wast, courtin' Mally Lee.

Though some had jewels in their hair, like stars 'mang clouds
did shine,

Yet Mally did surpass them a' wi' but her glancin' e'en.

And we're a' gaun east and west, we're a' gaun agee,

We're a' gaun east and west, courtin' Mally Lee.

A prince cam' out frae 'mang them a', wi' garter at his knee,

And danced a stately minuett wi' bonnie Mally Lee.¹

And we're a' gaun east and west, we're a' gaun agee,

We're a' gaun east and west, courtin' Mally Lee.

Given in Mr. Robert Chambers's *Traditions of Edinburgh*.

WEDNESDAY & Thursday, 16 and 17. [1732(?)] Edinburgh, the Metropolis, & largest City in Scotland, reaches from E. to W. ab^t 1 mile, and two Streets run y^e whole Length of it. One of 'em—the *High Street*, leading from y^e Castle to y^e Abbey is (as You go on East-ward) the broadest Street (they say) in Europe; but What seemingly takes-off much from it's Width, is y^e great heighth of y^e houses, All either 6 or 7 Stories high, & in w^{ch} perhaps are very often as many Families as Stories. . . . In y^e high Street are several handsome Fountains, y^e best of water brought to 'em from 3 miles distance. There are many *Wynds* (we call 'em Lanes) from y^e Street. The Closes are deep Alleys (in w^{ch} several Tenements) are enter'd between houses. These closes go-in so far, y^t tho' there be not One cross-Street running N. and S. yet y^e breadth of y^e whole town will be half a Mile. There is scarce any wooden building in Edinburgh, for y^e frequent fires occasion'd an Act of y^e Town-Council prohibiting Timber-buildings in y^e City or Suburbs; Those in y^e High-Street are of hewn-Stone. On y^e W. a Rock mounts-up to a great heighth, steep & inaccessible on all sides, but that tow^{ds} y^e City. On this, y^e Castle with it's several Batteries, &c. is thought impregnable; 'tis properly a Citadel, for It both hangs over & commands y^e Town. It is kept in most excellent repair, y^e Whole of large Compass. The very highest of it's buildings (for some parts of it are on a much higher foundation than Others) is all still upon y^e vast impenetrable Rock. . . . The Officers & Soldiers lie within y^e Castle; y^e latter in a large room, w^{ch} was formerly y^e Parliament-house, it's roof of Irish Oak.² The

1732

¹ The original of 'Mally Lee' was Mrs. Sleigh, who afterwards married Lord Lyon.—R.M.

² The great hall. Used for banquets, parliaments, etc.

Regalia of y^e K^gdom kept und^r many locks & keys in a strong place here, have not been to be seen ever since y^e Union; by y^e 24th Article of which 'tis provided 'that the Crown, Scepter, and Sword of State,—continue to be kept as they are within that part of the United Kingdom now called *Scotland*; and that they shall so remain in all time coming, notwithstanding the Union.' A little room they shew You where James vi. was born. . . . The situation of Edinburgh is so uncommon, y^t y^e first building of a Fort here seems to have given Rise to y^e town, & to have encouraged people to fix under y^e protection of it; so y^t y^e houses & inhabitants by little & little encreasing, it is brought-down to y^e very foot of y^e Ascent toward the East, where the farthest building in the High-Street (w^{ch}, 'tis to be observ'd, is not a Mile long, or anything like it, within y^e Gates) is the Abbey or Holy-ruid-house, —the Palace. The old Gate-way of y^e Abbey of Austin canons is still remaining. . . . The House burnt by Ol: Cromwell was nobly reedify'd by Charles II. . . . The Royal Chapel (of w^{ch} y^e Bp. of Dumblane was from y^e time of James vi. always Dean) is an elegant & noble Structure, consisting of a large mid-Isle with a lofty & beautiful stone-arch'd Roof; two side-Isles low, have a Stone-Roof also. It is at present in a poor nasty condition, it's Pavement gone, & every kind of Ornament, wth all y^e Lofts, &c. Part of y^e King's Loft stands on y^e Ground, 16 R and 1577 carv'd on it. East in y^e S. Isle is a kind of Royal Vault, in w^{ch} lies y^e body of James v. some of his flesh on still; he dy'd in 1542. Queen Magdalen, his first Wife, a daughter of France, lies by Him; She liv'd but a few months after marriage. . . . Here also, only y^e Skeleton remaining of Henry L^d Darnley; I measur'd Him; He is much about 7 foot high. . . . The reforming Mob broke-into y^e Vault, and us'd y^e Dead, as y^e Principles of Mob-Reformacon taught 'em to do. Persons of prime quality & distinction bury here now; there are many Hatchm^{ts} hung-up for 'em. . . . M^r Peareth and Myself were charged one shilling apiece per night for our beds at y^e Red Lion, & were told It was always y^e Custom here; upon w^{ch} we made bold to introduce another Custom,—not to give y^e Servants one halfpenny.

John Loveday of Caversham.
Diary of a Tour.

Cause of the
Porteous Riot
1736

I WAS witness to a very extraordinary scene that happened in the month of February or March 1736, which was the escape of Robertson, a condemned criminal, from the Tolbooth Church in Edinburgh. In those days it was usual to bring the criminals who

were condemned to death into that church, to attend public worship every Sunday after their condemnation, when the clergyman made some part of his discourse and prayers to suit their situation; which, among other circumstances of solemnity which then attended the state of condemned criminals, had no small effect on the public mind. Robertson and Wilson were smugglers, and had been condemned for robbing a custom-house, where some of their goods had been deposited; a crime which at that time did not seem, in the opinion of the common people, to deserve so severe a punishment. I was carried by an acquaintance to church to see the prisoners on the Sunday before the day of execution. We went early into the church on purpose to see them come in, and were seated in a pew before the gallery in front of the pulpit. Soon after we went into the church by the door from the Parliament Close, the criminals were brought in by the door next the Tolbooth, and placed in a long pew, not far from the pulpit. Four soldiers came in with them, and placed Robertson at the head of the pew, and Wilson below him, two of themselves sitting below Wilson, and two in a pew behind him.

The bells were ringing and the doors were open, while the people were coming into the church. Robertson watched his opportunity, and, suddenly springing up, got over the pew into the passage that led in to the door in the Parliament Close, and, no person offering to lay hands on him, made his escape in a moment—so much the more easily, perhaps, as everybody's attention was drawn to Wilson, who was a stronger man, and who, attempting to follow Robertson, was seized by the soldiers, and struggled so long with them that two who at last followed Robertson were too late. It was reported that he had maintained his struggle that he might let his companion have time. That might be his second thought, but his first certainly was to escape himself, for I saw him set his foot on the seat to leap over, when the soldiers pulled him back. Wilson was immediately carried out to the Tolbooth, and Robertson, getting uninterrupted through the Parliament Square, down the back stairs, into the Cowgate, was heard of no more till he arrived in Holland. This was an interesting scene, and by filling the public mind with compassion for the unhappy person who did not escape, and who was the better character of the two, had probably some influence in producing what followed: for when the sentence against Wilson came to be executed a few weeks thereafter, a very strong opinion prevailed that there was a plot to force the Town Guard, whose duty it is to attend executions under the order of a civil magistrate.

There was a Captain Porteous, who by his good behaviour in the army had obtained a subaltern's commission, and had afterwards, when on half pay, been preferred to the command of the City Guard. This man, by his skill in manly exercises, particularly the golf, and by gentlemanly behaviour, was admitted into the company of his superiors, which elated his mind, and added insolence to his native roughness, so that he was much hated and feared by the mob of Edinburgh. When the day of execution came, the rumour of a deforcement at the gallows prevailed strongly; and the Provost and Magistrates (not in their own minds very strong) thought it a good measure to apply for three or four companies of a marching regiment that lay in the Canongate, to be drawn up in the Lawnmarket, a street leading from the Tolbooth to the Grassmarket, the place of execution, in order to overawe the mob by their being at hand. Porteous, who, it is said, had his natural courage increased to rage by any suspicion that he and his Guard could not execute the law, and being heated likewise with wine—for he had dined, as the custom then was, between one and two—became perfectly furious when he passed by the three companies drawn up in the street as he marched along with his prisoner.

Mr. Baillie had taken windows in a house on the north side of the Grassmarket, for his pupils and me, in the second floor, about seventy or eighty yards westward of the place of execution, where we went in due time to see the show; to which I had no small aversion, having seen one at Dumfries, the execution of Jock Johnstone, which shocked me very much. When we arrived at the house, some people who were looking from the windows were displaced, and went to a window in the common stair, about two feet below the level of ours. The street is long and wide, and there was a very great crowd assembled. The execution went on with the usual forms, and Wilson behaved in a manner very becoming his situation. There was not the least appearance of an attempt to rescue; but soon after the executioner had done his duty, there was an attack made upon him, as usual on such occasions, by the boys and blackguards throwing stones and dirt in testimony of their abhorrence of the hangman. But there was no attempt to break through the Guard and cut down the prisoner. It was generally said that there was very little, if any, more violence than had usually happened on such occasions. Porteous, however, inflamed with wine and jealousy, thought proper to order his Guard to fire, their muskets being loaded with slugs; and when the soldiers showed reluctance, I saw him turn to them with

threatening gesture and an inflamed countenance. They obeyed, and fired; but wishing to do as little harm as possible, many of them elevated their pieces, the effect of which was that some people were wounded in the windows; and one unfortunate lad, whom we had displaced, was killed in the stair window by a slug entering his head. His name was Henry Black, a journeyman tailor, whose bride was the daughter of the house we were in. She fainted away when he was brought into the house speechless, where he only lived till nine or ten o'clock. We had seen many people, women and men, fall on the street, and at first thought it was only through fear, and by their crowding on one another to escape. But when the crowd dispersed, we saw them lying dead or wounded, and had no longer any doubt of what had happened. The numbers were said to be eight or nine killed, and double the number wounded; but this was never exactly known.

This unprovoked slaughter irritated the common people to the last; and the state of grief and rage into which their minds were thrown, was visible in the high commotion that appeared in the multitude. Our tutor was very anxious to have us all safe in our lodgings, but durst not venture out to see if it was practicable to go home. I offered to go; went, and soon returned, offering to conduct them safe to our lodgings, which were only half-way down the Lawnmarket, by what was called the Castle Wynd, which was just at hand, to the westward. There we remained safely, and were not allowed to stir out any more that night till about nine o'clock, when, the streets having long been quiet, we all grew anxious to learn the fate of Henry Black, and I was allowed to go back to the house. I took the younger Maxwell with me, and found he had expired an hour before we arrived. A single slug had penetrated the side of his head an inch above the ear.

The sequel of this affair was, that Porteous was tried and condemned to be hanged; but by the intercession of some of the Judges themselves, who thought his case hard, he was reprieved by the Queen-Regent. The Magistrates, who on this occasion, as on the former, acted weakly, designed to have removed him to the Castle for greater safety. But a plot was laid and conducted by some persons unknown with the greatest secrecy, policy, and vigour, to prevent that design, by forcing the prison the night before, and executing the sentence upon him themselves, which to effectuate cost them from eight at night till two in the morning; and yet this plot was managed so dexterously that they met with no interruption, though there were five companies of a marching regiment lying in the Canongate.

This happened on the 7th of September 1736; and so prepossessed were the minds of all persons that something extraordinary would take place that day, that I, at Prestonpans, nine miles from Edinburgh, dreamt that I saw Captain Porteous hanged in the Grassmarket. I got up betwixt six and seven, and went to my father's servant, who was thrashing in the barn which lay on the road side leading to Aberlady and North Berwick, who said that several men on horseback had passed about five in the morning, whom having asked for news, they replied there was none, but that Captain Porteous had been dragged out of prison, and hanged on a dyer's tree at two o'clock that morning.

This bold and lawless deed not only provoked the Queen, who was Regent at the time, but gave some uneasiness to Government. It was represented as a dangerous plot, and was ignorantly connected with a great meeting of zealous Covenanters, of whom many still remained in Galloway and the west, which had been held in summer, in Pentland Hills, to renew the Covenant. But this was a mistake; for the murder of Porteous had been planned and executed by a few of the relations or friends of those whom he had slain; who, being of a rank superior to mere mob, had carried on their design with so much secrecy, ability, and steadiness as made it be ascribed to a still higher order, who were political enemies to Government.

Rev. Alexander Carlyle
(‘Jupiter Carlyle,’ minister of Inveresk).
Autobiography.

**The Porteous
Riot.**

THE rioters left a small party to observe the West Port, and directed the waiters, as they valued their lives, to remain within their lodge, and make no attempt for that night to repossess themselves of the gate. They then moved with rapidity along the low street called the Cowgate, the mob of the city everywhere rising at the sound of their drum and joining them. When the multitude arrived at the Cowgate Port, they secured it with as little opposition as the former, made it fast, and left a small party to observe it. . . . The mob, at first only about one hundred strong, now amounted to thousands, and were increasing every moment. They divided themselves so as to ascend with more speed the various narrow lanes which lead up from the Cowgate to the High Street; and still beating to arms as they went, and calling on all true Scotsmen to join them, they now filled the principal street of the city.

The Netherbow Port might be called the Temple Bar of Edinburgh, as, intersecting the High Street at its termination, it divided Edinburgh, properly so-called, from the suburb named the Canon-

gate, as Temple Bar separates London from Westminster. It was of the utmost importance to the rioters to possess themselves of this pass, because there was quartered in the Canongate at that time a regiment of infantry, commanded by Colonel Moyle, which might have occupied the city by advancing through this gate, and would possess the power of totally defeating their purpose. The leaders therefore hastened to the Netherbow Port, which they secured in the same manner, and with as little trouble, as the other gates, leaving a party to watch it, strong in proportion to the importance of the post.

The next object of these hardy insurgents was at once to disarm the City Guard and to procure arms for themselves; for scarce any weapons but staves and bludgeons had been yet seen among them. The guard-house was a long, low, ugly building (removed in 1787), which to a fanciful imagination might have suggested the idea of a long black snail crawling up the middle of the High Street, and deforming its beautiful esplanade. This formidable insurrection had been so unexpected that there were no more than the ordinary sergeant's guard of the city corps upon duty; even these were without any supply of powder and ball; and, sensible enough what had raised the storm, and which way it was rolling, could hardly be supposed very desirous to expose themselves by a valiant defence to the animosity of so numerous and desperate a mob, to whom they were on the present occasion much more than usually obnoxious.

There was a sentinel upon guard who, that one town-guard soldier might do his duty on that eventful evening, presented his piece, and desired the foremost of the rioters to stand off. The young amazon, whom Butler had observed particularly active, sprung upon the soldier, seized his musket, and after a struggle succeeded in wrenching it from him, and throwing him down on the causeway. One or two soldiers, who endeavoured to turn out to the support of their sentinel, were in the same manner seized and disarmed, and the mob without difficulty possessed themselves of the guard-house, disarming and turning out of doors the rest of the men on duty. It was remarked that, notwithstanding the city soldiers had been the instruments of the slaughter which this riot was designed to revenge, no ill-usage or even insult was offered to them. It seemed as if the vengeance of the people disdained to stoop at any head meaner than that which they considered as the source and origin of their injuries.

On possessing themselves of the guard, the first act of the multitude was to destroy the drums, by which they supposed an

alarm might be conveyed to the garrison in the Castle ; for the same reason they now silenced their own, which was beaten by a young fellow, son to the drummer of Portsburgh, whom they had forced upon that service. Their next business was to distribute among the boldest of the rioters the guns, bayonets, partizans, halberds, and battle or Lochaber axes. Until this period the principal rioters had preserved silence on the ultimate object of their rising, as being that which all knew, but none expressed. Now, however, having accomplished all the preliminary parts of their design, they raised a tremendous shout of 'Porteous ! Porteous ! To the tolbooth ! To the tolbooth !'

They proceeded with the same prudence when the object seemed to be nearly in their grasp as they had done hitherto when success was more dubious. A strong party of the rioters, drawn up in front of the Luckenbooths, and facing down the street, prevented all access from the eastward, and the west end of the defile formed by the Luckenbooths was secured in the same manner ; so that the tolbooth was completely surrounded, and those who undertook the task of breaking it open were effectually secured against the risk of interruption.

The magistrates, in the meanwhile, had taken the alarm, and assembled in a tavern, with the purpose of raising some strength to subdue the rioters. The deacons, or presidents of the trades, were applied to, but declared there was little chance of their authority being respected by the craftsmen, where it was the object to save a man so obnoxious. Mr. Lindsay, member of parliament of the city, volunteered the perilous task of carrying a verbal message from the Lord Provost to Colonel Moyle, the commander of the regiment lying in the Canongate, requesting him to force the Netherbow Port, and enter the city to put down the tumult. But Mr. Lindsay declined to charge himself with any written order, which, if found on his person by an enraged mob, might have cost him his life ; and the issue of the application was, that Colonel Moyle, having no written requisition from the civil authorities, and having the fate of Porteous before his eyes as an example of the severe construction put by a jury on the proceedings of military men acting on their own responsibility, declined to encounter the risk to which the Provost's verbal communication invited him.

More than one messenger was despatched by different ways to the Castle, to require the commanding officer to march down his troops, to fire a few cannon-shot, or even to throw a shell among the mob, for the purpose of clearing the streets. But so strict and watchful were the various patrols whom the rioters had established

in different parts of the street, that none of the emissaries of the magistrates could reach the gate of the Castle. . . . The magistrates, having assembled their officers and some of the citizens who were willing to hazard themselves for the public tranquillity, now sallied forth from the tavern where they held their sitting, and approached the point of danger. Their officers went before them with links and torches, with a herald to read the Riot Act, if necessary. They easily drove before them the outposts and videttes of the rioters; but when they approached the line of guard which the mob, or rather, we should say, the conspirators, had drawn across the street in the front of the Luckenbooths, they were received with an unintermitted volley of stones, and, on their nearer approach, the pikes, bayonets, and Lochaber axes of which the populace had possessed themselves were presented against them. . . . The magistrates, after vain attempts to make themselves heard and obeyed, possessing no means of enforcing their authority, were constrained to abandon the field to the rioters, and retreat in all speed from the showers of missiles that whistled around their ears.

The passive resistance of the tolbooth gate promised to do more to baffle the purpose of the mob than the active interference of the magistrates. The heavy sledge-hammers continued to din against it without intermission, and with a noise which, echoed from the lofty buildings around the spot, seemed enough to have alarmed the garrison in the Castle. . . . At length a voice was heard to pronounce the words, 'Try it with fire.' The rioters, with an unanimous shout, called for combustibles, and as all their wishes seemed to be instantly supplied, they were soon in possession of two or three empty tar-barrels. A huge red glaring bonfire speedily arose close to the door of the prison, sending up a tall column of smoke and flame against the antique turrets and strongly grated windows, and illuminating the ferocious and wild gestures of the rioters who surrounded the place, as well as the pale and anxious groups of those who, from windows in the vicinage, watched the progress of this alarming scene. The mob fed the fire with whatever they could find fit for the purpose. The flames roared and crackled among the heaps of nourishment piled on the fire, and a terrible shout soon announced that the door had kindled, and was in the act of being destroyed. The fire was suffered to decay, but long ere it was quite extinguished the most forward of the rioters rushed, in their impatience, one after another, over its yet smouldering remains. Thick showers of sparkles rose high in the air as man after man bounded over the glowing embers

and disturbed them in their passage. It was now obvious to Butler and all others who were present that the rioters would instantly be in possession of their victim, and have it in their power to work their pleasure upon him, whatever that might be.

They had suffered the unfortunate Porteous to put on his night-gown and slippers, as he had thrown off his coat and shoes in order to facilitate his attempted escape up the chimney. In this garb he was now mounted on the hands of two of the rioters, clasped together, so as to form what is called in Scotland 'The King's Cushion.' . . . The procession now moved forward with a slow and determined pace. It was enlightened by many blazing links and torches; for the actors of this work were so far from affecting any secrecy on the occasion that they seemed even to court observation. Their principal leaders kept close to the person of the prisoner, whose pallid yet stubborn features were seen distinctly by the torch-light, as his person was raised considerably above the concourse which thronged around him. Those who bore swords, muskets, and battle-axes marched on each side, as if forming a regular guard to the procession. The windows as they went along, were filled with the inhabitants, whose slumbers had been broken by this unusual disturbance. Some of the spectators muttered accents of encouragement; but in general they were so much appalled by a sight so strange and audacious, that they looked on with a sort of stupefied astonishment. No one offered, by act or word, the slightest interruption.

The rioters, on their part, continued to act with the same air of deliberate confidence and security which had marked all their proceedings. When the object of their resentment dropped one of his slippers, they stopped, sought for it, and replaced it upon his foot with great deliberation. As they descended the Bow towards the fatal spot where they designed to complete their purpose, it was suggested that there should be a rope kept in readiness. For this purpose the booth of a man who dealt in cordage was forced open, a coil of rope fit for their purpose was selected to serve as a halter, and the dealer next morning found that a guinea had been left on his counter in exchange: so anxious were the perpetrators of this daring action to show that they meditated not the slightest wrong for infraction of law, excepting so far as Porteous was himself concerned.

Leading, or carrying along with them, in this determined and regular manner, the object of their vengeance, they at length reached the place of common execution, the scene of his crime,

and destined spot of his sufferings. Several of the rioters (if they should not rather be described as conspirators) endeavoured to remove the stone which filled up the socket in which the end of the fatal tree was sunk when it was erected for its fatal purpose; others sought for the means of erecting a temporary gibbet. . . .

'Away with him—away with him!' was the general cry. 'Why do you trifle away time in making a gallows? that dyester's pole is good enough for the homicide.'

The unhappy man was forced to his fate with remorseless rapidity. Butler, separated from him by the press, escaped the last horrors of his struggles. . . . A loud shout proclaimed the stern delight with which the agents of the deed regarded its completion. Butler then, at the opening into the low street called the Cowgate, cast back a terrified glance, and by the red and dusky light of the torches he could discern a figure wavering and struggling as it hung suspended above the heads of the multitude, and could even observe men striking at it with their Lochaber axes and partizans. . . .

Nothing was spoke of for some time save the measure of vengeance which should be taken, not only on the actors of this tragedy, so soon as they should be discovered, but upon the magistrates who had suffered it to take place, and upon the City which had been the scene where it was exhibited. On this occasion, it is still recorded in popular tradition that her Majesty¹ in the height of her displeasure, told the celebrated John, Duke of Argyle, that, sooner than submit to such an insult, she would make Scotland a hunting-field. 'In that case, Madam,' answered that high-spirited nobleman, with a profound bow, 'I will take leave of your Majesty, and go down to my own country to get my hounds ready.'

Sir Walter Scott.
The Heart of Midlothian.

'Twas within a mile of Edinburgh town

In the rosy time of the year;

Sweet flowers bloom'd, and the grass was down,

And each shepherd woo'd his dear.

Bonny Jockey, blythe and gay,

Kiss'd sweet Jenny, making hay,

The lassie blush'd, and frowning, cried, 'Na, na, it winna do;

I canna, canna, winna, winna, maunna buckle to.'

'Twas within
a Mile of
Edinburgh
Town

¹ Queen Caroline, who had reprieved Porteous's death sentence.

Jockey was a wag that never would wed,
 Though long he had followed the lass ;
 Contented she earned and ate her brown bread
 And merrily turned up the grass.
 Bonny Jockey, blythe and free
 Won her heart right merrily :
 Yet still she blush'd, and frowning, cried, 'Na, na, it winna do ;
 I canna, canna, winna, winna, maunna buckle to.'

But when he vow'd he would make her his bride,
 Though his flocks and herds were not few,
 She gave him her hand, and a kiss beside,
 And vow'd she'd for ever be true.
 Bonny Jockey, blythe and free,
 Won her heart right merrily :
 At church she no more frowning cried, 'Na, na, it winna do ;
 I canna, canna, winna, winna, maunna buckle to.'¹

CHARLES approached Holyrood House by the same path over which George IV., seventy-seven years after, was drawn thither in his daily progress from Dalkeith. As he was parading along, the Duke of Perth stopped him a little, while he described the limits and peculiar local characteristics of the King's Park. It was observed on this occasion by an eye-witness, that during the whole five minutes the Duke was expatiating, Charles kept his eye bent sideways on Lord Elcho (who stood aside at a little distance), and seemed lost in a mental speculation about that new adherent. As the procession—for such it might be termed—moved along the Duke's Walk, the crowd greeted the principal personage with two distinct huzzas, which he acknowledged with bows and smiles. The general feeling of the crowd seemed to be a very joyful one,

¹ There are some verses by Thomas D'Urfey of which this, the first, is similar, and has given the refrain to, the later and well-known song :—

'Twas within a Furlong of Edinborough Toun,
 In the Rosie time of year when the Grass was down ;
 Bony *Jockey* Blith and Gay,
 Said to *Jenny* making Hay,
 Let's sit a little (Dear) and prattle,
 'Tis a sultry Day :
 He long had Courted the Black-Brow'd Maid,
 But *Jockey* was a Wag and would ne'er consent to wed ;
 Which made her pish and phoo, and cry out it will not do,
 I cannot, cannot, cannot, wonnot, monnot Buckle to.

arising in some cases from the influence of political prepossessions, in many others from gratified curiosity, and perhaps in still more from the satisfaction with which they had observed the fate of the city so easily decided that morning. Many had previously conceived Charles to be only the leader of a band of predatory barbarians, at open warfare with property, and prepared to commit any outrage for the accomplishment of his purposes. They now regarded him in the interesting light of an injured prince, seeking, at the risk of life, one single noble object, which did not very obviously concern their personal interests. All, more or less, resigned themselves to the charm with which the presence of royalty is so apt to be attended. Youthful and handsome; gallant and daring; the leader of a brave and hardy band; the commander and object of a most extraordinary enterprise; unfortunate in his birth and prospects, but making apparently one manly effort to retrieve the sorrows of his fate; the descendant of those time-honoured persons by whose sides the ancestors of those who saw him had fought at Bannockburn and Flodden; the representative of a family peculiarly Scottish, but which seemed to have been deprived of its birthright by the machinations of the hated English—Charles was a king calculated to excite the most fervent emotions amongst the people who surrounded him. The modern sovereign, as he went over the same ground in his splendid chariot, was beheld with respect, as the chief magistrate of the nation;¹ but the boot of Charles was dimmed, as he passed along, with kisses and tears.

A remarkable instance of the effect of these feelings occurred as Charles was entering the palace. When he had proceeded along the piazza within the quadrangle, and was just about to enter the porch of what are called the Hamilton apartments, the door of which stood open to receive him, a gentleman of mature age stepped out of the crowd, drew his sword, and, raising it aloft marshalled the way before him up stairs. James Hepburn, of Keith, in East Lothian, who adopted this conspicuous mode of enlisting himself, did not act altogether under the influence of a devoted attachment to the Stuart family, but was stimulated by a sense of the injustice of the Union, which he said had ruined his country. . . .

The Prince being thus established in his paternal palace, it was the next business of his adherents to proclaim his father at the Cross. The party which entered the city in the morning had taken care to secure the heralds and pursuivants, whose business

¹ The reference is to George IV. See pp. 219-221.

it was to perform such ceremonies. About one o'clock, therefore, an armed body was drawn up around the Cross; and that venerable pile, which, notwithstanding its association with so many romantic events, was soon after removed by the magistrates, had the honour of being covered with carpet for the occasion. The officers were clothed in their fantastic, but rich old dresses, in order to give all the usual *éclat* to this disloyal ceremony. David Beatt, a Jacobite teacher of Edinburgh, then proclaimed King James, and read the commission of regency, with the declaration dated at Rome in 1743, and a manifesto in the name of Charles Prince Regent, dated at Paris, May 16, 1745. An immense multitude witnessed the solemnity, which they greeted with hearty but partial huzzas. The ladies, who viewed the scene from their lofty lattices in the High Street, strained their voices in acclamation, and waved white handkerchiefs in honour of the day. The Highland guard looked round the crowd with faces expressing wild joy and triumph, and, with the license and extravagance appropriate to the occasion, fired off their pieces in the air. The bagpipe was not wanting to greet the name of James with a loyal pibroch; and during the ceremony, Mrs. Murray of Broughton, whose enthusiasm was only surpassed by her beauty, sat on horseback beside the Cross, with a drawn sword in her hand, and her person profusely decorated with white ribbons, which signified devotion to the house of Stuart.

Robert Chambers.

History of the Rebellion of 1745-6.

1745

THE same day Prince Charles and the rest of his army marched by the foot of the Braid Hills and Prestonfield to the King's Park, the Prince stopping on the way at Grange House to drink a glass of wine. The army encamped in the Park, and the Prince rode forward by St. Anthony's Well and the Duke's Walk to Holyrood, where he was met by an immense crowd, twenty thousand people it is said; and amid the wildest enthusiasm, the true heir of the ancient royal house entered the palace of his ancestors. . . .

At noon the heralds, clad in their robes of state, and with all due solemnity, proclaimed King James VIII. and Charles Prince Regent at the old Market Cross. . . .

The day after the battle¹ was Sunday, and the Jacobite army marched in triumph through Edinburgh, headed by a great array of pipers playing the Prince's favourite air, 'The King shall enjoy his own again.' The clans were followed by the prisoners, who

¹ Prestonpans.

were half as numerous as the whole Highland army; the rear was brought up by the carts conveying the wounded. The Prince took no part in this triumph; on the contrary, he issued a proclamation forbidding any demonstration of public joy, as the victory had been obtained over his father's misguided subjects. It is stated by one of those who fought against him that he remained for hours on the battlefield giving orders for the relief of the wounded of both armies, and preserving every appearance of moderation and humanity; that night he lay at Pinkie House, and next day returned quietly to Edinburgh.

By this victory Prince Charles became practically Sovereign of Scotland: only the castles of Edinburgh and Stirling, and three Highland forts—two of which he afterwards captured—held out against him, and he reigned in Holyrood for seven weeks.

There was nothing which surprised the good folks of Edinburgh so much as the wonderful behaviour of the dreaded Highlanders, whose appearance was so wild and tatterdemalion. . . . The chiefs were most courteous gentlemen, well educated, many of them fond of letters, and I like to think of them wandering through the High Street, dropping into the book-shops and into Allan Ramsay's library in the Lawnmarket to see the latest books and magazines.

Among them was Alexander Robertson, the aged chief of Struan, himself no mean poet in Gaelic and in English. William Hamilton of Bangour, a well-known poet, was another of the Jacobite officers. A Linlithgowshire laird and a man of fashion, he had been brought up a Whig, for his mother had married President Dalrymple, the great Whig judge. His conversion to Jacobitism took place while travelling in Italy. One day, when he was sauntering about the Capitol in Rome, a hand was laid on his shoulder by a young man, who said with a pleasant smile, 'Mr. Hamilton, whether do you like this prospect, or the one from North Berwick Law, the best?' Hamilton recognised Prince Charles, and from that time became his devoted follower.

But it was not only the higher officers who had literary tastes. Bishop Forbes tells of a Highland officer,—the younger brother of a subordinate chieftain from a small island in the westernmost Hebrides,—who, nursing his wounds after Culloden, concealed in caves and fast places, occupied his enforced leisure in composing Horatian odes in Latin. The Bishop, amazed at his classical learning, discovered that he had never gone further for his schooling than the island of Skye. When an army of Hessians came over in the spring of 1746 to help King George, and was quartered in Perthshire, the only language in which they could communicate

with the Highlanders was Latin, in which *all* the innkeepers of the Atholl district were able to converse. It was in Latin, too, that Lord George Murray communicated with his Hessian adversaries. How many Highland innkeepers, how many generals, with all our 'improved' education, could do this to-day? . . .

When Lochiel, on the morning of the capture, burst into Edinburgh and had quartered his Camerons in the Lawnmarket, though the inhabitants plied them with hospitality, offering them meat and drink in abundance, not a man of them would taste spirits, because their chief had forbidden them to do so before they marched. . . .

Throughout the occupation of Edinburgh there was little excess or oppression by the Highland soldiers; it is on record that there were no riots in the streets, and not so much as a drunk man to be seen. . . .

Edinburgh had to make contributions in tents, military stores, and arms, for which the inhabitants were assessed 2s. 6d. in the £1 on their rental. The chief magistrates of the boroughs, the Collector of Taxes, the Controller of Customs, were all summoned to Holyrood 'upon pain of rebellion and high treason,' and most of them had to come. . . .

For some time after the battle of Prestonpans everything seems to have gone on very quietly in Edinburgh, and business was conducted as usual. The Post went out and came in regularly; the newspapers and magazines were published as usual, and citizens received their English and foreign news exactly as before . . . During the occupation, the inhabitants of Edinburgh appear to have accepted the situation with remarkable equanimity, and Whig and Jacobite to have lived in amity and good-fellowship. As Sir Walter Scott has pointed out, party feeling has never interfered with social friendliness in Edinburgh. . . . Until the English came on the scene, our forefathers seem to have looked on the whole business as a political quarrel, not a civil war, and if political, there was no need for personal animosity. . . .

I have as yet said nothing about the central figure of this romantic drama. All the other actors moving about Old Edinburgh I can picture to myself, but the Prince I cannot see. . . .

The few glimpses to be gathered are for the most part from Lord Elcho. Prince Charles held court at the palace with great splendour and magnificence, receiving his officers every morning. At ten o'clock he held a council, and an unruly council it often was. Then he dined in public with his principal gentlemen while a crowd of all sorts of people watched him. After dinner he rode out with his Life-guards and inspected the troops, returning to Holyrood, where

he received the ladies of fashion who came to his court. He supped in public, when there was generally music, and after that dancing.

There are few old Jacobite families who have not a traditional ancestress who danced with Prince Charlie at Holyrood, but I fear no such claim can be allowed. We are expressly told that at Edinburgh he never danced; and what is more, that at Holyrood he did not wear the kilt, but when in Highland costume he dressed in tartan coat and breeches, and always wore boots.

An Edinburgh Whig lady writes to her daughter in London: 'The young gentleman that we have got among us, busses the ladies so, that he gains our hearts.' On the other hand, Lord Elcho says: 'There came a great many ladies of fashion to kiss his hand, but his behaviour to them was very cool: he had not been much used to women's company, and was always embarrassed when he was with them.' After supper he took refuge from court embarrassments with his army. He generally went to the camp at Duddingston to spend the night under canvas with his soldiers, and there he always slept in his clothes. . . .

Charles had the royal gift of remembering faces, even of the humblest. At Holyrood he was accessible to all, and spoke familiarly to the meanest Highlanders; while after Prestonpans he talked kindly to his unfortunate prisoners. His public acts were dignified and kingly. Everything he did while in Scotland inclined to humanity and mercy.

Walter B. Laikie.

'Edinburgh at the Time of the Occupation of Prince Charles.'

Printed in *The Book of the Old Edinburgh Club*, 1909.

May 11, Saturday.— . . From thence came through Musselburgh and over the sand to Edinburgh, dined at Mrs. Walker's, an exceeding good and clean tavern. In the afternoon went to our lodgings at Mrs. Urquhart's by the Cross, up two pair of stairs, very good lodgings.

May 12, Sunday.—Lady Oxford went to Lady Leven and went with her to the Kirk, heard a lecture and a preaching from a Highland man. Dined with the Lord Commissioner, a very fine dinner, the first course fifteen, the second course eighteen, and the dessert thirty dishes. Went to the Kirk again in the afternoon and then came home. My Lady visited by Lady Glenorchy, Lady Mary Creyton, Mr. and Mrs. Hope.

May 13, Monday.—Dined again at Lord High Commissioner's, the same number of dishes as the day before. In the afternoon my Lady was visited by Lord and Lady Hopetoun, Lord Desford, Lady Somerville, Lady Glenorchy, and Mrs. Hope.

May 14, Tuesday.—Went to Hope Park and to see Holyrood House, the King's Palace. The State apartments are very fine rooms but extremely out of repair. Duke Hamilton lives in the Queen's apartment, which is very well kept. Lord Breadalbane's lodgings are over them and are very fine rooms and extremely well furnished and command a fine view of the sea. Dined with Lady Glenorchy, a very elegant dinner. . . .

*Lady Oxford's Journey through Yorkshire, etc., into Scotland.*¹ (Printed by the Historical MSS. Commission in the Report on the MSS. of the Duke of Portland: Welbeck Abbey.)

THIS City, in Regard of its high Situation, the Goodness of the Air, and Fertility of the Soil, so many seats of the Nobility lying round it, its being watered with Excellent Springs, and reaching, from East to West, a Mile in Length, and Half so much in Breadth, is, upon these Accounts, justly esteemed the Metropolis of *Scotland*. It is strongly walled, and adorned with publick and private Buildings, well peopled, and frequented, for the Advantage of the Sea, which the neighbouring Port of *Leith* affords; and, as it was formerly honoured with the King's Residence, so is it the Sacred Repository of the Records, and the Chief Tribunal of Justice. . . . The Castle is situated on so high a Rock, strongly fortified with a great Number of Towers, that it is looked upon as impregnable. This the *Britains* called *Castle Myned Agned*; the *Scots*, the *Maidens Castle*, and the *Virgin Castle*, because the Maiden Princesses of the Blood-Royal of the *Picts* were kept here, in old Time. The Ascent upon which the City stands, has, on the North-Side, a Pool, called the *North-Loch*, and was, formerly, guarded by another, on the South, called the *South-Loch*; but this last is drained many years ago, and upon the Banks of it are built two several Tracts of Houses. The Magistrates have also, with Great Expence, brought one of the best Springs of *Scotland* into the City, which they did by Leaden Pipes, from a Hill, at about Three Miles Distance; and, to make it more convenient, they have erected several stately Conduits in the Middle of the High Street, to serve the Town with Water. . . . About Midway, between the *Nether-Bow* and the Castle, stands the Great Church, which, before the Reformation, was Collegiate, and dedicated to St. Giles; but it was afterwards divided into several Preaching Places; and Districts of the City were allotted to them, so as to be Parochial. When King *Charles* the First erected a new Bishoprick at Edinburgh,

¹ Henrietta Cavendish, only daughter and heir of John (Holles), 1st Duke of Newcastle; and widow of Edward Harley, Earl of Oxford and Earl Mortimer.

which before that Time was in the Diocese of *St. Andrews*, it was made a Cathedral, and the Dean was Forenoon Minister of that Part of it called the *New Kirk*, which is the Choir, Chancel, or Eastern Part. The Great Cross, under the Tower, is called the *Old Kirk*; and the Front, or West-Part of the Great Church, is divided into two Parts: that on the South is called the *Tolbooth-Kirk*, and that on the North, *Haddo's Hole*, from the Laird of *Haddo*, who, being a great Royalist, and Anti-covenanter, was kept Prisoner in a Vault there, till he was beheaded. The Steeple, in the Middle, is very high, and of good Architecture; the Summit of it resembles an Imperial Crown. Here they have a Sett of Bells, which are not rung out, as in *England* (for that Way of Ringing is not known in this Country) but are played upon by the Hand, with Keys, like a Harpsichord, the Person playing having great Leather Covers to his Fists, by which he is able to strike with the more Force; and, for the larger Bells, there are Treddles, which he strikes with his Feet. They play all Manner of Tunes, very musically; and the Town gives a Man a yearly Salary for playing upon them, from Half an Hour after Eleven, till Half an Hour after Twelve, every Day, *Sundays* and Holydays excepted. The same Sort of Musical Bells are also common all over *Flanders* and *Holland*.¹ . . .

Near the West-End of the Great Church, stands the *Tolbooth*, or Common-Prison, as well for Criminals, as for Debtors. It was formerly the Place of Residence for the Provost of *St. Giles*, as most of the adjacent Houses were for the Canons and Choristers of that Church. The Great Church, and this Prison, both standing in the Middle of the Street, the Breadth and Beauty of it is, for some Space, interrupted; but, beyond those Buildings, and a Middle Row, called the *Lucken-Booths*, the Street opens again to its former Breadth, and is now called the *Lawn Market*, from the Linnen-Market being kept here. This Part of the Street extends West, to a narrower one, which leads to the *Castle Hill*. At the upper End of it is a Stone Building, appropriated to several Publick Offices, of lesser Note, called the *Weigh-House*, for, Below-stairs, are Ware-Houses, with publick Weights and Scales, for weighing heavy Goods. In this place, the Rebels kept a Guard, when they endeavoured to besiege the Castle, but

¹ These bells were cast in 1698 by John Meikle, Castlehill, Edinburgh, Deacon of the Hammermen of Edinburgh, who received the order from the Town Council to 'mak a guid and sufficient chime or sette of musical bells for the use of the City of Edinburgh.' They were of bronze, and continued to chime till 1865, when a set of steel bells were presented in their place. The old brass bells and their steel supplanters were taken down in 1890 and sold by auction.—R. M.

some Cannon being pointed to it from the Castle, beat a Part of it down, and dispersed their Guard.

. . . The next remarkable Buildings, are, First, *Heriot's Work*, which is really a large and stately Building, adorned with a consecrated Chapel, and pleasant Gardens: It was built by the Reverend Doctor *Balcanquhal*, to whom *George Heriot*, Jeweller to King *James VI.*, left near seventeen thousand Pounds, to be disposed of in pious Uses; which that worthy Dean did, by building and endowing this House, and giving Statutes to it, which he ordered should be unalterable. It is a Nursery for an indefinite Number of the Sons of Freemen, who are maintained, cloathed, and educated in useful Learning, till they are fit for Apprentiships, or to go to the University, where they are allowed handsome Salaries and Exhibitions. The next most remarkable, is the *Royal Infirmary*, lately erected, but not quite finished or filled, but by our sick and wounded Soldiers; it has great number of Conveniences, and a beautiful large Building; the Amphitheatre for Operations is also the grandest, and best designed, of any I had before seen: It was built by the liberal Contributions of many well disposed Persons, and there was so general a good-will to the Work, that the like spirit has hardly ever been known anywhere. The Proprietors of several Stone Quarries made Presents of Stone to it, others of Lime, Merchants contributed Timber. The Wrights and Masons were not wanting in their Contributions also: The neighbouring Farmers agreed to carry Materials *gratis*: His Majesty was also pleased to give one hundred Pounds towards it. The following is the Inscription on the First Stone, *The Royal Infirmary at Edinburgh, founded August 2, 1738. Earl Cromarty, G.M.* Next is the Royal Palace, a very handsome Building, rather convenient than large; it was formerly both a Royal Palace and an Abbey, founded by King *David* the first, for the Canons Regular of Saint *Austin*, who named it *Holyrood-House*, or the House of the Holy Cross, which was burnt by *Oliver Cromwell*, but nobly re-edified by King *Charles* the Second . . . whereof Sir *William Bruce* was Architect. The inner Court is very stately, all of Freestone, well hewed, with a Colonnade round it, from whence are Entries into the several Apartments; but above all, the long Gallery is very remarkable, being adorned with the pictures of all the *Scots Kings*, from *Fergus I.* done by masterly Hands. This served as a lodging Room for our Soldiers, upon Straw, as were most of the other Rooms. The adjoining Park belonging to this Abbey before mentioned, is about four Miles in Circumference; but what is very odd, there is neither Deer nor Tree in it; and though it be very

mountainous, affords good Pasture for Cattle, excepting the mighty craggy Rock in it, near half a Mile to the Top, called *Arthur's Seat*, from *Arthur* the *British* King, who, they say, used to view the adjacent Country from thence. This Palace, or Abbey, and Park, are a Sanctuary for Debtors. Close to this Abbey, is a neat Physic Garden, abounding with great variety of curious Plants, with Stoves, under the direction of Doctor *Charles Alston*, the present *Botanical* Professor, a most learned and curious Gentleman. Next, and lastly, is the College, or University, which stands near the *Potter-row-port*; it consists of three Courts, two lower, and one higher, equal to the other two; these Courts are encompassed with neat Buildings, for the use of such Students as please to lodge in them; for they do not live in common, nor are they obliged to reside, but only to attend their Classes at certain Hours. There is a high Tower over the great Gate looking to the City. The fortune of this City hath in former Ages been very variable and inconstant, sometimes it was subject to the *Scots*, and otherwhiles to the *English*, who inhabited the East Parts of *Scotland*, until it became wholly under the *Scots* Dominion, about the Year 960, when the *English* being over-powered, and quite oppressed by the *Danes*, were enforced to quit all their Interest here, as unable to grapple with two such potent Enemies. *Edinburgh* is certainly a fine City, and, I believe, can boast of the highest Houses in *Europe*; notwithstanding, it has its Faults. . . .

The Women here use the *Scots* Plaids about their Heads and Shoulders, exactly of the Shape, and worn after the same manner with the *Flemmings* Veils; only these are of different Colours, made of Worsted, and the Foreigners always black Silk. . . . Great numbers of the Ladies of *Edinburgh* are very handsome, light haired, and fair Complexions, with Freckles: along the Streets, they have a noble Walk and erect Deportment; you must, at the same Time, understand that *Edinburgh* is to *Scotland*, as *London* to *England*, where all the Beauties of the distant Counties come for Education, which makes their Numbers seem much more, than otherwise it would be: They are also very industrious, and take great Pride in having most part of their Cloaths the product of their own working; they are great Admirers of white thread Stockings, and also of shewing them upon their Legs; but what is still better, they make them themselves, for it is a very great Rarity to see a *Scotch* Woman sit idle; nay, over the Tea-Table, they are generally at work, either upon their Thread to make their Linnen or Plaids, or else knitting themselves Stockings or Gloves, most curious and fine; a piece of Industry that our *English* Ladies take

no care after! but more the Pity, and their Men, on the contrary, live as idle. . . . Three fourths of *Edinburgh* are supposed to be *Jacobites*; and those of the Town who pretend to be staunch Whigs, even tell us so. And the Ladies in general, are in love with the Pretender's Son's Person, and wear white Breast-Knots and Ribbons in his Favour, in all their private Assemblies. We are too, most miserably accommodated, and meet with innumerable Hardships from the Inclemency of the Weather. . . .

Edinburgh, Jan. 30, 1746.

A Journey through Part of England and Scotland. Along with the Army under the Command of His Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland. Wherein the Proceedings of the Army, and the Happy Suppression of the Rebellion in the Year 1746 Are particularly described. By a Volunteer. Comprised in several letters to a Friend in London. The Second Edition. London: Printed for T. Osborne, in Gray's Inn. MDCCXLVII.¹

Thursday 25 [of April, 1751]. We rode to Edinburgh, one of the dirtiest cities I had ever seen, not excepting Colen in Germany. . . . I preached again at six, on *Seek ye the Lord, while he may be found*. I used great plainness of speech towards them, and they received it in love. . . .

Rev. John Wesley.
Journal.

AT this period, when he [David Hume] first lived in Edinburgh, and was writing his *History of England*, his circumstances were narrow, and he accepted the office of Librarian to the Faculty of Advocates, worth £40 per annum. But it was not for the salary that he accepted this employment, but that he might have easy access to the books in that celebrated library; for, to my certain knowledge, he gave every farthing of the salary to families in distress. . . . His economy was strict, as he loved independency; and yet he was able at that time to give suppers to his friends in his small lodging in the Canongate. He took much to the company of the younger clergy, not from a wish to bring them over to his opinions, for he never attempted to overturn any man's principles, but they best understood his notions, and could furnish him with literary conversation. Robertson and John Home and Bannatine and I lived all in the country, and came only periodically to the town. Blair and Jardine both lived in it, and suppers being the only fashionable meal at that time, we dined where we best could, and by cadies assembled our friends to meet

¹ This book plagiarizes extensively from Defoe's *Tour*. The part about Edinburgh is mostly word for word the same.—R. M.

us in a tavern by nine o'clock; and a fine time it was when we could collect David Hume, Adam Smith, Adam Ferguson, Lord Elibank, and Drs. Blair and Jardine, on an hour's warning. I remember one night that David Hume, who, having dined abroad, came rather late to us, and directly pulled a large key from his pocket, which he laid on the table. This he said was given him by his maid Peggy (much more like a man than a woman) that she might not sit up for him, for she said when the honest fellows came in from the country, he never returned home till after one o'clock. This intimacy of the young clergy with David Hume enraged the zealots on the opposite side, who little knew how impossible it was for him, had he been willing, to shake their principles.

As Mr. Hume's circumstances improved he enlarged his mode of living. . . . As the New Town was making its progress westward, he built a house in the south-west corner of St. Andrew Square.¹ The street leading south to Princes Street had not yet got its name affixed, but they got a workman early one morning to paint on the corner-stone of David's house 'St. David's Street,' where it remains to this day.² . . . At this time David Hume was living in Edinburgh and composing his *History of Great Britain*. He was a man of great knowledge, and of a social and benevolent temper, and truly the best-natured man in the world. He was branded with the title of Athiest, on account of the many attacks on revealed religion that are to be found in his philosophical works, and in many places of his *History*—the last of which are still more objectionable than the first, which a friendly critic might call only sceptical. Apropos of this, when Mr. Robert Adam, the celebrated architect, and his brother, lived in Edinburgh with their mother, an aunt of Dr. Robertson's, and a very respectable woman, she said to her son, 'I shall be glad to see any of your companions to dinner, but I hope you will never bring the Athiest here to disturb my peace.' But Robert soon fell on a method to reconcile her to him, for he introduced him under another name, or concealed it carefully from her. When the company parted she said to her son, 'I must confess you bring very agreeable companions about you, but the large

1770

¹ He had removed in 1762 from Jack's Land, Canongate, to James's Court, where, with an interval of several years abroad, he lived till he removed to the New Town.

² There are several versions of this story. Burton's makes Miss Nancy Ord herself chalk the name on the wall, and it adds the good ending: 'Hume's "lass," judging that it was not meant in honour or reverence, ran into the house much excited, to tell her master how he was made game of. "Never mind, lassie," he said, "many a better man has been made a saint of before."'—R. M.

jolly man who sat next me is the most agreeable of them all.' 'This was the very Athiest,' said he, 'mother, that you were so much afraid of.' 'Well,' says she, 'you may bring him here as much as you please, for he's the most innocent, agreeable, facetious man I ever met with.' . . .

Rev. Alexander Carlyle
('Jupiter Carlyle,' minister of Inveresk).
Autobiography.

J^e chante les Honneurs, et la Ville fameuse
Qui se nomme Edimbourg, la grande et glorieuse.
Dont les siècles passez ont vu que de son Sein
Tant de Rois sont sortis, le Sceptre dans la Main.
Qui, promenant par tout sa belliqueuse Audace
Fit sentir sa Valeur jusqu'à l'Ourse de glace.
Et qui dans l'Univers, rempli de ses Exploits,
Fit redouter sa Gloire, et le Nom de ses Rois !

Il faut qu' avec Loisir et d'un Esprit tranquille,
J'admire les Beautés de cette grande Ville !
Où l'un et l'autre Bout menagez avec Art,
Offrent l'un un Palais, et l'autre un Boulevard.
Que cette Ville est grande, et qu'il faut qu'on se lasse,
Si l'on vouloit d'abord la courir à la Trace.

Eloge de la Ville d'Edimbourg, par le Sieur de Forbes.
A Edimbourg : MDCCLII.

To ROBERT BRYANTON, at Balymallon, Ireland.

EDINBURGH, Sept. 26, 1753.

MY DEAR BOB,—. . . From their pride and poverty, as I take it, results one advantage this country enjoys ; namely, the gentlemen here are much better bred than among us. . . . The men here have generally high cheek bones, and are lean and swarthy, fond of action, dancing in particular. Now that I have mentioned dancing, let me say something of their balls, which are very frequent here. When a stranger enters the dancing-hall, he sees one end of the room taken up by the ladies, who sit dismally in a group by themselves ;—and in the other end stand their pensive partners that are to be ;—but no more intercourse between the sexes than there is between two countries at war. The ladies indeed may ogle, and the gentlemen sigh ; but an embargo is laid on any closer commerce. At length, to interrupt hostilities, the lady directress, or intendant, or what you will, pitches upon a lady and gentleman to walk a minuet ; which they perform with a formality that

approaches to despondence. After five or six couple have thus walked the gauntlet, all stand up to country dances, each gentleman furnished with a partner from the aforesaid lady directress; so they dance much, say nothing, and thus concludes our assembly. I told a Scotch gentleman that such profound silence resembled the ancient procession of the Roman matrons in honour of Ceres; and the Scotch gentleman told me (and, faith, I believe he was right) that I was a very great pedant for my pains.

Now I am come to the ladies; and to show that I love Scotland, and everything that belongs to so charming a country, I insist on it, and will give him leave to break my head that denies it—that the Scotch ladies are ten thousand times finer and handsomer than the Irish. To be sure, now, I see your sisters Betty and Peggy vastly surprised at my partiality,—but tell them flatly, I don't value them—or their fine skins, or eyes, or good sense, a potato; for I say, and will maintain it; and as a convincing proof (I am in a great passion) of what I assert, the Scotch ladies say it themselves. But to be less serious; where will you find a language so prettily become a pretty mouth as the broad Scotch? And the women here speak it in its highest purity; for instance, teach one of your young ladies at home to pronounce the 'Whoar wull I gong?' with a becoming widening of mouth, and I'll lay my life they'll wound every hearer. . . .

Oliver Goldsmith.

Quoted in Prior's *Life of Goldsmith*.

It was in the end of this year, 1756, that *Douglas* was first acted in Edinburgh. Mr. Home had been unsuccessful in London the year before, but he was well with Sir Gilbert Elliot, Mr. Oswald of Dunnikier, and had the favour and friendship of Lord Milton and all his family; and it was at last agreed among them that, since Garrick could not yet be prevailed on to get *Douglas* acted, it should be brought on here; for if it succeeded in the Edinburgh theatre, then Garrick could resist no longer. . . .

The play had unbounded success for a great many nights in Edinburgh, and was attended by all the literati and most of the judges, who, except one or two, had not been in use to attend the theatre. The town in general was in an uproar of exultation that a Scotchman had written a tragedy of the first rate, and that its merit was first submitted to their judgement. There were a few opposers, however, among those who pretended to taste and literature, who endeavoured to cry down the performance in libellous pamphlets and ballads (for they durst not attempt to

oppose it in the theatre itself), and were openly countenanced by Robert Dundas of Arniston, at that time Lord Advocate, and all his minions and expectants. The High-flying set were unanimous against it, as they thought it a sin for a clergyman to write any play, let it be ever so moral in its tendency. Several ballads and pamphlets were published on our side in answer to the scurrilities against us, one of which was written by Adam Ferguson, and another by myself. . . .

It is remarkable, that in the year 1784, when the great actress Mrs. Siddons first appeared in Edinburgh, during the sitting of the General Assembly, that court was obliged to fix all its important business for the alternate days when she did not act, as all the younger members, clergy as well as laity, took their stations in the theatre on those days by three in the afternoon. Drs. Robertson and Blair, though they both visited this great actress in private, often regretted to me that they had not seized the opportunity which was given them, by her superior talents and unexceptionable character, of going openly to the theatre, which would have put an end to all future animadversions on the subject.

Rev. Alexander Carlyle
(‘Jupiter Carlyle,’ minister of Inveresk).
Autobiography.

‘The Last Speech and Dying Words of the Cross, which was Hanged, Drawn, and Quartered on Monday, the 15th of March 1756, for the horrid crime of being an Incumbrance to the Street.’

I WAS built up in Gothic times,
And have stood several hundred reigns ;
Sacred my mem’ry and my name,
For kings and queens I did proclaim.
I peace and war did oft declare,
And roused my country ev’rywhere :
Your ancestors around me walk’d,
Your kings and nobles ’side me talk’d,
And lads and lasses with delight
Set tryst with me to meet at night ;
No tryster e’er was at a loss,
For why, *I’ll meet you at the Cross.*
I country people did direct
Through all the city with respect,
Who missing me will look as droll
As mariners without the pole.

On me great men have lost their lives
 And for a *maiden* left their wives . . .
 Professions many have I seen,
 And never have disturbed been;
 I've seen the Tory party slain,
 And Whigs exulting o'er the plain.
 I've seen again the Tories rise,
 And with loud shouting pierce the skies,
 Then crown their king and chase the Whig
 From Pentland Hill to Bothwell Brig.
 I've seen the Covenant by all sworn,
 And likewise seen them burnt and torn.
 I neutral stood as peaceful Quaker,
 With neither side was I partaker.

I wish my life had longer been,
 That I might greater ferlies seen,
 Or else like other things decay,
 Which time alone does waste away.

'Claudero.'

From Miscellanies of Prose and Verse.

Jays of Prestonfield, adieu!
 Late found, soon lost, but still we'll view
 Th' engaging scene—oft to these eyes
 Shall the pleasing vision rise.

1759

Hearts that warm towards a friend,
 Kindness on kindness without end,
 Easy converse, sprightly wit,
 These we found in dame and knight.

Cheerful meals, balmy rest,
 Beds that never bugs molest,
 Neatness and sweetness all around
 These—at Prestonfield we found.

Hear, O Heaven! a stranger's prayer!
 Bless the hospitable pair!
 Bless the sweet bairns, and very soon
 Give these a brother, those a son!

Dr. Benjamin Franklin.

Verses written by him in 1759, after a visit
 to Prestonfield, Edinburgh.

Given in *Walks near Edinburgh*, by Margaret Warrender.

EDINBURGH, *Sepr. 15th, 1760.*

1760

DEAR SISTER,—Edinburgh is most pleasantly situated, and consists chiefly of two streets, one up the ridge of a hill about a measured mile long finely built and paved, many of the houses being of hewn stone, and all with stone window Coins, and six or seven stories high to the Street, and some of them more backward, even to 14 stories. It terminates at one end with the Esplanade before the Castle on the highest ground, which is a fine walk, commanding a view of the Frith and Leith and of the Country to the South. The other street, the Cowgate, is about half as long; at the end of which about the middle of the other, St. Mary's Wynd and Leith Wynd cross it at right angles. And there are several small streets to the south of the Cowgate.

Charles the 1st in 1633 made Edinburgh a Bishop's See and appointed for the Diocese all the parts of the Arch Bishoprick of St. Andrews to the South of the Frith of Forth in the Shires of Edinburgh, Haddington, Linlithgow, Sterling, Berwick and Lauderdale, and made St. Giles's Church the Cathedral; to have precedence of all Suffragans and to be Suffragan to St. Andrews: But in 1639 Episcopacy was abolished in Scotland, restored at the Restoration, and was again altered to Presbytery under K. William on account of the adherence, though a weak one, of the Bishops to the Interest of James the 7th, for they would not take the Oath of Abjuration, but in other respects were willing to submit to the Government. . . .

Sepr. 17th, 1760.

DEAR SISTER,—I went to see the Castle at Edinburgh which contains six English acres. It is said that the Kingdom of Northumberland did extend to the Frith of Forth, and as Simon of Durham in the 9th Century calls it Edwinesburgh or Castle, and David the 1st in 1128 calls it Edwines burg, so he supposed it was built by K. Edwin about 626, it is on a rock of black whinstone, a sort of granite composed of small grains: The Esplanade before it is 274 feet above the Sea, about 90 feet above the Grass market, and 120 above the north Lough. . . .

The streets of Edinburgh are finely paved like St. Jame's Square, with a gutter on each side near the walking place, which is cut in a Semicircular form in hewn stone about 8 inches broad, through which the water runs that overflows the reservoir towards the Castle, which is supplied by water brought from the Pentland hills by pipes; and is kept full for use in case of fire. There are flag stones for foot people on each side of the street, with stones set up to keep off the carriages which is a late improvement.

The first hill I mentioned to the north is to be divided into three streets from East to West, and the houses to be only three stories high, which will make it a most noble City. . . .

Richard Pococke.

Tours in Scotland, by Richard Pococke, Bishop of Meath. Printed by the Scottish History Society from the original MS. in the British Museum.

OF Scotland's cities, still the rarest
Is ancient Edinburgh town ;
And of her ladies, still the fairest
There you see walk up and down ;
Be they gay, or be they gayless,
There they beck and there they bow,
From the Castle to the Palace,
In farthingale and furbelow.

Says Lady Jane to Lady Janet,
'Thy gown, I vow, is stiff and grand ;
Though there were feint a body in it,
Still I trow that it would stand.'
And Lady Janet makes rejoinder :
'Thy boddice, madam, is sae tend,
Thy bonny back may crack asunder,
But, by my faith, it winna bend.'

But few knew one both fairer, kinder,
The fair maid of St. Mary's Wynd ;
Among the great you will not find her,
For she was of the humbler kind.
For her minnie, spinning, plodding,
She wore no ribbons to her shune,
No mob-cap on her head nid-nodding,
But aye the linsey-woolsey gown.

No Lady Jane in silks and laces
How fair soever she might be,
Could match the face, the nature's graces
Of this poor, humble Marjory :
Her eyes they were baith mirk and merry,
Her lire was as the lily fair,
Her lips were redder than the cherry
And flaxen was her glossy hair.

Ye bucks who wear the coats silk-braided,
 With satin ribbon at your knee,
 And cambric ruffles starched and plaited,
 With cockèd bonnets all ajee,
 Who walk with mounted canes at even,
 Up and down so jauntilie,
 Ye would have given a blink of heaven
 For one sweet smile from Marjory.

He's now within the ancient borough !
 He sought the well-known White Horse Inn,
 And there he laid him down in sorrow,
 Some strengthening confidence to win ;
 Then up the street, with none to greet him,
 He held his sad and sorrowing way,
 When lo ! who should there be to meet him
 But Friar John !¹—who slunk away.

Strange thing ! but lo ! the sacred sheiling
 In that old wynd of St. Marie—
 The window where with mirthful feeling
 He tap't the sign to Marjory ;
 He sought the lobby dark and narrow,
 Groped gently for the well-known door,
 Where he might hear of his winsome marrow
 Who died there many years before.

He drew the latch, and quietly entered :
 There someone spinning merrilie !
 A faltering question then he ventured :
 ' My name, kind sir, is Marjory.'
 ' Great God ! ' he cried, in voice all trembling,
 And sank upon a crazy chair,
 And tried to trace a strange resembling
 In her who sat beside him there.

A maiden she still young and buxom,
 Nor change but what ten years may bring,
 Her hair still of the glossy flaxen,
 Her eyes still blue as halcyon's wing.

¹ Friar John, left in charge, had sent him false news of Marjory's death.

He traced the lines, he knew each feature
 Of all her still unfaded charms;
 And now this long lost, worshipped creature
 Is locked fast in his loving arms.

Alexander Leighton.
Tales of the Borders.

in Mid-Lothian

EDINBOROUGH A miserable Inns. noble views from the castle. Holy-rood House, some of it 200 years old at least, but mostly built by S^r W^m Bruce 100 years later. here in the Earl of Braidalbin, & Duke Hamilton's lodgeings are a number of pictures. room where Rizzio was murther'd shewn here. Nave of ye Abbey Church standing, but ready to fall now repair'd went out of Town. . . .

1764

Thomas Gray.
 Letter from *Gray and his Friends*, edited
 by Duncan C. Tovey.

EDINBURGH, the capital of Scotland, naturally takes the lead in this division. . . . The castle, before the use of artillery, was deemed to be impregnable by force. It was probably built by the Saxon king Edwin. . . .

1770

Facing the castle, at a long mile's distance to the east, stands the abbey, or rather palace, of Holyrood-house. The inner quadrangle of this palace, which was begun by James v. and finished by Charles II., is of magnificent modern architecture, built according to the plan, and under the direction of Sir William Bruce, a Scotch gentleman of family, and undoubtedly one of the greatest architects of that age. Round the quadrangle runs an arcade, adorned with pilasters; and the inside contains magnificent apartments for the Duke of Hamilton, who is hereditary keeper of the palace, and other noblemen. . . . James VII. when Duk of York, intended to have made great improvements about this palace. . . . The chapel belonging to the palace, as it stood when repaired and ornamented by that prince, is thought to have been the most elegant piece of Gothic architecture in Europe. It was the conventual church of the old abbey. Its roof is lofty and round; it ran two rows of stone galleries supported by curious pillars. Its inside was demolished and rifled of all its rich ornaments, by the fury of the mob at the Revolution, which even broke into the repositories of the dead, and discovered a vault, till that time unknown, which contained the bodies of James v., his first queen, and Henry Darnley.

The hospital, founded by George Herriot, goldsmith to James VI., commonly called Herriot's work, stands to the south east of the castle, in a noble situation. It is the finest and most regular specimen which Inigo Jones, whom James VI. of Scotland brought over from Denmark, has left us of his Gothic manner, and far exceeding anything of that kind to be seen in England. . . .

The modern edifices in and near Edinburgh, such as the Exchange, its hospitals, bridges, and the like, demonstrate the vast improvement of the taste of the Scots in their public works. Streets and squares are opened in grounds to the north, where, a few years ago, sheep and cattle grazed. Those squares and houses, and likewise many to the south-east and west of the city, are laid out and built in the most elegant taste, with all the conveniences that render those of England so delightful and commodious; but as those great schemes are yet incomplete, we shall not pretend to describe them farther.

Edinburgh is governed by a lord provost, four bailiffs, a dean of guild, and a treasurer, annually chosen from the common-council. Every company, or incorporated trade, chooses its own deacon; and here are fourteen; namely, surgeons, goldsmiths, skinners, furriers, hammer-men, wrights or carpenters, masons, taylors, bakers, butchers, cordwainers, weavers, fullers, and bonnet-makers. The lord provost is colonel of the town-guard, a military institution to be found in no part of his majesty's dominions but at Edinburgh: they serve for the city watch, and patrole the streets, are useful in suppressing small commotions, and attend the execution of sentences upon delinquents: they are divided into three companies, and wear an uniform; they are immediately commanded by three officers, under the name of captains. Besides this guard, Edinburgh raises sixteen companies of trained-bands, which serve as militia. The revenues of the city consist chiefly of that tax which is now common in most of the bodies corporate of Scotland, of two Scotch pennies, amounting in the whole to two thirds of a farthing, laid upon every Scotch pint of ale (containing two English quarts) consumed within the precincts of the city. This is a most judicious impost, as it renders the poorest people insensible of the burden. Its product, however, has been sufficient to defray the expence of supplying the city with excellent water, brought in leaden pipes at a distance of four miles; of erecting reservoirs, enlarging the harbour of Leith, and compleating other public works of great expence and utility.

Edinburgh may be considered, notwithstanding its castle, and an open wall which encloses it on the south side, of a very modern

fabric but in the Roman manner, as an open town ; so that in fact, it would have been impracticable for its inhabitants to have defended it against the rebels, who took possession of it in 1745.

A certain class of readers would perhaps think it unpardonable, should I omit mentioning that Edinburgh contains a playhouse, which has now the sanction of an act of parliament ; and that concerts, assemblies, balls, music-meetings, and other polite amusements, are as frequent and brilliant here, as in any other part of his majesty's dominions, London and Bath excepted.

William Guthrie.

A New Geographical, Historical, and Commercial Grammar ; and present state of the several Kingdoms of the World, by William Guthrie, Esq.
London : printed for J. Knox at No. 148 near Somerset House, in the Strand. MDCCLXX.

I SING the day sae aften sung,
Wi' which our lugs hae yearly rung,
In whase loud praise the Muse has dung
A' kind o' print ;
But, wow ! the limmer's fairly flung ;
There's naething in 't.

The King's
Birth-day in
Edinburgh

I'm fain to think the joys the same
In London town as here at hame,
Whaur fouk o' ilka age and name,
Baith blind and cripple,
Forgather aft, O fy for shame !
To drink and tipple.

O Muse ! be kind, and dinna fash us
To flee awa beyont Parnassus,
Nor seek for Helicon to wash us,
That heath'nish spring ;
Wi' Highland whisky scour our hawses,
And gar us sing.

Begin, then, dame ! ye've drunk your fill ;
You wouldna hae the tither gill ?
You'll trust me, mair would do you ill,
And ding ye doitet :
'Troth, 'twould be sair against my will
To hae the wyte o't.

Sing, then, how on the fourth o' June
 Our bells screed aff a loyal tune :
 Our ancient castle shoots at noon,
 Wi' flag-staff buskit,
 Frae which the sodger blades come down
 To cock their musket.

Oh willawins ! Mons Meg, for you ;
 'Twas firin' crack'd thy muckle mou' ;
 What black mishanter gart ye spew
 Baith gut and ga' !
 I fear, they bang'd thy belly fu'
 Against the law.

Right seenil am I gien to bannin' ;
 But, by my saul, ye was a cannon
 Could hit a man, had he been stannin'
 In shire o' Fife,
 Sax lang Scots miles ayont Clackmannan,
 An' tak' his life.

Robert Fergusson.

YESTERDAY we dined at Haddington, which has been a place of some consideration, but is now gone to decay ; and in the evening arrived at this metropolis, of which I can say very little. It is very romantic, from its situation on the declivity of a hill, having a fortified castle at the top, and a royal palace at the bottom. The first thing that strikes the nose of a stranger shall be nameless ; but what first strikes the eye is the unconscionable height of the houses, which generally rise to five, six, seven, and eight stories, and, in some places, I am assured, to twelve. This manner of building, attended with numberless inconveniences, must have been originally owing to want of room. Certain it is, the town seems to be full of people ; but their looks, their language, and their customs are so different from ours, that I can hardly believe myself in Great Britain. . . .

If I stay much longer in Edinburgh, I shall be changed into a downright Caledonian. . . . You cannot imagine how we have been caressed and feasted in the good town of Edinburgh, of which we are become free denizens and guild-brothers, by the special favour of the magistracy. . . .

While Mr. Bramble holds conferences with the graver literati of the place, and our females are entertained at visits by the Scotch ladies, who are the best and kindest creatures on earth, I pass my

time among the bucks of Edinburgh, who, with a great share of spirit and vivacity, have a certain shrewdness and self command that is not often found among their neighbours in the heyday of youth and exultation. Not a hurt escapes a Scotchman that can be interpreted into offence by any individual of the company; and national reflections are never heard. In this particular, I must own, we are both unjust and ungrateful to the Scotch; for, as far as I am able to judge, they have a real esteem for the natives of South Britain; and never mention our country but with expressions of regard. Nevertheless, they are far from being servile imitators of our modes and fashionable vices. All their customs and regulations of public and private economy, of business and diversion, are in their own style. This remarkably predominates in their looks, their dress, and manner, their music, and even their cookery. Our squire declares, that he knows not another people on earth so strongly marked with a national character. Now we are on the article of cookery, I must own some of their dishes are savoury, and even delicate; but I am not yet Scotchman enough to relish their singed sheep's-head and haggis, which were provided at our request one day at Mr. Mitchelson's, where we dined. The first put me in mind of the history of the Congo, in which I read of negroe's heads sold publicly in the markets; the last, being a mess of minced lights, livers, suet, oatmeal, onions, and pepper, enclosed in a sheep's stomach, had a very sudden effect on mine. . . .

All the diversions of London we enjoy at Edinburgh in a small compass. Here is a well-conducted concert, in which several gentlemen perform on different instruments. The Scots are all musicians. Every man you meet plays on the flute, the violin, or violoncello; and there is one nobleman whose compositions are universally admired. Our company of actors is very tolerable; and a subscription is now on foot for building a new theatre: but their assemblies please me above all other public exhibitions.

We have been at the hunters' ball, where I was really astonished to see such a number of fine women. The English, who have never crossed the Tweed, imagine, erroneously, that the Scotch ladies are not remarkable for personal attractions; but I declare with a safe conscience I never saw so many handsome females together as were assembled on this occasion. At the Leith races, the best company comes hither from the remoter provinces; so that, I suppose, we had all the beauty of the kingdom concentrated as it were into one focus; which was indeed so vehement, that my heart could hardly resist its power. . . .

I never saw such a concourse of genteel company at any races

in England, as appeared on the course of Leith. Hard by, in the fields called the Links, the citizens of Edinburgh divert themselves at a game called golf, in which they use a curious kind of bats tipped with horn, and small elastic balls of leather, stuffed with feathers, rather less than tennis-balls, but of a much harder consistence. This they strike with such force and dexterity from one hole to another, that they will fly to an incredible distance. Of this diversion the Scots are so fond, that when the weather will permit, you may see a multitude of all ranks, from the senator of justice to the lowest tradesman, mingled together, in their shirts, and following the balls with the utmost eagerness. Among others, I was shown one particular set of golfers, the youngest of whom was turned of fourscore. They were all gentlemen of independent fortunes, who had amused themselves with this pastime for the best part of a century, without having ever felt the least alarm from sickness or disgust; and they never went to bed, without having each the best part of a gallon of claret in his belly. Such uninterrupted exercise, co-operating with the keen air from the sea, must, without all doubt, keep the appetite always on edge, and steel the constitution against all the common attacks of distemper . . . believe me to be ever yours, J. MELFORD.

The civil regulations of this kingdom and metropolis are taken from very different models from those of England, excepting in a few particular establishments, the necessary consequences of the union. The college of justice is a bench of great dignity, filled with judges of character and ability. I have heard some causes tried before this venerable tribunal, and was very much pleased with the pleadings of their advocates, who are by no means deficient either in argument or elocution. The Scottish legislation is founded, in great measure, on the civil law; consequently their proceedings vary from those of the English tribunals: but I think they have the advantage of us in their method of examining witnesses apart, and in the constitution of their jury. . . .

The University of Edinburgh is supplied with excellent professors in all the sciences; and the medical school, in particular, is famous all over Europe. The students of this art have the best opportunity of learning it to perfection, in all its branches, as there are different courses for the theory of medicine, and the practice of medicine; for anatomy, chemistry, botany, and the *materia medica*, over and above those of mathematics and experimental philosophy; and all these are given by men of distinguished talents. What renders this part of education still more complete, is the advantage of attending the infirmary, which is the best

instituted charitable foundation that I ever knew. Now we are talking of charities, here are several hospitals exceedingly well endowed, and maintained under admirable regulations : and these are not only useful, but ornamental to the city. Among these, I shall only mention the general workhouse, in which the poor not otherwise provided for are employed, according to their different abilities, with such judgment and effect, that they nearly maintain themselves by their labour ; and there is not a beggar to be seen within the precincts of this metropolis. It was Glasgow that set the example of this establishment, about thirty years ago. Even the Kirk of Scotland, so long reproached with fanaticism and canting, abounds at present with ministers celebrated for their learning, and respectable for their moderation. I have heard their sermons with equal astonishment and pleasure. The good people of Edinburgh no longer think dirt and cobwebs essential to the house of God. Some of their churches have admitted such ornaments as would have excited sedition, even in England, a little more than a century ago ; and psalmody is here practised and taught by a professor from the cathedral of Durham. I should not be surprised, in a few years, to hear it accompanied with an organ.

Edinburgh is a hot-bed of genius. I have had the good fortune to be made acquainted with many authors of the first distinction : such as the two Humes,¹ Robertson, Smith, Wallace, Blair, Ferguson, Wilkie, etc., and I have found them all as agreeable in conversation, as they are instructive and entertaining in their writings. These acquaintances I owe to the friendship of Dr. Carlyle, who wants nothing but inclination to figure with the rest on paper. The magistracy of Edinburgh is changed every year by election, and seems to be very well adapted both for state and authority. The lord provost is equal in dignity to the lord mayor of London ; and the four baillies are equivalent to the rank of aldermen. There is a dean of guild, who takes cognisance of mercantile affairs ; a treasurer, and a town-clerk ; and the council is composed of deacons, one of whom is returned every year in rotation, as representative of every company of artificers or handicraftsmen. Though this city, from the nature of its situation, can never be made either very convenient or very cleanly, it has, nevertheless, an air of magnificence that commands respect. The castle is an instance of the sublime in site and architecture. Its fortifications are kept in good order, and there is always in it a garrison of regular soldiers, which is relieved every year ; but

¹ David Hume and John Home, —pronounced the same.—R. M.

it is incapable of sustaining a siege carried on according to the modern operations of war. The Castle-hill, which extends from the outward gate to the upper end of the High-street, is used as a public walk for the citizens, and commands a prospect, equally extensive and delightful, over the county of Fife, on the other side of the Frith, and all along the sea coast, which is covered with a succession of towns, that would seem to indicate a considerable share of commerce ; but if the truth must be told, these towns have been falling to decay ever since the union, by which the Scots were in a great measure deprived of their trade with France. The palace of Holyrood-house is a jewel in architecture, thrust into a hollow where it cannot be seen ; a situation which was certainly not chosen by the ingenious architect, who must have been confined to the site of the old palace, which was a convent. Edinburgh is considerably extended on the south side, where there are divers little elegant squares, built in the English manner ; and the citizens have planned some improvements on the north, which, when put in execution, will add greatly to the beauty and convenience of this capital.

The sea-port is Leith, a flourishing town, about a mile from the city, in the harbour of which I have seen above one hundred ships lying all together. You must know I had the curiosity to cross the Frith in a passage-boat, and stayed two days in Fife, which is remarkably fruitful in corn, and exhibits a surprising number of fine seats, elegantly built, and magnificently furnished. There is an incredible number of noble houses in every part of Scotland that I have seen : Dalkeith, Pinkie, Yester, and Lord Hopetoun's, all of them within four or five miles of Edinburgh, are princely palaces, in every one of which a sovereign might reside at his ease. I suppose the Scots affect these monuments of grandeur. If I may be allowed to mingle censure with my remarks on a people I revere, I must observe, that their weak side seems to be vanity. I am afraid that even their hospitality is not quite free of ostentation. I think I have discovered among them uncommon pains taken to display their fine linen, of which indeed they have great plenty, their furniture, plate, house-keeping, and variety of wines, in which article, it must be owned, they are profuse, if not prodigal. A burgher of Edinburgh, not content to vie with a citizen of London who has ten times his fortune, must excel him in the expense as well as elegance of his entertainments. . . . We shall set out in two days, and take Stirling on our way, well provided with recommendations from our friends at Edinburgh, whom, I protest, I shall leave with much regret. I am so far

from thinking it any hardship to live in this country, that, if I was obliged to lead a town life, Edinburgh would certainly be the headquarters of yours always, MATT. BRAMBLE.

Tobias Smollett.

Humphrey Clinker.

TO THE TRON KIRK BELL.¹

WANWORDY, crazy, dinsome thing,
As e'er was fram'd to jow or ring,
What gar'd them sic in steeple hing,
They ken themsel';
But weel wat I, they couldna' bring
Waur sounds frae hell.

What deil are ye? that I should ban;
You're neither kin to pat nor pan;
Nor ulzie pig, nor maister-can,
But weel may gie
Mair pleasure to the ear o' man
Than stroke o' thee.

Fleece-merchants may look bauld, I trow,
Sin' a' Auld Reekie's childer now
Maun stap their lugs wi' teats o' woo,
Thy sound to bang,
And keep it frae gaun through and through
Wi' jarrin' twang.

Your noisy tongue, there's nae abidin't;
Like scauldin' wife's, there is nae gudein't;
When I'm 'bout ony business eident,
It's sair to thole;
To deave me, then, ye tak a pride in 't,
Wi' senseless knoll.

O! were I provost o' the toun,
I swear by a' the powers aboon,
I'd bring ye wi' a reesle down;
Nor should you think
(Sae sair I'd crack and clour your croun)
Again to clink.

¹ This Tron Kirk Bell, which Fergusson anathematizes, was erected in 1763, the year the building of the Tron Kirk was completed, and cost 1400 merks. In 1824, during the 'great fires' in the Old Town, that destroyed 'Parliament Close' and many other buildings, the Tron steeple caught fire and the bell was melted. Pieces of this metal, as it lay in melted masses, were collected by admirers of Robert Fergusson, and made into little mementoes of him.

For when I've toom'd the meikle cap,
 And fain would fa' owre in a nap,
 Troth, I could doze as sound's a tap,
 Were't no for thee,
 That gies the tither weary chap
 To wauken me.

I dreamt ae night I saw Auld Nick :
 Quo' he—'This bell o' mine's a trick,
 A wily piece o' politic,
 A cunnin' snare,
 To trap fouk in a cloven stick,
 Ere they're aware.

'As lang's my dautit bell hings there,
 A' body at the kirk will skair :
 Quo' they, gif he that preaches there
 Like it can wound,
 We donna care a single hair
 For joyfu' sound.'

If magistrates wi' me would free
 For aye tongue-tackit should you be ;
 Nor fleg wi' anti-melody
 Sic honest fouk,
 Whase lugs were never made to dree
 Thy doolfu' shock.

But far frae thee the bailies dwell,
 Or they would scunner at your knell ;
 Gie the foul thief his riven bell,
 And then, I trow,
 The byword hauds, 'The deil himsel'
 Has got his due.'

Robert Fergusson.

1771

A CITY that possesses a boldness and grandeur of situation beyond any that I have ever seen. It is built on the edges and sides of a vast sloping rock, of a great and precipitous height at the upper extremity, and the sides declining very quick and steep into the plain. The view of the houses at a distance strikes the traveller with wonder ; their own loftiness, improved by their almost aerial situation, gives them a look of magnificence not to be found in any

other part of *Great Britain*. All these conspicuous buildings form the upper part of the great street, are of stone, and make a handsome appearance: they are generally six or seven stories high in front; but, by reason of the declivity of the hill, much higher backward; one in particular, called *Babel*, had about twelve or thirteen stories, before the fire in 1700, but is now reduced to ten or eleven. Every house has a common staircase, and every story is the habitation of a separate family. . . . It must be observed, that this unfortunate species of architecture arose from the turbulence of the times in which it was in vogue: everybody was desirous of getting as near as possible to the protection of the castle; the houses were crowded together, and I may say, piled upon one another, merely on the principle of security.

The castle is antient, but strong, placed on the summit of the hill, at the edge of a very deep precipice. Strangers are shewn a very small room in which *Mary Queen of Scots* was delivered of *James VI*.

From this fortress is a full view of the city and its environs; a strange prospect of rich country, with vast rocks and mountains intermixed. On the south and east are the meadows, or the public walks, *Herriot's* hospital, part of the town overshadowed by the stupendous rocks of *Arthur's* seat and *Salisbury Craigs*, the *Pentland* hills at a few miles distance, and at a still greater, those of *Muirfoot*, whose sides are covered with verdant turf.

To the north is a full view of the *Firth of Forth*, from *Queen's Ferry* to its mouth, with its southern banks covered with towns and villages. On the whole the prospect is singular, various, and fine.

The reservoir of water for supplying the city lies in the *Castle-street*, and is well worth seeing: the great cistern contains near two hundred and thirty tuns of water, which is conveyed to the several conduits, that are disposed at proper distances in the principal streets; these are conveniences that few towns in *North Britain* are without.

On the south side of the *High-street*, is the *Parlement Close*, a small square, in which is the *Parlement House*, where the Courts of justice are held. Below stairs is the Advocate's library founded by Sir *George Mackenzie*, and now contains above thirty thousand volumes, and several manuscripts: among the more curious are the four Evangelists, very legible, notwithstanding it is said to be several hundred years old. . . .

The old cathedral is now called the *New Church*, and is divided into four places of worship; in one the Lords of the Sessions

attend: there is also a throne and a canopy for his Majesty should he visit this capital, and another for the Lord Commissioner. There is no music either in this or any other of the *Scotch* churches, for *Peg* still faints at the sound of an organ. This is the more surprizing, as the *Dutch*, who have the same established religion, are extremely fond of that solemn instrument; and even in the great church of *Geneva* the psalmody is accompanied with an organ.

The part of the same called *St. Giles's* church has a large tower, oddly terminated with a sort of crown. . . .

At the end of the *Cannongate-street* stands Holy-Rood palace, originally an abby founded by David I. in 1128. . . .

Near this palace is the *Park*, first inclosed by James v.; within are the vast rocks, known by the name of *Arthur's Seat* and *Salisbury's Craigs*; their fronts exhibit a romantic and wild scene of broken rocks and vast precipices, which from some points seem to over-hang the lower parts of the city. Great columns of stone, from forty to fifty feet in length, and about three feet in diameter, regularly pentagonal, or hexagonal, hang down the face of some of these rocks almost perpendicularly, or with a very slight dip, and form a strange appearance. Beneath this stratum is a quarry of free-stone. Considerable quantities of stone from the quarries have been cut and sent to *London* for paving the streets, its great hardness rendering it excellent for that purpose. Beneath these hills are some of the most beautiful walks about *Edinburgh*, commanding a fine prospect over several parts of the country.

On one side of the *Park* are the ruins of *St. Anthony's* chapel, once the resort of numberless votaries; and near it is a very plentiful spring. . . .

On the north side of the city lies the new town, which is planned with great judgment, and will prove a magnificent addition to *Edinburgh*; the houses in *St. Andrew's* square cost from 1800£ to 2000£ each, and one or two 4000 or 5000£. They are all built in the modern style, and are free from the inconveniences attending the old city.

These improvements are connected to the city by a very beautiful bridge, whose highest arch is ninety-five feet high.

In the walk of this evening, I passed by a deep and wide hollow beneath *Calton Hill*, the place where those imaginary criminals, witches and sorcerers, in less enlightened times, were burnt; and where, at festive seasons, the gay and gallant held their tilts and tournaments. At one of these, it is said that the Earl of *Bothwell* made the first impression on the susceptible heart of *Mary Stuart*,

having galloped into the ring down the dangerous steeps of the adjacent hill; for he seemed to think that

Woman born to be control'd
Stoop to the forward and the bold.

. . . At a small walk's distance from *Calton Hill*, lies the new botanic garden, consisting of five acres of ground, a green-house fifty feet long, two temperate rooms, each twelve feet, and two stoves, each twenty-eight: the ground rises to the north, and defends the plants from the cold winds: the soil a light sand, with a black earth on the surface. It is finely stocked with plants, whose arrangement and cultivation do much credit to my worthy friend Dr. *Hope*, Professor of Botany, who planned and executed the whole. It was begun in 1764, being founded by the munificence of his present Majesty, who granted fifteen hundred pounds for that purpose.

During this week's stay at *Edinburgh*, the prices of provisions were as follow:—

Beef, from 5d. to 3d½.
Mutton, from 4d. to 3d½.
Veal, from 5d. to 3d.
Lamb, 2d½.
Bacon, 7d.
Butter, in summer, 8d.; in winter, 1s.
Pigeons, *per* dozen, from 8d. to 5s.
Chickens, *per* pair, 8d. to 1s.
A fowl, 1s. 2d.
Green goose, 3s.
Fat goose, 2s. 6d.
Large turkey, 4s. or 5s.
Pig, 2s.
Coals, 5d. or 6d. *per* hundred, delivered.

Many fine excursions may be made at a small distance from this city. . . .

Left *Edinburgh*, and passed beneath the castle, whose height and strength, in my then situation, appeared to great advantage. The country I past through was well cultivated, the fields large, but mostly inclosed with stone walls; for hedges are not yet become universal in this part of the kingdom: it is not a century since they were known here. . . .

Thomas Pennant.
Tour in Scotland.

Caller
Oysters

OF a' the waters that can hobble
A fishin' yole or sa'mon coble,
And can reward the fisher's trouble,
Or south or north,
There's nane sae spacious and sae noble
As Frith o' Forth.

In her the skate and codlin sail;
The eel, fu' souple, wags her tail;
Wi' herrin', fleuk, and mackarel,
And whitens dainty;
Their spindle-shanks the labsters trail,
Wi' partans plenty.

Auld Reekie's sons blythe faces wear;
September's merry month is near,
That brings in Neptune's caller cheer,
New oysters fresh;
The halesomest and nicest gear
O' fish or flesh.

When big as burns the gutters rin,
If ye hae catch'd a droukit skin,
To Luckie Middlemist's¹ loup in,
And sit fu' snug
Owre oysters and a dram o' gin,
Or haddock lug.

When auld Saunt Giles, at aught o'clock,
Gars merchant louns their shopies lock,
There we adjourn wi' hearty fouk
To birle our bodles,
And get warewi' to crack our joke,
And clear our noddles.

At Musselbrough, and eke Newhaven,
The fisherwives will get top livin',
When lads gang out on Sundays' even
To treat their joes,
And tak o' fat Pandores a prieven
Or mussel brose.

Robert Fergusson.

¹ Luckie Middlemist kept a famed oyster-cellar in the Cowgate.

HITHERTO the domestic establishments of Edinburgh much more nearly resembled those of Paris, than that complete system of comfort long since adopted in London. In the lofty castles of the Old Town, family resided above family, each habitation occupying one story of the tall mansion, or land. . . . Each inhabitable space was crowded like the underdeck of a ship. Sickness had no nook for quiet, affliction no retreat for solitary indulgence. In addition to these inconveniences, it is scarce worth mentioning, that every drop of water used in a family had to be carried up these interminable stairs on a porter's shoulders; that the hearing was constantly assailed by the noise of neighbours above and below; that many of the rooms were dark even at noon-day, or borrowed but a gleam from some dark alley; and that in ordinary houses there was scarcely space enough for the most necessary articles of household furniture.

'General
Account of
Edinburgh'

Still, with all its inconveniences, this style of living was long looked back to with fond regret by many who survived that great change, which might be said to commence about sixty years ago.¹ The close neighbourhood into which they were previously formed gave the Scotch, a proud and poor people, the means of maintaining frequent and genteel society, without incurring much expense. All visits were made in sedan-chairs, and even a large circle of acquaintance could be maintained at a trifling expense. The ladies entertained only at tea; for dinner parties, except on extraordinary occasions, were confined to near relations. Much is said, and no doubt with truth, of the display of fashion and elegance, which assembled on these occasions; and wealth having comparatively little means to display itself, birth and breeding claimed and obtained more general respect than is paid to them in the modern more public and promiscuous assemblies. In society of a class somewhat lower, the closeness of residence had also its advantages. Neighbours were so dependent on each other for mutual comfort and assistance, that they were compelled to live on terms of kindness and harmony, which soon became habit, and gave a tone of social enjoyment to the whole system, which perhaps conduced as much to general happiness as do the feelings of sturdy independence and indifference, with which the owner of a 'house within itself' usually regards his next neighbours. In an Edinburgh *land*, a sort of general interest united the whole inhabitants, from the top to the bottom of these lofty tenements. Love and friendship might communicate through cielings (*sic*) no thicker than the wall of Pyramus; and as the possessors were usually of very different

¹ Written 1834.

ranks, charity had not far to travel from home ere she found fitting objects of her regard.

Such are the advantages which the poor and aristocratic gentry of Scotland used to ascribe to the old system of Edinburgh manners, when they found that new wants, and a different set of habits, rendered it difficult for them to maintain their ground in that by which it was superseded. But the progress of society cannot be suspended, and while it moves on, must display new advantages and inconveniences as the wheel gradually revolves.

Sir Walter Scott.

Provincial Antiquities of Scotland.

1774

THE situation of Edinburgh is probably as extraordinary an one as can well be imagined for a metropolis. The immense hills, on which great part of it is built, tho' they make the views uncommonly magnificent, not only in many places render it impassable for carriages, but very fatiguing for walking. The principal or great street runs along the ridge of a very high hill, which, taking its rise from the palace of Holyrood House, ascends, and not very gradually, for the length of a mile and a quarter, and after opening a spacious area, terminates in the Castle. On one side, far as the eye can reach, you view the sea, the port of Leith, its harbour and various vessels, the river of Firth, the immense hills around, some of which ascend above even the Castle; and on the other side you look over a rich and cultivated country, terminated by the dark, abrupt, and barren hills of the Highlands.

You have seen the famous street at Lisle, la Rue royale, leading to the Port of Tournay, which is said to be the finest in Europe; but which I can assure you is not to be compared either in length or breadth to the High Street at Edinburgh. . . . The style of building here is much like the French: the houses, however, in general are higher, as some rise to twelve, and one in particular to thirteen stories in height. But to the front of the street nine or ten stories is the common run; it is the back part of the edifice which, by being built on the slope of an hill, sinks to that amazing depth, so as to form the above number. This mode of dwelling, tho' very proper for the turbulent times to which it was adapted, has now lost its convenience: as they no longer stand in need of the defence from the Castle, they no more find the benefit of being crowded together so near it. The common staircase which leads to the apartments of the different inhabitants, must always be dirty, and is in general very dark and narrow. It has this advantage, however, that as they are all of stone, they have little to apprehend

from fire, which, in the opinion of some, would more than compensate for every other disadvantage. In general, however, the highest and lowest tenements are possessed by the artificers, while the gentry and better sort of people dwell in fifth and sixth stories.

In London you know such an habitation would not be deemed the most eligible, and many a man in such a situation would not be sorry to descend a little lower. The style of building here has given rise to different ideas: Some years ago a Scotch gentleman, who went to London for the first time, took the uppermost story of a lodging-house, and was very much surprised to find what he thought the genteel place in the whole at the lowest price. His friends who came to see him, in vain acquainted him with the mistake he had been guilty of; '*He ken'd vary weel,*' he said, '*what gentility was, and when he had lived all his life in a sixth story, he was not come to London to live upon the ground.*'

From the right of the High-street you pass over a very long bridge to the New Town. Before this bridge was built you had a very steep hill to descend and to ascend, which was found extremely inconvenient. A subscription therefore was entered into to build one; and a most stupendous work it is indeed: it is thrown over this immense valley; and by having no water run under it, you have the whole effect of its height. From it, you have a fine view up and down the vale, and the prospect through the middle arch is inconceivably beautiful. Not long ago a part of this bridge gave way, and many people who were upon it sunk into the chasm, and were buried in the ruins. Many others, who were likewise upon the bridge, saw the fate of their unfortunate companions, without being able to assist them. All was terror and consternation; every one fled from this scene of death as fast as possible, expecting the bridge to sink under them at every step, and themselves to be crushed to pieces. When the bridge was cleared, and the general consternation had a little subsided, it was found that only a small part had given way; which they are now repairing, and making stronger than ever. But so great was the fear it occasioned amongst all ranks of people, that many of them look upon it with terror even to this day, and make it an objection to residing in the New Town, that they must necessarily pass over it.

The New Town has been built upon one uniform plan, which is the only means of making a city beautiful. Great part of this plan as yet remains to be executed, though they proceed as fast as their supplies of money will allow them. The rent of the houses in general amount to £100 per annum, or upwards, and are most of them let to the inhabitants by builders, who buy the ground,

and make what advantage they can of it. The greatest part of the New Town is built after the manner of the English, and the houses are what they call here, 'houses to themselves.' Tho' this mode of living, one would imagine, is much preferable to the former, yet such is the force of prejudice, that there are many people who prefer a little dark confined tenement on a sixth story, to the convenience of a whole house. One old lady fancies she should be lost if she was to get into such an habitation; another, that she should be blown away in going over the new bridge; and a third lives in the old style, because she is sure that these new fashions can come to 'nae gude.' But different as these sentiments are in regard to living, they are not more different than the buildings themselves. In no town that I ever saw can such a contrast be found betwixt the modern and antient architecture, or anything that better merits the observation of a stranger.

The pavement of the whole town is excellent; the granite, which long supplied London till Jersey and Guernsey robbed them of those advantages, is dug from the hills close to the town, and brought at very small expence. Maitland, in his history of this town, calls it 'grey marble'; but without disputing about the propriety of the name, every one must allow it is the very best stone possible for the purpose. They finish it with an exactness which the London workmen are indifferent about, and which indeed London would not admit of, from the number of weighty carriages that continually go over it.

From the left of the High-street you pass down by a number of different allies, or as they call them here, Wynds and Closes, to the different parts of the old town. They are many of them so very steep, that it requires great attention to the feet to prevent falling; but so well accustomed are the Scotch to that position of body required in descending these declivities, that I have seen a Scotch girl run down them with great swiftness in pattens. . . .

Captain Topham.

Letters from Edinburgh.

AULD REEKIE.

AULD REEKIE! wale o' ilka toun
That Scotland kens beneath the moon;
Where couthy chiels at e'enin' meet,
Their bizzin' craigs and mous to weet;
And blythely gar auld care gae by
Wi' blinkit and wi' bleerin' eye.
Ower lang frae thee the muse has been

Sae frisky on the simmer's green,
When flowers and gowans wont to glent
In bonnie blinks upon the bent ;
But now the leaves o' yellow dye,
Peel'd frae the branches, quickly fly ;
And now frae nouthur bush nor brier
The speckled mavis greets your ear ;
Nor bonnie blackbird skims and roves
To seek his love in yonder groves.
Then, Reekie, welcome ! Thou canst charm,
Unfleggit by the year's alarm.
Not Boreas, that sae snelly blows,
Dare here pap in his angry nose ;
Thanks to our dads, whase biggin' stands
A shelter to surrounding lands !

Now morn, wi' bonnie purple-smiles
Kisses the air-cock o' St. Giles ;
Rakin' their een, the servant lasses
Early begin their lies and clashes.
Ilk tells her friend o' saddest distress
That still she bruiks frae scoulin' mistress ;
And wi' her joe, in turnpike stair,
She'd rather snuff the stinkin' air,
As be subjected to her tongue,
When justly censured in the wrong.

On stair, wi' tub or pat in hand,
The barefoot housemaids lo'e to stand,
That antrin fouk may ken how snell
Auld Reekie will at mornin' smell :
Then, wi' an inundation big as
The burn that 'neath the Nor' Loch brig is,
They kindly shower Edina's roses,
To quicken and regale our noses.
Now some for this, wi' satire's leesh,
Hae gien auld Edinburgh a creesh :
But without sowrin' nought is sweet ;
The mornin' smells that hail our street
Prepare and gently lead the way
To simmer, canty, braw, and gay.
Edina's sons mair eithly share
Her spices and her dainties rare,
Than he that's never yet been call'd
Aff frae his plaidie or his fauld.

Now stairhead critics, senseless fools,
 Censure their aim, and pride their rules,
 In Luckenbooths, wi' glowrin' eye,
 Their neighbour's sma'est faults descry.
 If ony loun should dander there,
 O' awkward gait and foreign air,
 They trace his steps, till they can tell
 His pedigree as weel's himsel'.

When Phœbus blinks wi' warmer ray,
 And schools at noon-day get the play,
 Then bus'ness, weighty bus'ness, comes ;
 The trader glowers—he doubts, he hums.
 The lawyers eke to Cross repair
 Their wigs to shaw, and toss an air ;
 While busy agent closely plies,
 And a' his kittle cases tries.

Now night, that's cunzied chief for fun,
 Is wi' her usual rites begun :
 Through ilka gate the torches blaze,
 And globes send out their blinkin' rays.
 The usefu' cadie plies in street,
 To bide the profits o' his feet ;
 For, by thir lads Auld Reekie's fouk
 Ken but a sample o' the stock
 O' thieves, that nightly wad oppress,
 And mak baith goods and gear the less.
 Near him the lazy chairman stands,
 And wats na how to turn his hands,
 Till some daft birkie, rantin' fou,
 Has matters somewhere else to do ;—
 The chairman willing gies his light
 To deeds o' darkness and o' night.

If kail sae green, or herbs, delight,
 Edina's street attracts the sight :
 Not Covent-garden, clad sae braw,
 Mair fouth o' herbs can eithly shaw ;¹
 For mony a yard is here sair sought,
 That kail and cabbage may be bought,
 And heathfu' salad to regale,
 When pamper'd wi' a heavy meal.

¹ A vegetable market was held in those days in the High Street, between the Tron Kirk and St. Giles's.

Glour up the street in simmer morn,
 The birks sae green, and sweet-brier thorn.
 Wi' spraingit flowers that scent the gale,
 Ca' far awa' the morning smell
 Wi' which our ladies' flower-pat's fill'd,
 And every noxious vapour kill'd.
 Oh! Nature! canty, blythe, and free,
 Where is there keeking-glass like thee?
 Is there on earth that can compare
 Wi' Mary's shape, and Mary's air,
 Save the empurpled speck, that grows
 In the soft faulds o' yonder rose?
 How bonny seems the virgin breast,
 When by the lilies here carest,
 And leaves the mind in doubt to tell,
 Which maist in sweets and hue excel.

Gillespie's ¹ snuff should prime the nose
 O' her that to the market goes,
 If she wad like to shun the smells
 That float around frae market cells.

On Sunday here, an alter'd scene
 O' men and manners meets our een.
 Ane wad maist trow some people chose
 To change their faces wi' their clo'es
 And fain wad gar ilk neibour think
 They thirst for goodness as for drink;
 But there's an unco dearth o' grace,
 That has nae mansion but the face,
 And never can obtain a part
 In benmost corner o' the heart.
 Why should religion mak us sad,
 If good frae virtue's to be had?
 Na, rather gleefu' turn your face,
 Forsake hypocrisy, grimace;
 And never have it understood
 You fleg mankind frae being good.

In afternoon, o' brawly briskit,
 The joes and lasses loe to frisk it.
 Some tak a great delight to place
 The modest bon-grace owre the face;

¹ A famous snuff miller in Edinburgh, who made a fortune and founded Gillespie's Hospital.'

Though you may see, if so inclined,
 The turning o' the leg behind.
 Now Comely-garden and the Park
 Refresh them, after forenoon's wark ;
 Newhaven, Leith, or Canonmills,
 Supply them in their Sunday gills ;
 Where writers aften spend their pence,
 To stock their heads wi' drink and sense.

While danderin' cits delight to stray
 To Castlehill or public way,
 Where they nae other purpose mean,
 Than that fool cause o' being seen,
 Let me to Arthur's Seat pursue,
 Where bonnie pastures meet the view,
 And mony a wild-lorn scene accrues,
 Befitting Willie Shakespeare's muse.
 If fancy there would join the thrang,
 The desert rocks and hills amang,
 To echoes we should lilt and play,
 And gie to mirth the lee-lang day.

Or should some canker'd biting shower
 The day and a' her sweets deflower,
 To Holyrood-house let me stray,
 And gie to musing a' the day ;
 Lamenting what auld Scotland knew,
 Bien days for ever frae her view.
 O Hamilton, for shame ! the Muse
 Would pay to thee her couthy vows,
 Gin ye wad tent the humble strain,
 And gie's our dignity again :
 For, oh, wae's me ! the thistle springs
 In domicile o' ancient kings,
 Without a patriot to regret
 Our palace and our ancient state.

Blest place ! where debtors daily run,
 To rid themsels frae jail and dun.
 Here, though sequester'd frae the din
 That rings Auld Reekie's wa's within ;
 Yet they may tread the sunny braes
 And bruik Apollo's cheery rays ;
 Glowr frae St. Anthon's grassy height,
 Ower vales in simmer claes bedight ;
 Nor ever hing their head, I ween,

Wi' jealous fear o' being seen.
 May I, whenever duns come nigh,
 And shake my garret wi' their cry,
 Scour here wi' haste, protection get,
 To screen mysel' frae them and debt ;
 To breathe the bliss o' open sky,
 And Simon Fraser's bolts defy.¹

Now gin a loun should hae his claes
 In threadbare autumn o' their days,
 St. Mary, broker's guardian saunt,
 Will satisfy ilk ail and want ;²
 For mony a hungry writer there
 Dives down at night, wi' cleedin' bare,
 And quickly rises to the view
 A gentleman, perfite and new.
 Ye rich fouk, look na wi' disdain
 Upon this ancient brokage lane,
 For naked poets are supplied
 Wi' what you to their wants denied.

Peace to thy shade, thou wale o' men,
 Drummond !³ relief to poortith's pain :
 To thee the greatest bliss we owe,
 And tribute's tear shall gratefu' flow ;
 The sick are cured, the hungry fed,
 And dreams o' comfort tend their bed.
 As lang as Forth meets Lothian's shore,
 As lang's on Fife her billows roar,
 Sae lang shall ilk whase country's dear,
 To thy remembrance gie a tear.
 By thee, Auld Reekie thrive and grew
 Delightfu' to her childer's view ;
 Nae mair shall Glasgow striplings threap
 Their city's beauty and its shape,
 While our new city spreads around
 Her bonny wings on fairy ground.

But provosts now, that ne'er afford
 The sma'est dignity to lord,
 Ne'er care though every scheme gae wild
 That Drummond's sacred hand has cull'd.

¹ The keeper of the Tolbooth.

² S. Mary's Wynd—many old-clothes shops there.

³ Lord Provost Drummond, to whom Edinburgh owed its Infirmary, and the plan of extension of the City, resulting in the 'New Town.'

The spacious brig¹ neglected lies
 Though plagued wi' pamphlets, dunn'd wi' cries ;
 They heed not, though destruction come
 To gulp us in her gaunting womb.
 Oh, shame ! that safety canna claim
 Protection from a provost's name ;
 For hidden danger lies behind,
 To torture and to fleg the mind.
 I may as weel bid Arthur's Seat
 To Berwick Law mak gleg retreat,
 As think that either will or art
 Shall get the gate to win their heart :
 For politics are a' their mark,
 Bribes latent, and corruption dark.
 If they can eithly turn the pence
 Wi' city's good they will dispense,
 Nor care though o' her sons were lair'd
 Ten fathom i' the auld kirkyard.

Reekie, fareweel ! I ne'er could part
 Wi' thee, but wi' a dowie heart :
 Aft frae the Fifan coast I've seen
 Thee towerin' on thy summit green ;
 So glour the saints when first is given
 A favourite keek o' glore and heaven.
 On earth nae mair they bend their gen,
 But quick assume angelic mien ;
 So I on Fife wad glour no more,
 But gallop to Edina's shore.

Robert Fergusson.

1774

THE Scotch Ladies also are peculiarly attentive in their own houses, and discharge the duties of their families with much ease, œconomy, and politeness. At their tables, they share with their husbands the greatest assiduity to entertain, and show more desire to make every thing free from ceremony, than in any nation with which I have yet been conversant. The men, in general, are neither disposed for gallantry, nor formed for it, from their education or temper. They rather pay too little attention to the ladies, which is partly occasioned by habit, partly by their genius. Notwithstanding, they associate together more, perhaps, than in some other countries ; you seldom see a Scotchman putting himself to an inconvenience

¹ The North Bridge. It fell.

to accommodate or find in him any anxiety to please the other sex. . . .

Were any man of my acquaintance desirous of seeing the sublime and beautiful in perfection, according to Mr. Burke's definition of them, I would bring him into Scotland. For the beautiful, for the softer, and more finished charms, I would shew him the Ladies, who are, in my humble opinion, the most beautiful objects in the creation. For the sublime, I would deliver him to all the naked wildness and extended desolation of the country. . . .

Captain Thopham.

Letters from Edinburgh.

WE walked out, that Dr. Johnson might see some of the things which we have to shew at Edinburgh. We went to the Parliament-House, where the Parliament of Scotland sat, and where the *Ordinary Lords* of Session hold their courts; and to the New Session-House adjoining to it, where the Court of Fifteen (the fourteen *Ordinaries*, with the Lord President at their head,) sit as a court of Review. We went to the Advocates' Library, of which Dr. Johnson took a cursory view, and then to what is called the *Laigh* (or under) Parliament-House, where the records of Scotland, which has an universal security by register, are deposited, till the great Register Office be finished. I was pleased to behold Dr. Samuel Johnson rolling about in this old magazine of antiquities. There was by this time, a pretty numerous circle of us attending upon him. Somebody talked of happy moments for composition; and how a man can write at one time and not another.—'Nay (said Dr. Johnson), a man may write at any time, if he will set himself *doggedly* to it.'

I here began to indulge old Scottish sentiments, and to express a warm regret, that, by our Union with England, we were no more;—our independent kingdom was lost.—Johnson. 'Sir, never talk of your independency, who could let your queen remain twenty years in captivity, and then be put to death, without even a pretence of justice, without your ever attempting to rescue her; and such a queen too! as every man of any gallantry of spirit would have sacrificed his life for.'—Worthy Mr. James Kerr, Keeper of the Records. 'Half our nation was bribed by English money.'—Johnson. 'Sir, that is no defence: that makes you worse.'—Good Mr. Brown, Keeper of the Advocates' Library. 'We had better say nothing about it.'—Boswell. 'You would have been glad, however, to have had us last war, sir, to fight your battles!'—Johnson. 'We should have had you for the same price, though there had been no Union, as we might have had the Swiss, or other troops. No, no,

I shall agree to a separation. You have only to *go home*.'—Just as he had said this, I to divert the subject, shewed him the signed assurances of the three successive Kings of the Hanover family, to maintain the Presbyterian establishment in Scotland.—'We'll give you that (said he) into the bargain.'

We next went to the great church of St. Giles, which has lost its original magnificence in the inside, by being divided into four places of Presbyterian worship. 'Come, (said Dr. Johnson jocularly to Principal Robertson,) let me see what was once a church!' We entered that division which was formerly called the *New Church*, and of late the *High Church*, so well known by the eloquence of Dr. Hugh Blair. It is now very elegantly fitted up; but it was then shamefully dirty. Dr. Johnson said nothing at the time; but when we came to the great door of the Royal Infirmary, where, upon a board, was this inscription, '*Clean your feet!*' he turned about slyly, and said, 'There is no occasion for putting this at the doors of your churches!'

We then conducted him down the Port-house stairs, Parliament-close, and made him look up from the Cow-gate to the highest building in Edinburgh (from which he had just descended,) being thirteen floors or stories from the ground upon the back elevation; the front wall being built upon the edge of the hill, and the back wall rising from the bottom of the hill several stories before it comes to a level with the front wall. We proceeded to the College, with the Principal at our head. Dr. Adam Fergusson, whose '*Essay on the History of Civil Society*' gives him a respectable place in the ranks of literature, was with us. As the College buildings are indeed very mean, the Principal said to Dr. Johnson, that he must give them the same epithet that a Jesuit did when shewing a poor college abroad: '*Hæ miseriæ nostræ*.' Dr. Johnson was, however, much pleased with the library, and with the conversation of Dr. James Robertson, Professor of Oriental Languages, the Librarian. We talked of Kennicot's edition of the Hebrew Bible, and hoped it would be quite faithful.—Johnson. 'Sir, I know not any crime so great that a man could contrive to commit, as poisoning the sources of eternal truth.'

I pointed out to him where there formerly stood an old wall enclosing part of the College, which I remember bulged out in a threatening manner, and of which there was a common tradition similar to that concerning Bacon's study at Oxford, that it would fall upon some very learned man. It had some time before this been taken down, that the street might be widened, and a more convenient wall built. Dr. Johnson, glad of an opportunity to

have a pleasant hit at Scottish learning, said, 'they have been afraid it never would fall.'

We shewed him the Royal Infirmary, for which, and for every other exertion of generous publick spirit in his power, that noble-minded citizen of Edinburgh, George Drummond, will be ever held in honourable remembrance. And we were too proud not to carry him to the Abbey of Holyrood-house, that beautiful piece of architecture, but, alas! that deserted mansion of royalty, which Hamilton of Bangour, in one of his elegant poems, calls

'A virtuous palace, where no monarch dwells.'

I was much entertained while Principal Robertson fluently harangued Dr. Johnson, upon the spot, concerning scenes of his celebrated History of Scotland. We surveyed that part of the palace appropriated to the Duke of Hamilton, as Keeper, in which our beautiful Queen Mary lived, and in which David Rizzio was murdered; and also the State Rooms. Dr. Johnson was a great reciter of all sorts of things serious or comical. I overheard him repeating here, in a kind of muttering tone, a line of the old ballad, *Johnny Armstrong's last Good-Night*:

'And ran him through the fair body!'¹

James Boswell.
Tour to the Hebrides.

EVEN in Edinburgh, the same spirit [of hospitality] runs through the common people; who are infinitely more civil, humanized, and hospitable, than any I ever met with. Every one is ready to serve and assist a stranger; they shew the greatest respect to a person superior to them; and you never receive an impertinent answer. . . .

I have continued in this City ever since you last heard from me, and find it so agreeable, that I foresee it will be with difficulty I shall prevail on myself to leave it. The inhabitants have so much civility and hospitality, and the favours I receive are so many, that it would argue a want of acknowledgement, and that I am unworthy of the good opinion they are so kind to entertain, did I wish to hasten my departure. . . . I find here everything I can wish; and must own, I never spent my time more to my satisfaction. The gentlemen of this nation (pardon my impartiality) are infinitely

1774

¹ The stanza from which he took the line is—

'But then rose up all Edinburgh,
They rose up by thousands three;
A cowardly Scot came John behind,
And ran him through the fair body!'

better calculated for an agreeable society than Englishmen ; as they have the spirit of the French without their grimace, with much more learning, and more modesty, mixed with that philosophic reserve, so distinguishable in our countrymen. They are extremely fond of jovial company ; and if they did not too often sacrifice to Bacchus the joys of a vacant hour, they would be the most entertaining people in Europe : but the goodness of their wine, and the severity of their climate, are indeed some excuse for them. In other pleasures they are rather temperate, careful, and parsimonious, though avarice is seldom known amongst them ; nor is any vice carried to a great excess. Their pride, which is not little, makes them too much prejudiced in favour of their country, and one another. They are neither deficient in judgment, or memory ; they possess design and craft, though no deep penetration ; and are honest, and courageous. As to temper ; active, and enthusiastic in business, persevering, and liberal, affable, and familiar ; and, notwithstanding a roughness in their outward deportment, they are peculiarly possessed of the art of persuasion. They spend most of their time in reading, study, and thinking ; and you find few of the common people very illiterate, though the first of their *literati* are no great scholars. They have little invention ; and are no poets. Wit and humour are not known ; and it rarely happens that a Scotchman laughs at ridicule. The men in general, in their persons, are large and disproportioned, with unfavourable, long, and saturnine countenances, which, perhaps, are encouraged by their education, and their seldom exerting their risible muscles. But, I think, there never was a nation, whose faces shewed their characters more strongly marked, or physiognomies, from whose lineaments you might so easily guess their internal conceptions. The women are more to be admired than the men, and when young, are very beautiful. . . . The beauty of the women of this country seems to bear the same proportion to the beauty of the women in ours, that Scotch literature does to that of South Britain. Here all the young women are handsome, but none that would be chosen by a Guido or a Titian : here none of the men are without some learning, but you rarely meet with a great and deep scholar. The disposition of the women is much inclined to sociability : they are free, affable, modest, and polite ; fond of admiration, and flattery, and pleasure. . . .

But the virtue which is peculiarly characteristic of the Scotch nation, is Hospitality. In this they excel every country in Europe : both the men and the women equally share in it ; and indeed vie with each other in shewing politeness and humanity to strangers.

When once you are acquainted with a family, you are made part of it, and they are not pleased unless you think yourself so. . . .

Captain Topham.
Letters from Edinburgh.

‘I CAN smell you in the dark!’

Dr. Johnson.

‘A CITY too well known to admit description.’

Dr. Johnson.

I WAS named in this year for the General Assembly, and Mrs. Balwhidder, by her continual thrift, having made her purse able to stand a shake against the wind, we resolved to go into Edinburgh in a creditable manner. Accordingly, in conjunct with Mrs. Dalrymple, the lady of a major of that name, we hired the Irville chaise, and we put up in Glasgow at the Black Boy, where we stayed all night. Next morning, by seven o'clock, we got into the fly coach for the capital of Scotland, which we reached after a heavy journey, about the same hour in the evening, and put up at the public where it stopped, till the next day; for really both me and Mrs. Balwhidder were worn out with the undertaking, and found a cup of tea a vast refreshment.

Betimes, in the morning, having taken our breakfast, we got a caddy to guide us and our wallise to Widow M'Vicar's, at the head of the Covenanter's Close. She was a relation to my first wife, Betty Lanshaw, my own full cousin that was, and we had advised her, by course of post, of our coming and intendment to lodge with her, as uncos and strangers. But Mrs. M'Vicar kept a cloth shop, and sold plaidings and flannels, besides Yorkshire superfines, and was used to the sudden incoming of strangers, especially visitors, both from the West and the North Highlands, and was withal a gawsy furthy woman, taking great pleasure in hospitality, and every sort of kindness and discretion. She would not allow of such a thing as our being lodgers in her house, but was so cagey to see us, and to have it in her power to be civil to a minister, as she was pleased to say, of such repute, that nothing less would content her, but that we must live upon her, and partake of all the best that could be gotten for us within the walls of ‘the gude toun.’

When we found ourselves so comfortable, Mrs. Balwhidder and me waited on my patron's family, that was, the young ladies, and the laird, who had been my pupil, but was now an advocate high in the law. They likewise were kind also. In short, everybody in

1779

Edinburgh were in a manner wearisome kind, and we could scarcely find time to see the Castle and the palace of Holyrood house, and that more sanctified place, where the Maccabeus of the Kirk of Scotland, John Knox, was wont to live.

John Galt.
Annals of the Parish.

WEDNESDAY 17 [May 1780]. In the evening I endeavoured to preach to the hearts of a large congregation at Edinburgh. We have cast much bread upon the waters here. Shall we not find it again, at least, after many days. . . .

Saturday 20. I took one more walk through Holyrood house, the mansion of ancient kings : but how melancholy an appearance does it make now ! The stately rooms are dirty as stables : the colours of the tapestry are quite faded ; several of the pictures are cut and defaced. The roof of the royal chapel is fallen in ; and the bones of James the fifth, and the once beautiful Lord Darnley, are scattered about like those of sheep or oxen. Such is human greatness ! Is not a living dog better than a dead lion ?

Sunday 21. The rain hindered me from preaching at noon upon the castle-hill. In the evening the house was well filled, and I was able to speak strong words : but I am not a preacher for the people of Edinburgh : Hugh Saunderson and Michael Fenwick are more to their taste.

Tuesday 23. A gentleman took me to see Roslin-castle, eight miles from Edinburgh. It is now all in ruins, only a small dwelling-house is built on one part of it. The situation of it is exceedingly fine, on the side of a steep mountain, hanging over a river, from which another mountain rises, equally steep and clothed with wood. At a little distance is the chapel, which is in perfect preservation, both within and without. I should never have thought that it had belonged to anyone less than a sovereign prince ! The inside being far more elegantly wrought, with a variety of Scripture-histories, in stone work, than I believe can be found again in Scotland, perhaps not in all England . . .

Rev. John Wesley.
Journal.

EDINA ! Scotia's darling seat !
All hail thy palaces and towers,
Where once beneath a monarch's feet
Sat Legislation's sovereign powers.

From marking wildly scattered flowers,
As on the banks of Ayr I strayed,
And singing, lone, the lingering hours,
I shelter in thy honoured shade.

Here wealth still swells the golden tide,
As busy trade his labour plies ;
There Architecture's noble pride
Bids elegance and splendour rise ;
Here Justice, from her native skies,
High wields her balance and her rod ;
There Learning, with his eagle eyes,
Seeks science in her coy abode.

There, watching high the least alarms,
Thy rough, rude fortress gleams afar,
Like some bold veteran grey in arms,
And marked with many a seamy scar :
The pondrous wall and massy bar,
Grim rising o'er the rugged rock,
Have oft withstood assailing war,
And oft repelled the invader's shock.

With awe-struck thought, and pitying tears,
I view that noble, stately dome,
Where Scotia's kings of other years,
Famed heroes ! had their royal home.
Alas, how changed the times to come !
Their royal name low in the dust !
Their hapless race wild-wandering roam,
Though rigid law cries out 'Twas just !

Wild beats my heart to trace your steps,
Whose ancestors, in days of yore,
Through hostile ranks and ruined gaps
Old Scotia's bloody lion bore :
Even I who sing in rustic lore,
Haply, *my* sires have left their shed,
And faced grim danger's loudest roar,
Bold following where your fathers led !

Edina ! Scotia's darling seat !
All hail thy palaces and towers !
Where once beneath a monarch's feet
Sat Legislation's sovereign powers !

From marking wildly scattered flowers,
 As on the banks of Ayr I strayed,
 And singing, lone, the lingering hours,
 I shelter in thy honoured shade.

Robert Burns.

The Meeting
 of Burns and
 Scott

1786-7

As for Burns, I may truly say, *Virgilium vidi tantum*. I was a lad of fifteen in 1786-7, when he came first to Edinburgh, but had sense and feeling enough to be much interested in his poetry, and would have given the world to know him; but I had very little acquaintance with any literary people, and still less with the gentry of the west country, the two sets that he most frequented. Mr. Thomas Grierson was at that time a clerk of my father's. He knew Burns, and promised to ask him to his lodgings to dinner, but had no opportunity to keep his word, otherwise I might have seen more of this distinguished man. As it was, I saw him one day at the late venerable Professor Fergusson's, where there were several gentlemen of literary reputation, among whom I remember the celebrated Mr. Dugald Stewart. Of course we youngsters sate silent, looked and listened. The only thing I remember which was remarkable in Burns' manner, was the effect produced upon him by a print of Bunbury's, representing a soldier lying dead on the snow, his dog sitting in misery on the one side, on the other his widow, with a child in her arms. These lines were written beneath:—

'Cold on Canadian hills, or Minden's plain,
 Perhaps that parent wept her soldier slain;
 Bent o'er her babe, her eye dissolved in dew,
 The big drops, mingling with the milk he drew,
 Gave the sad presage of his future years,
 The child of misery baptized in tears.'

Burns seemed much affected by the print, or rather the ideas which it suggested to his mind. He actually shed tears. He asked whose the lines were, and it chanced that nobody but myself remembered that they occur in a half-forgotten poem of Langhorne's, called by the unpromising title of 'The Justice of the Peace.' I whispered my information to a friend present, who mentioned it to Burns, who rewarded me with a look and a word, which, though of mere civility, I then received, and still recollect, with very great pleasure.

Sir Walter Scott.
 Given in Lockhart's *Life of Scott*.

MONDAY 19 [May 1788]. I went to Edinburgh, and preached to a much larger congregation than I used to see here on a week day. I still find a frankness and openness in the people of Edinburgh which I find in few other parts of the kingdom. I spent two days among them with much satisfaction : and I was not at all disappointed in finding no such increase, either in the congregation or the society, as many expected from their leaving the kirk.

Thursday 22. The house of Dalkeith being far too small, even at eight in the morning, to contain the congregation, I preached in a garden, on *Seek ye the Lord while He may be found* :¹ and, from the eager attention of the people, I could not but hope that some of them would receive the truth in love. . . .

Rev. John Wesley.
Journal.

1788

AFTER twenty-one years of expectation, on the 16th November 1789, the foundation-stone of 'the New College of Edinburgh,' as it was called at the time, was laid with great pomp and rejoicing by Lord Napier, as Grand Master Mason of Scotland, in presence of the Provost and Magistrates ; the Principal, Professors, and Students of the University ; 'many of the Nobility and Gentry' ; and about 'thirty thousand spectators,' as it was computed, though this number would have exhausted more than half the population of the City. As recorded in the pages of the *Scots Magazine*, this was a great public ceremony, though, it must be confessed, not equal to those popular rejoicings which had hailed the foundation of the University of St. Andrews 376 years previously.

1789

There was a procession from the Parliament House to the east face of the future buildings, in what is now South Bridge Street, in the following order :—

- 'The Lord Provost, Magistrates, and Council in their robes, with the City Regalia carried before them.
- 'The Principal and Professors of the University, in their gouns, with the Mace carried before them.
- 'The Students, with green laurel in their hats ; a band of Singers, conducted by Mr. Scherkey.
- 'The different Lodges of free and accepted Masons, with their proper insignia.
- 'A band of instrumental music.'

With musical accompaniments this procession moved slowly along through streets lined with soldiers of the 25th Regiment and

¹ Compare with page 124.—R. M.

with the City Guard, and occupied nearly an hour on its route. The north-east, or proper Masonic corner, having been found unsuitable for laying a foundation-stone, a site further to the south, one of the corners of the present entrance to the University quadrangle, was chosen, and the scene which there presented itself has been depicted in a contemporary caricature. The usual Masonic rites having been duly performed, Lord Napier delivered an address full of congratulation and high compliment, first to the Lord Provost and Magistrates, and secondly to the Principal and Professors. Lord Provost Elder and Principal Robertson replied. The latter said: 'From very humble beginnings, the University of Edinburgh has attained to such eminence as entitles it to be ranked among the most celebrated seminaries of learning. Indebted to the bounty of several of our Sovereigns;—distinguished particularly by the Gracious Prince now seated on the British throne, whom, with gratitude, we reckon among the most munificent of our Royal benefactors;—and cherished by the continued attention and good offices of our Honourable Patrons, this University can now boast of the number and variety of its institutions for the instruction of youth in all branches of literature and science.' After dilating upon the 'one thing still wanting,' and now to be supplied,—namely, sufficient and suitable buildings, Dr. Robertson added: 'I regard it as my own peculiar felicity, that by having remained in my present station much longer than any of my predecessors, I have lived to witness an event so beneficial to this University, the prosperity of which is near to my heart, and has ever been the object of my warmest wishes.'

Under the foundation-stone were deposited the usual coins and newspapers, and together with them 'seven rolls of vellum, containing a short account of the original foundation and present state of the University.' The account of the original foundation appears to have been chiefly taken from Craufurd's *Memoirs*, and is not very accurate. It says that 'in the year 1581, a grant was obtained from King James VI., for founding a College or University within the City of Edinburgh'; and 'next year, a Charter of confirmation and erection was obtained also from King James VI., from which the College to be built did afterwards derive all the privileges of a University.' The person—probably Dr. Robertson—who wrote this sentence can hardly have been acquainted with King James's Charter of 1582, which certainly does not correspond with the description here given of it. But we have before shown reasons for believing that the real Charter of erection and foundation of the College was at an early period

lost, and this circumstance has put historians who were unaware of it into a false position ever since, by leading them to seek in the Charter of 1582 what is not to be found there.

For the rest, the vellum which lies under the University gateway states that the college was taught by Regents 'till about the year 1710, when the four Regents began to be confined each to a separate profession,' and that 'under the care of the Magistrates, new Professorships have been from time to time instituted, as the public seemed to demand them.' It adds that 'in all its diplomas and public deeds,' the College bears the name of 'the College of King James.' It gives a list of the *Senatus Academicus*, as constituted in 1789, containing many brilliant names; and records, for the information of the New Zealander who may excavate the ruins of the University of Edinburgh, that 'in processions, the Principal with the Professor of Divinity on his right hand, and the Professor of Church History on his left, walks foremost, preceded by the Mace. The rest of the Professors follow according to their seniority.' It is doubtful whether this table of procedure would be accepted at the present day. At all events it ignores the possible presence of a Chancellor and a Lord Rector in a University procession. The buried vellum next gives a statement of the number of Students during the Winter Session of 1788-89, as follows:—

Students of Divinity,	.	.	.	130
„ Law,	.	.	.	100
„ Physic,	.	.	.	440
„ General Classes,	.	.	.	420
				<hr/> 1090

And it ends by saying that 'the Old Buildings being very mean and unfit for the reception of so many Professors and Students, the Lord Provost and Magistrates, with the concurrence of the Right Hon. Henry Dundas, Treasurer of the Navy, resolved to set on foot a subscription, according to an advertisement,' of which a copy was subjoined.

The proceedings at the foundation-stone terminated with the singing of an anthem; then came a procession in reverse order back to the Parliament House; and afterwards an 'elegant and sumptuous entertainment' (people in Edinburgh dined about three o'clock in those days) 'was given by the Lord Provost and Magistrates, in the George Street Assembly Rooms to above 500 persons, including the Grand Master of the Masons and repre-

sentatives of the different Lodges, several of the nobility, and the principal inhabitants of the City.'

Sir Alexander Grant.

History of the University of Edinburgh.

HERE I was in this old, black city, which was for all the world like a rabbit-warren, not only by the number of its indwellers, but the complication of its passages and holes. It was indeed a place where no stranger had a chance to find a friend, let be another stranger. Suppose him even to hit on the right close, people dwelt so thronged in these tall houses, he might very well seek a day before he chanced on the right door. The ordinary course was to hire a lad they called a *caddie*, who was like a guide or pilot, led you where you had occasion, and (your errands being done) brought you again where you were lodging. But these caddies, being always employed in the same sort of services, and having it for obligation to be well informed of every house and person in the city, had grown to form a brotherhood of spies; and I knew from tales of Mr. Campbell's how they communicated one with another, what a rage of curiosity they conceived as to their employer's business, and how they were like eyes and fingers to the police . . . it chanced I had scarce given him the address, when there came a sprinkle of rain—nothing to hurt, only for my new clothes—and we took shelter under a pend at the head of a close or alley. Being strange to what I saw, I stepped a little further in. The narrow paved way descended swiftly. Prodigious tall houses sprang up on each side and bulged out, one story beyond another, as they rose. At the top only a ribbon of sky showed in. By what I could spy in the windows, and by the respectable persons that passed out and in, I saw the houses to be very well occupied; and the whole appearance of the place interested me like a tale.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

Catrina.

I KEN a toon, wa'd roond, and biggit weel,
Where the women's a' weel-faured, and the men's brave and leal,
And ye ca' ilka ane by a weel-kent name;
And when I gang to yon toon,—I'm gangin' to my hame!
I ken a toon: it's gey grim and auld;
It's biggit o' grey stane, and some finds it cauld;
It's biggit up and doon on heichts beside the sea;
But gif I get to yon toon—I'se bide there till I dee!

Rosaline Masson.

Edinburgh.

EDINBURGH was, at the beginning of George III.'s reign, a picturesque, odorous, inconvenient, old-fashioned town, of about seventy thousand inhabitants. It had no court, no factories, no commerce ; but there was a nest of lawyers in it, attending upon the Court of Session ; and a considerable number of the Scotch gentry—one of whom then passed as rich with a thousand a year—gave it the benefit of their presence during the winter. Thus the town had lived for some ages, during which political discontent and division had kept the country poor. A stranger approaching the city, seeing it piled 'close and massy, deep and high'—a series of towers, rising from a palace on the plain to a castle in the air—would have thought it a truly romantic place ; and the impression would not have subsided much on near inspection, when he would have found himself admitted by a fortified gate through an ancient wall, still kept in repair. Even on entering the one old street of which the city chiefly consisted, he would have seen much to admire—houses of substantial architecture and lofty proportions, mingled with more lowly, but also more arresting wooden fabrics ; a huge and irregular, but venerable Gothic Church, surmounted by an ærial crown of masonry ; finally, an esplanade towards the castle, from which he could have looked abroad upon half a score of counties, upon firth and fell, yea, even to the blue Grampians. Everywhere he would have seen symptoms of denseness of population ; the open street a universal market ; a pell-mell of people everywhere. The eye would have been, upon the whole, gratified, whatever might be the effect of the *clangor strepitusque* upon the ear, or whatever might have been the private meditations of the nose. It would have only been on coming to close quarters, or to quarters at all, that our stranger would have begun to think of serious drawbacks from the first impression. For an inn, he would have had the White Horse, in a close in the Canongate ; or the White Hart, a house which now appears like a carrier's inn, in the Grassmarket. Or, had he betaken himself to a private lodging, which he would have probably done under the conduct of a ragged varlet, speaking more of his native Gaelic than English, he would have had to ascend four or five stories of a common stair, into the narrow chambers of some Mrs. Balgray or Luckie Fergusson, where a closet bed in the sitting-room would have been displayed as the most comfortable place in the world ; and he would have had, for amusement, a choice between an extensive view of house-tops from the window, and a study of a series of prints of the four seasons, a sampler, and a portrait of the Marquis of Granty, upon the wall.

On being introduced into society, our stranger might have discovered cause for content with his lodging, on finding how poorly off were the first people with respect to domestic accommodations. I can imagine him going to tea at Mr. Bruce of Kennet's, in Forrester's Wynd—a country gentleman and a lawyer (not long after raised to the Bench), yet happy to live with his wife and children in a house of fifteen pounds of rent, in a region of profound darkness and mystery, now no more. Had he got into familiar terms with the worthy lady of the mansion, he might have ascertained that they had just three rooms and a kitchen; one room, 'my lady's'—that is, the kind of parlour he was sitting in; another, a consulting-room for the gentleman; the third, a bedroom. The children, with their maid, had beds laid down for them at night in their father's room; the housemaid slept under the kitchen dresser; and the one man-servant was turned at night out of the house. Had our friend chanced to get amongst tradespeople he might have found Mr. Kerr, the eminent goldsmith in the Parliament Square, stowing his *ménage* into a couple of small rooms above his boothlike shop, plastered against the wall of St. Giles's Church; the nursery and kitchen, however, being placed in a cellar under the level of the street, where the children are said to have rotted off like sheep.

But indeed everything was on a homely and narrow scale. The College—where Munro, Cullen, and Black were already making themselves great names—was to be approached through a mean alley, the College Wynd. The churches were chiefly clustered under one roof; the jail was a narrow building, half-filling up the breadth of the street; the public offices, for the most part, obscure places in lanes or dark entries. The men of learning and wit, united with a proportion of men of rank, met as the *Poker Club* in a tavern, the best of its day, but only a dark house in a close, to which our stranger could have scarcely made his way without a guide. In a similar situation across the way, he would have found, at the proper season, the *Assembly*; that is, a congregation of ladies met for dancing, and whom the gentlemen usually joined rather late, and rather merry. The only theatre was also a poor and obscure place in some indescribable part of the Canongate.

The town was, nevertheless, a funny, familiar, compact, and not unlikeable place. Gentle and simple living within the compass of a single close, or even a single stair, knew and took an interest in each other. Acquaintances might not only be formed, Pyramus-and-Thisbe fashion, through party-walls, but from window to window across alleys, narrow enough in many cases to allow of

hand coming to hand, and even lip to lip. There was little elegance, but a vast amount of cheap sociality. Provokingly comical clubs, founded each upon one joke, were abundant. The ladies had tea-drinkings at the primitive hour of six, from which they cruised home under the care of a lantern-bearing, patten-shod lass; or perhaps, if a bad night, in Saunders Macalpine's sedan-chair. Every forenoon, for several hours, the only clear space which the town presented—that around the cross—was crowded with loungers of all ranks, whom it had been an amusement to the poet Gay to survey from the neighbouring windows of Allan Ramsay's shop. The jostle and huddlement was extreme everywhere. Gentlemen and ladies paraded along in the stately attire of the period; tradesmen chatted in groups, often bareheaded, at their shop doors; caddies whisked about, bearing messages, or attending to the affairs of strangers; children filled the kennel with their noisy sports. Add to all this, corduroyed men from Gilmerton, bawling coals and yellow sand, and spending as much breath in a minute as could have served poor asthmatic Hugo Arnot for a month; fishwomen crying their caller haddies from Newhaven; whimsicals and idiots going along, each with his or her crowd of listeners or tormentors; sooty men with their bags; town-guardsmen with their antique Lochaber axes; water-carriers with their dripping barrels; barbers with their hair-dressing materials; and so forth—and our stranger would have been disposed to acknowledge that, though a coarse and confused, it was a perfectly unique scene, and one which, once contemplated, was not easily to be forgotten.

A change at length began. . . . There was a wish to expatiate over some of the neighbouring grounds, so as to get more space and freer air; only it was difficult to do, considering the physical circumstances of the town, and the character of the existing outlets. Space, space!—air, air! was, however, a strong and general cry, and the old romantic city did at length burst from its bounds, though not in a very regular way, or for a time to much good purpose. . . .

It is curious to cast the eye over the beautiful city which now extends over this district, the residence of as refined a mass of people as could be found in any similar space of ground upon earth, and reflect on what the place was a hundred years ago.

Robert Chambers.
Traditions of Edinburgh.

A GREAT change was about to take place in the residences of the principal people of Edinburgh. The cry was for more light and more air. The extension of the city to the south and west was not sufficient. There was a great plateau of ground on the north side of the city, beyond the North Loch. But it was very difficult to reach; being alike steep on both sides of the Loch. At length, in 1767, an Act was obtained to extend the royalty of the city over the northern fields, and powers were obtained to erect a bridge to connect them with the Old Town.

The magistrates had the greatest difficulty in inducing the inhabitants to build dwellings on the northern side of the city. A premium was offered to the person who should build the first house; and £20 was awarded to Mr. John Young on account of a mansion erected by him close to George Street. Exemption from burghal taxes was also granted to a gentleman who built the first house in Princes Street. My grandfather¹ built the first house in the south-west corner of St. Andrew Square, for the occupation of David Hume the historian, as well as the two most important houses in the centre of the north side of the same square. One of these last was occupied by the venerable Dr. Hamilton, a very conspicuous character in Edinburgh. He continued to wear the cocked hat, the powdered pigtail, tights, and large shoe buckles; for about sixty years after the costume had become obsolete. All these houses are still in perfect condition, after resisting the ordinary tear and wear of upwards of a hundred and ten northern winters. The opposition to building houses across the North Loch soon ceased; and the New Town arose, growing from day to day, until Edinburgh became one of the most handsome and picturesque cities in Europe.

James Nasmyth.

Autobiography. Edited by Samuel Smiles.

EVEN thus, methinks, a city reared should be,
Yea, an imperial city that might hold
Five times a hundred noble towers in fee,
And either with their might of Babel old,
Or the rich Roman pomp of empery,
Might stand compare, highest in arts enrolled,
Highest in arms, brave tenement for the free
Who never crouch to thrones, nor sin for gold.
Thus should her towers be raised; with vicinage

¹ James Nasmyth's grandfather was a builder and architect, as his father and grandfather had been before him. The old family tomb of the Naesmyths, dated 1614, where all these generations are buried, is in Greyfriars Churchyard.—R. M.

Of clear bold hills that curve her very streets,
As if to vindicate, 'mid choicest seats
Of Art, abiding Nature's majesty ;
And the broad sea beyond, in calm or rage
Chainless alike, and teaching liberty.

Arthur Hallam.
Sonnet to Edinburgh.

THE Scottish capital is one of the few great cities of the empire that possess natural features, and which, were the buildings away, would, while it ceased to be *town*, become very picturesque *country*. And hence one of the peculiar characteristics of Edinburgh. The natural features so overtop the artificial ones,—its hollow valleys are so much more strongly marked than its streets, and its hills and precipices than its buildings,—Arthur's Seat and the Crag look so proudly down on its towers and spires,—and so huge is the mass, and so bold the outline of its Castle rock and its Calton, compared with those of the buildings which over-top them,—that intelligent visitors, with an eye for the prominent and distinctive in scenery, are led to conceive of it rather as a great country place than as a great town. It is a scene of harmonious contrasts. Not only does it present us with a picturesque city of the grey, time-faded past, drawn out side by side, as if for purposes of comparison, with a gay, freshly-tinted city of the present, rich in all the elegancies and amenities ; but it exhibits also, in the same well-occupied area, town and country ; as if they, too, had been brought together for purposes of comparison, and as if, instead of remaining in uncompromising opposition, as elsewhere, they had resolved on showing how congruously, and how much to their mutual advantage, they could unite and agree.

Hugh Miller.
Edinburgh and its Neighbourhood.

THE volcanic origin of the beautiful scenery round Edinburgh was often the subject of their¹ conversation. Probably few visitors are aware that all those remarkable eminencies, which give to the city and its surroundings so peculiar and romantic an aspect, are the results of the operation, during inconceivably remote ages, of volcanic force penetrating the earth's crust by disruptive power, and pouring forth streams of molten lava, now shrunk and cooled into volcanic rock. The observant eye, opened by the light of Science, can see unmistakable evidences of a condition of things

¹ Scientific men, such as Sir James Hall, Professor Leslie, Dr. Brewster, and others.

which were in action at periods so remote as, in comparison, to shrink up the oldest of human records into events of yesterday.

I had often the privilege of standing by and hearing the philosophic Leslie, Brewster, and Hall, discussing these volcanic remains in their actual presence; sometimes at Arthur's Seat and on the Calton Hill, or at the rock on which Edinburgh Castle stands. Their observations sank indelibly into my memory, and gave me the key to the origin of this grand class of terrestrial phenomena. When standing at the 'Giant's Ribs,' on the south side of Arthur's Seat, I felt as if one of the grandest pages of the Earth's history lay open before me. The evidences of similar volcanic action abound in many other places near Edinburgh; and they may be traced right across Scotland from the Bass Rock to Fingal's Cave, the Giant's Causeway in Antrim, and Slievh League on the south-west coast of Donegal in Ireland.

James Nasmyth.

Autobiography. Edited by Samuel Smiles.

1793

THREE pleasant miles on the sea shore brought us to the Queen's-fery house; and soon after we drove into Lord Roseberry's park at Barnbugle, which covers a charming neck of undulating ground, projecting into the bay, and adorned with much fine wood. The magnificent pile of Edinburgh Castle soon became visible, and the country growing more inhabited and cultivated, indicated our approach to that metropolis. The new town occupies the whole of a gentle rising ground on the north; and as we entered on that side, we were most agreeably surprised to find ourselves transported into the most regular and superb city that any country can boast; the streets all intersect each other at right angles, and the buildings are of the finest white stone, constructed in the most perfect uniformity. St. Andrew's Square would vie with most of the London squares in extent, and exceed them in regularity: George-street, 115 feet wide, and of a vast length, leads into the centre of this square, in which are the assembly-rooms, St. Andrew's Church, and a beautiful edifice with a rich Corinthian portico, intended for the physicians' hall. The superb building of the register-office, executed with all the elegance of a Grecian temple, fronts that stupendous and magnificent work which connects the old and new town, in the form of a bridge of three mighty stone arches, thrown over the deep valley between them. The old city is totally distinct from the new, both in position and appearance; and forms a striking contrast in the irregularity of its streets, and the singularity of its buildings.—It covers the steep ridge of a hill,

sloping into a deep valley on each side, and extending for above a mile from the castle to the palace; so that every street partakes in some degree of the declivity. The High-street, which pervades the whole town, would exhibit the singularly lofty and antique fronts of its houses to great advantage, were it not for several ranges of irregular buildings that obstruct its passage.¹ . . .

But the glory and boast of Edinburgh is its castle, proudly occupying the summit of a vast rock, to which the town ascends, and commanding the country below from its inaccessible walls. It is now made use of as a garrison; and the modern system of fortification, however it may add to the security of the place, does not please the eye like the bastions and turrets of the ancients. The prospect from its highest point is incomparable, extending to the western Highlands on the left, and taking in the whole compass of the Firth of Forth and its islands, with the sea in full front, bounded by the curving shore of Fifeshire. Immediately below, the new town displays its whitened fronts, drawn up in the regular array of an army; and beyond it, beneath a high hill on which the observatory is placed, Leith, the port of Edinburgh, stretches into the sea, crowded with a forest of masts, and enveloped in perpetual smoke. Towards the east the great city of Edinburgh descends into the dark and gloomy hollow, from which the prodigious rock of Arthur's Seat rises into the clouds, while the impending cliffs of Salisbury Crags frown over it like the battlements of a vast fortification. The sea appears distinctly beyond them all; and the lofty cone of North Berwick, ascending from a flat coast, terminates the prospect at a great distance. A wide extent of a hilly and cultivated country stretches far towards the south, except where the grassy and indented summits of the Pentland hills contract the view.

Henry Skrine, of Warley, in Somersetshire.

Tours in the North of England and a great part of Scotland.

IN the year 1797, the period, I believe, at which my father² arrived at Edinburgh with his pupil, Mr. Beach, that city was rich in talent, full of men who have acted important parts whilst they lived, and many of whom have left names that will live after them:—Jeffrey, Horner, Playfair, Walter Scott, Dugald Stewart, Brougham, Brown, Murray, Leyden, Lord Webb Seymour, Sir James Hall, and many others.

Society at that time in Edinburgh was upon the most easy and agreeable footing; the Scotch were neither rich nor ashamed of being poor, and there was not that struggle for display which so

¹ The Tolbooth, taken down in 1817.

² Sydney Smith.

much diminishes the charm of London society, and has, with the increase of wealth, now crept into that of Edinburgh. Few days passed without the meeting of some of these friends, either in each other's houses, or (in what was then very common) oyster-cellars, where, I am told, the most delightful little suppers used to be given, in which every subject was discussed, with a freedom impossible in larger societies, and with a love of truth which is only found where men fight for truth and not for victory.

Into this soil, then, so congenial to his mind and tastes, my father was transplanted ; and, though a perfect stranger, the kindness with which he was received is best shown by the strong attachment he ever attained for his Scotch friends, though far removed from them in after-life, and by the pleasure with which he always looked back to this period. I believe he kept up, with hardly any exception, the friendships then formed.

Though truly loving them, his quick sense of the ludicrous made him derive great amusement from the little foibles and peculiarities of the Scotch ; and often has he made them laugh by his descriptions of things which struck his English eye. He used to say 'it required a surgical operation to get a joke well into a Scotch understanding' ; that 'their only idea of wit, or rather that inferior variety of this electric talent which prevails occasionally in the North, and which, under the name of wot, is so infinitely distressing to people of good taste, was laughing immoderately at stated intervals.' That no nation had so large a stock of benevolence of heart : if you met with an accident, half Edinburgh immediately flocked to your door to inquire after your *pure* hand or your *pure* foot, and with a degree of interest that convinced you their whole hearts were in the inquiry. That they usually arranged their dishes at dinner by the points of the compass ; "Sandy, put the gigot of mutton to the south, and move the singet sheep's head a wee bit to the nor-west." That if you knocked at the door you heard a shrill female voice from the fifth flat shriek out, "Wha's chapping at the door ?" which was presently opened by a lassie with short petticoats, bare legs, and thick ankles. That his Scotch servants bargained they were not to have salmon more than three times a week, and always pulled off their stockings the moment his back was turned. 'Their temper,' he said, 'stood anything but an attack on their climate ; even the enlightened mind of Jeffrey could not shake off the illusion that myrtles flourished at Craig Crook. In vain I represented to him that they were of the genus *Carduus*, and pointed out their prickly peculiarities. In vain I reminded him that hackney coaches were drawn by four horses in the winter, on

account of the snow ; that I had rescued a man blown flat against my door by the violence of the winds, and black in the face ; that even the experienced Scotch fowls did not venture to cross the streets, but sidled along, tails aloft, without venturing to encounter the gale. Jeffrey stuck to his myrtle illusion, and treated my attacks with as much contempt as if I had been a wild visionary, who had never breathed his caller air, nor lived and suffered under the rigour of his climate, nor spent five years in discussing metaphysics and medicine in that garret of the earth—that knuckle-end of England—that land of Calvin, oat-cakes, and sulphur.

Lady Holland.

Life and Correspondence of the Rev. Sydney Smith.

ONE effect of Rogers' improved position was evidently to increase the amount of his holidays, and the next three years of his life are chiefly notable for the journeys out of England—one to Scotland, and the other to France.

Scotland, or rather that little portion of Scotland generally travelled over by the English, and Edinburgh in particular, was at this time very full of metaphysicians, philosophers, historians and critics, and possessed besides one incomparable poet. It was in Edinburgh, as Sydney Smith said, that people were metaphysical even while making love. 'I overheard,' said Smith, 'a young lady of my acquaintance at a dance in Edinburgh exclaim, in a sudden pause of the music, 'What you say, my Lord, is very true of love in the *abstract*, but——' here the fiddlers began fiddling furiously, and the rest was lost. Rogers does not seem to have found Edinburgh society too overpowering, and as a young literary man he was glad to meet so many of the lions of the day, though the roaring of the younger ones—through the *Edinburgh Review*—was not to begin till 1802. Among the more considerable people he called upon were Dr. Robertson, Adam Smith, the Piozzis, Henry Mackenzie, author of *The Man of Feeling*; but there is no record of any particularly prominent incident, and in failing to meet Burns he lost an opportunity that was not to return.

R. Ellis Roberts.

Samuel Rogers and his Circle.

At summer eve, when Heav'n's aerial bow
Spans with bright arch the glittering hills below,
Why to yon mountain turns the musing eye,
Whose sunbright summit mingles with the sky ?
Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear
More sweet than all the landscape smiling near ?

'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.¹

Yet, ere Oblivion shade each fairy scene,
Ere capes and cliffs and waters intervene,
Ere distant walks my pilgrim feet explore,
By Elbe's slow wanderings, and the Danish shore,—
Still to my country turns my partial view,
That seems the dearest at the last adieu !

Ye lawns and grottos of the clustered plain ;
Ye mountain-walks, Edina's green domain ;
Haunts of my youth, where oft, by fancy drawn
At vermeil eve, still noon, or shady dawn,
My soul, secluded from the deafening throng,
Has wooed the bosom-prompted power of song :
And thou, my loved abode,—romantic ground,
With ancient towers and spiry summits crowned !—
Home of the polished arts and liberal mind,
By truth and taste enlightened and refined !
Thou scene of Scotland's glory, now decayed,
When once her Senate and her Sceptre swayed,
As round thy mouldered monuments of fame
Tradition points an emblem and a name
Lo ! what a group Imagination brings
Of starréd barons, and of thronéd kings !
Departed days in bright succession start,
And all the patriot kindles in my heart !

Thomas Campbell.

The Pleasures of Hope.

1801-2

WE had a pleasant passage over the Forth, during which I had an opportunity of seeing all the various effects of this noble harbour, my view growing into distinction as we approached, till at length as we neared that immense collection of natural and artificial beauty, I conceived it little less than profanation to painting not to wish that Canaletti had been alive and on the spot. The glass-houses, docks, store-houses, and other objects of commerce and industry that give sobriety and solemnity to Leith, chequered by the vessels in the offing ; the Tron-Church, and the buildings in the elevated part of the Old Town, reposing as it were in the bosom of Arthur's-Seat, and gracefully terminated by the observatory upon the Calton-Hill, the clean and uniform appearance of the New Town, with St. Andrew's church, and the whole governed by the

¹ These opening lines of *The Pleasures of Hope* were said to have been inspired by the views from round Arthur's Seat.—R. M.

castle in all its magnificence: all these delineated by such a pencil would make no mean stand against the best views of Venice or Naples. . . .

I heard on the morning I was in the Court of Sessions an argument of considerable consequence, in which the fifteen lords delivered their opinions separately. I had therefore an opportunity of getting at some idea of Scotch eloquence, and I must confess I should be happy to see it imitated in England. Never was the word economy more worthily applied to the Scotch. I heard no shifting, no trifling, no beating about the bush. The facts were laid down simply and argued on powerfully. The eloquence was not a torrent, it was an even stream; it did not bewilder you, it moved you to admiration. . . .

It was now my business to leave Edinburgh, that combination of art and nature, which for originality and magnificence cannot be excelled. Arthur's Seat, Salisbury crags, the Calton hill, Pentland, Braid, and Blackford hills, Craigmillar, Craiglockhart, and other magnificent objects that surround the two towns, from which their various elevations throw the Frith of Forth in such a number of beautiful directions, that the eye is never tired of admiring its grand and majestic effect, certainly lend a most peculiar novelty to this truly delightful spot, with which I was so transported that it will never cease to be among my most pleasurable contemplations that I have seen this charming-place with all the admiration due to its merits. . . .

Charles Dibdin.¹

Observations on a Tour through almost the whole of England and a considerable part of Scotland, in a Series of Letters addressed to a large number of Intelligent and Respectable Friends.

To horse! to horse! the standard flies,
The bugles sound the call;
The Gallic navy stems the seas,
The voice of battle's on the breeze,
Arouse ye, one and all!

War Song of
the Royal
Edinburgh
Light
Dragoons

From high Dunedin's towers we come,
A band of brothers true;
Our casques the leopard's spoils surround,
With Scotland's hardy thistle crown'd
We boast the red and blue.²

Sir Walter Scott.

¹ Charles Dibdin, the dramatist and song writer, was the younger brother of the Rev. Thos. Frognall Dibdin, who is quoted on pages 240-242.—R. M.

² Written when he was Quartermaster of the Edinburgh Light Cavalry.

1803

Thursday, September 15th.— . . Arrived at Edinburgh a little before sunset. As we approached, the castle rock resembled that of Stirling—in the same manner appearing to rise from a plain of cultivated ground, the Firth of Forth being on the other side, and not visible. Drove to the White Hart in the Grassmarket, an inn which had been mentioned to us, and which we conjectured would better suit us than one in a more fashionable part of the town. It was not noisy, and tolerably cheap. Drank tea, and walked up to the Castle, which luckily was very near. Much of the daylight was gone, so that except it had been a clear evening, which it was not, we could not have seen the distant prospect.

Friday, September 16th.—The sky the evening before, as you may remember the ostler told us, had been 'gay and dull'¹ and this morning it was downright dismal: very dark, and promising nothing but a wet day, and before breakfast was over the rain began, though not heavily. We set out upon our walk, and went through many streets to Holyrood House, and thence to the hill called Arthur's Seat, a high hill, very rocky at the top, and below covered with smooth turf, on which sheep were feeding. We climbed up till we came to St. Anthony's Well and Chapel, as it is called, but it is more like a hermitage than a chapel,—a small ruin, which from its situation is exceedingly interesting, though in itself not remarkable. We sate down on a stone not far from the chapel, overlooking a pastoral hollow as wild and solitary as any in the heart of the Highland mountains: there, instead of the roaring of torrents, we listened to the noises of the city, which were blended in one loud indistinct buzz,—a regular sound in the air, which in certain moods of feeling, and at certain times, might have a more tranquillizing effect upon the mind than those which we are accustomed to hear in such places. The castle rock looked exceedingly large through the misty air: a cloud of black smoke overhung the city, which combined with the rain and mist to conceal the shapes of the houses,—an obscurity which added much to the grandeur of the sound that proceeded from it. It was impossible to think of anything that was little or mean, the goings-on of trade, the strife of men, or every-day city business:—the impression was one, and it was visionary; like the conceptions of our childhood of Bagdad or Balsora when we have been reading the Arabian Nights' Entertainments. Though the rain was very heavy we remained upon the hill for some time, then returned by the same road by which we had come, through green flat fields, formerly the pleasure-grounds of Holyrood House, on the edge of which stands the

¹ 'Gey and dull' (?).

old roofless chapel, of venerable architecture. It is a pity that it should be suffered to fall down, for the walls appear to be yet entire. . . .

When we found ourselves once again in the streets of the city, we lamented over the heavy rain, and indeed before leaving the hill, much as we were indebted to the accident of the rain for the peculiar grandeur and affecting wildness of those objects we saw, we could not but regret that the Firth of Forth was entirely hidden from us, and all distant objects, and we strained our eyes till they ached, vainly trying to pierce through the thick mist. We walked industriously through the streets, street after street, and, in spite of wet and dirt, were exceedingly delighted. The old town, with its irregular houses, stage above stage, seen as we saw it, in the obscurity of a rainy day, hardly resembles the work of men, it is more like a piling up of rocks, and I cannot attempt to describe what we saw so imperfectly, but must say that, high as my expectations had been raised, the city of Edinburgh far surpassed all expectation. . . .

Dorothy Wordsworth.

Recollections of a Tour made in Scotland.

AND from long banishment recal Saint Giles,
To watch again with tutelary love
O'er stately Edinborough throned on crags.
A blessed restoration, to behold
The Patron, on the shoulders of his priests,
Once more parading through her crowded streets
Now simply guarded by the sober powers
Of science, and philosophy, and sense!

William Wordsworth.

Excursion, Book IV.

HECK! what a change hae we now in this toun!
A' now are braw lads—the lassies a' glancin';
Folk maun be dizzie gaun aye in the roun',
For deil a haet's done now but feastin' and dancin'.

**The Change
of Edinburgh**
—Song

Gowd's no that scanty in ilk siller pock,
When ilka bit laddie maun hae his bit staigie;
But I kent the day when there was nae a Jock
But trotted about upon honest shanks-naigie.

Little was stoun then, and less gaed to waste,
Barely a mullin for mice or for rattens;
The thrifty housewife to the Flesh Market pac'd,
Her equipage a', just a gude pair o' pattens.

Folk were as good then, and friends were as leal,
 Though coaches were scant, wi' their cattle a-cantrin';
 Right air we were telt by the housemaid or chiel,
 Sir, an' ye please, here's—your lass and a lantern.

The toun may be clouted and piec'd till it meets
 A' neebours benorth and besouth without haltin',
 Brigs may be biggit ow'r lums and ow'r streets—
 The Nor-loch itsel' heaped heigh as the Calton.

But whar is true friendship? And whar will you see
 A' that is gude, honest, modest, and thrifty?
 Tak' grey hairs and wrinkles, and hirple wi' me,
 And think on the seventeen hundred and fifty.

Sir Alexander Boswell.

To Francis Jeffrey Eyre.

TUXFORD, 1803.

MY DEAR JEFFREY,—Your very kind letter I received at the very moment of departure. I left Edinburgh with great heaviness of heart: I knew what I was leaving, and was ignorant to what I was going. My good fortune will be very great, if I should ever again fall into the society of so many liberal, correct, and instructed men, and live with them on such terms of friendship as I have done with you, and you know whom, at Edinburgh. . . .

SYDNEY SMITH.

(No date, but believed to be about 1805.)

MY DEAR JEFFREY,—. . . I shall always love Edinburgh very dearly. I know no man of whose understanding and principles I have a higher opinion than I have of yours. I will come and visit Edinburgh very often if I am ever rich, and I think it very likely one day or another I may live there entirely. . . .

SYDNEY SMITH.

From Sydney Smith's Correspondence.

. . . THERE is no lack of food for enthusiasm even here. Here is the capital of an ancient, independent, and heroic nation, abounding in buildings, ennobled by the memory of illustrious inhabitants in the old times, and illustrious deeds of good and of evil; and in others, which hereafter will be revered by posterity, for the sake of those that inhabit them now. Above all, here is all the

sublimity of situation and scenery—mountains near and afar off—rocks and glens—and the sea itself, almost within hearing of its waves. I was prepared to feel much ; and yet you will not wonder when I tell you, that I felt more than I was prepared for. . . .

I know no city, where the lofty feelings, generated by the ideas of antiquity, and the multitude of human beings, are so much swelled and improved by the admixture of those other lofty, perhaps yet loftier feelings, which arise from the contemplation of free and spacious nature herself. Edinburgh, even were its population as great as London, could never be merely a city. Here there must always be present the idea of the comparative littleness of all human works. Here the proudest of palaces must be content to catch the shadows of mountains ; and the grandest of fortresses to appear like the dwellings of pigmies, perched on the very bulwarks of creation. Everywhere—all around—you have rocks frowning over rocks in imperial elevation, and descending, among the smoke and dust of a city, into dark depths, such as nature alone can excavate. The builders of the old city, too, appear as if they had made nature the model of their architecture. Seen through the lowering mist which almost perpetually envelopes them, the huge masses of these erections, so high, so rugged in their outlines, so heaped together, and conglomerated and wedged into each other, are not easily to be distinguished from the yet larger and bolder forms of cliff and ravine, among which their foundations have been pitched. There is a certain gloomy indistinctness in the formation of these fantastic piles, which leaves the eye, that would scrutinize and penetrate them, unsatisfied and dim with gazing. . . .

I proceeded at once to take a look of this superb city from a height, placed just over the point where the old and new parts of the town meet. These two quarters of the city, or rather these two neighbouring but distinct cities, are separated by a deep green valley, which once contained a lake, and which is now crossed at one place by a huge earthen mound, and at another by a magnificent bridge of three arches. This valley runs off towards the œstuary of the Forth, which lies about a mile and a half from the city, and between the city and the sea there rises on each side of it a hill—to the south that called Arthur's Seat—to the north the lower and yet sufficiently commanding eminence on which I now stood—the Calton Hill.

This hill, which rises about 350 feet above the level of the sea, is, in fact, nothing more than a huge pile of rocks covered with a thin coating of soil, and, for the most part, with a beautiful

verdure. It has lately been circled all round with spacious gravelled walks, so that one reaches the summit without the least fatigue. It seems as if you had not quitted the streets, so easy is the ascent; and yet where did streets or city ever afford such a prospect! The view changes every moment as you proceed; yet what grandeur of unity in the general and ultimate impression! At first, you see only the skirts of the New Town, with apparently few public edifices, to diversify the grand uniformity of their outlines; then you have a rich plain, with green fields, groves, and villas, gradually losing itself in the sea-port town of Edinburgh,—Leith. Leith covers, for a brief space, the margin of that magnificent Frith, which recedes upwards among an amphitheatre of mountains, and opens downward into the ocean, broken everywhere by green and woody isles, excepting where the bare brown rock of the Bass lifts itself above the waters midway to the sea. As you move round, the Frith disappears, and you have Arthur's Seat in your front. In the valley between lies Holyrood, ruined—desolate—but majestic in its desolation. From thence the Old Town stretches its dark shadow—up, in a line to the summit of the Castle rock—a royal residence at either extremity—and all between an indistinguishable mass of black tower-like structures—the concentrated 'walled city,' which has stood more sieges than I can tell of.

Here we paused for a time, enjoying the majestic gloom of this most picturesque of cities. A thick blue smoke hung low upon the houses, and their outlines reposed behind on ridges of purple clouds;—the smoke, and the clouds, and the murky air, giving yet more extravagant bulk and altitude to those huge strange dwellings, and increasing the power of contrast which met our view, when a few paces more brought us once again upon the New Town—the airy bridge—the bright green vale below and beyond it—and, skirting the line of the vale on either side, the rough crags of the Castle rock, and the broad glare of Princes Street, that most superb of terraces—all beaming in the open yellow light of the sun—steeple and towers, and cupolas scattered bright beneath our feet—and, far as the eye could reach, the whole pomp and richness of distant commotion—the heart of the city.

Such was my first view of Edinburgh. I descended again into her streets in a sort of stupor of admiration. . . .

I should be very much at a loss, if I were obliged to say positively, either at what hour or from what point of view the external appearance of this city is productive of the noblest effect. . . .

In every point of view, however, the main centre of attraction is the Castle of Edinburgh. From whatever side you approach the city—whether by water or by land—whether your foreground consist of height or of plain, of heath, of trees, or of the buildings of the city itself—this gigantic rock lifts itself high above all that surrounds it, and breaks upon the sky with the same commanding blackness of mingled crags, cliffs, buttresses, and battlements. These, indeed, shift and vary their outlines at every step, but everywhere there is the same unmoved effect of general expression—the same lofty and imposing image, to which the eye turns with the same unquestioning worship. Whether you pass on the southern side, close under the bare and sheltered blocks of granite, where the crumbling turrets on the summit seem as if they had shot out of the kindred rock in some fantastic freak of Nature—and where, amidst the overhanging mass of darkness, you vainly endeavour to descry the track by which Wallace scaled—or whether you look from the north, where the rugged cliffs find room for some scanty patches of moss and broom, to diversify their barren grey—and where the whole mass is softened into beauty by the wild green glen which intervenes between the spectator and its foundations—wherever you are placed, and however it is viewed, you feel at once that here is the eye of the landscape, and the essence of the grandeur.

Neither is it possible to say under what sky or atmosphere all this appears to the greatest advantage. The heavens may put on what aspect they choose, they never fail to adorn it. Changes that elsewhere deform the face of Nature, and rob her of half her beauty, seem to pass over this majestic surface only to dress out its majesty in some new apparel of magnificence. If the air is cloudless and serene, what can be finer than the calm reposing dignity of those old towers—every delicate angle of the fissured rock, and frowning fragments of the citadel emerge only here and there from out the racking clouds that envelope them, the mystery and the gloom only rivet the eye the faster, and half-baffled Imagination does more than the work of Sight. At times, the whole detail is lost to the eye—one murky tinge of impenetrable brown wraps rock and fortress from the root to the summit—all is lost but the outline; but the outline atones abundantly for all that is lost.—The cold glare of the sun, plunging slowly down into a melancholy west beyond them, makes all the broken labyrinth of towers, batteries, and house-tops paint their heavy breadth in tenfold sable magnitude upon that lurid canvass. At break of day, how beautiful is the freshness with which the venerable pile

appears to rouse itself from its sleep, and look up once more with a bright eye into the sharp and dewy air!—At the ‘grim and sultry hour’ of noon, with what languid grandeur the broad flag seems to flap its long weight of folds above the glowing battlements! When the day-light goes down in purple glory, what lines of gold creep along the hoary brow of its antique strength! When the whole heaven is deluged, and the winds are roaring fiercely, and ‘snow and hail, and stormy vapour,’ are let loose to make war upon his front, with what an air of pride does the veteran citadel brave all their well-known wrath, ‘cased in the unfeeling armour of old time!’ The Capitol itself is but a pigmy to this giant.

But here, as everywhere, moonlight is the best. Wherever I spend the evening, I must always walk homewards by the long line of Princes-Street; and along all that spacious line, the midnight shadows of the Castle-rock for ever spread themselves forth, and wrap the ground on which I tread in their broad repose of blackness. It is not possible to imagine a more majestic accompaniment for the deep pause of that hour. The uniform splendour of the habitations on the left opening every now and then broken glimpses up into the very heart of the modern city—the magnificent terrace itself, with its stable breadth of surface—the few dying lamps that here and there glimmer faintly—and no sound, but the heavy tread of some far-off watchman of the night—this alone might be enough, and it is more than almost any other city could afford. But turn to the right, and see what a glorious contrast is there. The eternal rock sleeping in the stillness of nature—its cliffs of granite—its tufts of verdure—all alike steeped in the same unvarying hue of mystery—its towers and pinnacles rising like a grove of quiet poplars on its crest—the whole as colourless as if the sun had never shone there, as silent as if no voice of man had ever disturbed the echoes of the solemn scene. Overhead, the sky is all one breathless canopy of lucid crystal blue—here and there a small bright star twinkling in the depth of æther—and full in the midst the Moon walking in her vestal glory, pursuing, as from the bosom of eternity, her calm and destined way—and pouring down the silver of her smiles upon all of lovely and sublime that nature and art could heap together to do homage to her radiance.

From Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk.

I WENT to Edinburgh, as already stated, at the close of 1806. . . . Edinburgh at this period was justifiably proud of the many eminent persons forming its society. Brougham, Sydney Smith, and Horner had indeed very recently departed; but there remained (taking the

names as they occur to me at this moment) Walter Scott, Dugald Stewart, Playfair, Jeffrey, Henry Erskine, Murray, Alison, Dr. Gregory, Henry Mackenzie, Dr. Thomas Brown, Jameson, Leslie, Sir James Hall, Lord Webb Seymour, Brewster, etc.—a society well worthy of being denoted and remembered. It was partially dissevered indeed by the political feelings still strong in Scotland at this time, and now further excited by the sudden advent and singular success of the *Edinburgh Review* as the organ of one party. Edinburgh had not become large enough to neutralise through other and independent interests the feelings engendered by political rivalry—a rivalry too which involved at that time, much more than it does now, the possession of political power in Scotland. . . .

The Society of Edinburgh at this time was not surpassed by that of any city of similar rank in Europe. Though merely a student myself in the medical classes of the University, my good fortune made me more or less intimate with all the men whom I have named above, and gave me habitual admission into the several circles of their society. This was especially the case in the third winter I passed in Edinburgh, succeeding my voyage to Iceland with Sir George Mackenzie. Foreign travel of any kind was rare and difficult in those days, when the usurpations of Napoleon had dissevered England almost wholly from the rest of Europe. But this Icelandic voyage gained greater reputation in Edinburgh from the scheme having originated there, and in a certain connection with the geological controversies just mentioned. . . . This little inroad into Northern Antiquities brought me into closer intimacy with Walter Scott; at that time known to the world at large only by his poetry; but well recognized in the society of Edinburgh, even by his political adversaries, as one of its most agreeable and accomplished members. I still hold in happy memory the little suppers (a meal now lost to social life) at his house in Castle Street, of which he himself was the soul and spirit; his countenance, heavy in its ordinary aspect, kindling suddenly into life and merriment at the racy Scotch stories, which he ever had at hand to point and illustrate the matter of converse, whatever it might be. Many of these, as he told them, might have been transferred almost literally to those wonderful novels which were at this time but in embryo existence. A little political sarcasm now and then stole into his conversation, but rarely if ever showed itself in any harsh or ungenerous personality,—a feeling alien, as I believe, to his nature, though I have heard him accused of it. Frequently too at this period, I saw him when listening with enthusiastic enjoyment to

‘Lochinvar’ and other of his ballads, set to music and sung to him by Miss Clephane (afterwards Lady Northampton), with the fine accompaniment of her harp. This made a picture in itself. It was the poet revelling in the musical echo of his own poetry.

These are my early recollections of Walter Scott in Edinburgh.

Sir Henry Holland.

Recollections of Past Life.

Health to
Lord Melville
Sung at a
Public Dinner
given at
Edinburgh
in honour of
the acquittal
of Lord
Melville,
June 1806.
The Town
Council had
refused an
application to
illuminate
the City

SINCE here we are set in array round the table,
Five hundred good fellows well met in a hall,
Come listen, brave boys, and I'll sing as I'm able
How innocence triumph'd and pride got a fall.
But push round the claret—
Come, stewards, don't spare it—
With rapture you'll drink to the toast that I give;
Here, boys,
Off with it merrily—
Melville for ever, and long may he live!

And since we must not set Auld Reekie in glory,
And make her brown visage as light as her heart;
Till each man illumine his own upper story,
Nor law-book nor lawyer shall force us to part.
In Grenville and Spencer,
And some few good men, Sir,
High talents we honour, slight difference forgive;
But the Brewer we'll hoax
Tally ho to the Fox,
And drink Melville for ever, as long as we live!

Sir Walter Scott.

MENTONE, 3rd January 1867.

Carlyle's first
Visit to
Edinburgh
in 1809.

... I HAD my sorrow and my weariness, but had abundance of it, chequering the mysterious hopes and forecastings of what Edinburgh and the Student element would be. Tom and I had entered Edinburgh, after twenty miles of walking, between two and three P.M.; got a clean-looking, most cheap lodging ('Simon Square' the poor locality); had got ourselves brushed, some morsel of dinner doubtless; and Palinurus Tom sallied out into the streets with me, to show the novice mind a little of Edinburgh before sundown. The novice mind was not excessively astonished all at once; but

kept its eyes well open, and said nothing. What streets we went through, I don't the least recollect; but have some faint image of St. Giles's High-Kirk, and of the Luckenbooths there, with their strange little ins and outs, and eager old women in miniature shops of combs, shoe-laces and trifles; still fainter image, if any whatever, of the sublime Horse-Statue in Parliament Square hard by;—directly after which Smail, audaciously (so I thought) pushed open a door (free to all the world), and dragged me in with him to a scene which I have never forgotten.

An immense Hall, dimly lighted from the top of the walls, and perhaps with candles burning in it here and there; all in strange *chiaroscuro*, and filled with what I thought (exaggeratively) a thousand or two of human creatures; all astir in a boundless buzz of talk, and simmering about in every direction, some solitary, some in groups. By degrees I noticed that some were in wig and black gown, some not, but in common clothes, all well-dressed; that here and there on the sides of the Hall, were little thrones with enclosures, and steps leading up; red-velvet figures sitting in said thrones, and the black-gowned eagerly speaking to them,—Advocates pleading to Judges, as I easily understood. How they could be heard in such a grinding din was somewhat a mystery. Higher up on the walls, stuck there like swallows in their nests, sat other humbler figures: these I found were the sources of certain wildly plangent lamentable kinds of sounds or echoes which from time to time pierced the universal noise of feet and voices, and rose unintelligibly above it, as if in the bitterness of incurable woe;—Criers of the Court, I gradually came to understand. And this was Themis in her Outer House; such a scene of chaotic din and hurly-burly as I had never figured before. It seems to me there were four times or ten times as many people in that Outer House as there now usually are, and doubtless there is something of fact in this, such have been the curtailments and abatements of Law Practice in the Head Courts since then, and transference of it to the County jurisdictions. Last time I was in that Outer House (some six or seven years ago, in broad day-light), it seemed like a place fallen asleep, fallen almost dead.

Notable figures, now all vanished utterly, were doubtless wandering about as part of that continual hurly-burly, when I first set foot in it, fifty-seven years ago. Great Law Lords This and That, great Advocates *alors célèbres* (as Thiers has it): Cranstoun, Cockburn, Jeffrey, Walter Scott, John Clerk; to me at that time they were not even names; but I have since occasionally thought of that night and place where probably they were living substances, some

of them in a kind of relation to me afterwards. Time with his *tenses*, what a miraculous Entity is he always! . . .

Thomas Carlyle.

Reminiscences: Professor Norton's edition.

1810-11

THE amusements and way of life in Edinburgh are, as may be supposed, as close an imitation of the customs and fashions of London, as relative circumstances of wealth, numbers, etc., can admit. London is the head-quarters of trade, of financial operations, and the focus of factions. Edinburgh is not only a stranger to trade and money-matters, but the only political party there is the party of obedience and loyalty. . . . You hear as little here about political traffic as about commercial traffic; nothing is either bought or sold; none of those vile passions which elsewhere disfigure society have here an aliment. People live in comparative mediocrity, without fear of losing what they have, or much hope of improving their fortune otherwise than by prudence and economy;—those who thirst for riches must seek them elsewhere. The result of all this is a certain general impression of peace and tranquillity, very striking to strangers; but this repose is not slumber,—a pursuit of sufficient interest remains, literature and the sciences, which are cultivated with zeal and success. . . .

After a residence of three months, we are going to leave Edinburgh, with feelings of regret and gratitude for the many marks of good will and kindness we have received. Taken altogether, I do not know any town where it would be pleasanter to live. It is, in a great degree, the Geneva of Britain.

Louis Simond.

Journal of a Tour and Residence in Great Britain during the years 1810 and 1811, by a French Traveller.

UPON the whole, those whose health can support a climate so variable and so trying as that of Edinburgh, will find few more eligible places of residence. The inhabitant of this ancient capital—'Scotland's darling seat,' as the city was termed by her best poet,—is surrounded by the noblest scenery, and ruins of antiquity; and may have, at every step, a companion capable of detailing the beauties of the one, and the history of the others. His mornings may be spent in study, for which there is every species of assistance within his reach; and his evenings with friendship or with beauty. If he has children, he has within his reach the first means of education. If he is gay, there are at his command all the usual varied sources of amusement. He may live, if he will, in a palace, with a handsome suite of apartments, for less than would rent a 'dungeon

in the Strand'; and fare sumptuously every day for half the rate which is exacted for a bad dinner in an English inn. To be more particular, £3000 a year is, in Edinburgh, opulence—£2000, ease and wealth—£1000 a handsome competence—and even £500, well managed, will maintain a large family with all the necessities and decencies of life, and enable them to support a very creditable rank in society.

Sir Walter Scott.

Provincial Antiquities of Scotland.

THE more immediate changes in Edinburgh proceeded chiefly from the growth of the city. The single circumstance of the increase of the population, and its consequent overflowing from the old town to the new, implied a general alteration of our habits. It altered the style of living, obliterated local arrangements, and destroyed a thousand associations, which nothing but the still preserved names of houses and of places is left to recal.

'State of
Manners and
Society'

It was the rise of the new town that obliterated our old peculiarities with the greatest rapidity and effect. It not only changed our scenes and habits of life, but, by the mere inundation of modern population, broke up and, as was then thought, vulgarised our prescriptive gentilities.

For example, Saint Cecilia's Hall was the only public resort of the musical, and besides being our most selectly fashionable place of amusement, was the best and the most beautiful concert-room I have ever yet seen. And there have I myself seen most of our literary and fashionable gentlemen, predominating with their side curls, and frills, and ruffles, and silver buckles; and our stately matrons stiffened in hoops and gorgeous satin; and our beauties with high-heeled shoes, powdered and pomatumed hair, and lofty and composite head-dresses. All this was in the Cowgate! the last retreat now-a-days of destitution and disease. The building still stands, though raised and changed, and is looked down upon from South Bridge, over the eastern side of the Cowgate Arch. When I last saw it, it seemed to be partly an old clothesman's shop and partly a brazier's. The abolition of this Cecilian temple, and the necessity of finding accommodation where they could, and of depending for patronage on the common boisterous public, of course extinguished the delicacies of the old artificial parterre.

Our balls, and their manners, fared no better. The ancient dancing establishments in the Bow and the Assembly Close I know nothing about. Everything of the kind was meant to be annihilated by the erection (about 1784) of the handsome apartments in

George Street. Yet even against these, the new part of the old town made a gallant struggle, and in my youth the whole fashionable dancing, as indeed the fashionable everything, clung to George Square; where (in Buccleuch Place, close by the south-eastern corner of the square) most beautiful rooms were erected, which, for several years, threw the New Town piece of presumption entirely into the shade. And here were the last remains of the ball-room discipline of the preceding age. Martinet dowagers and venerable beaux acted as masters and mistresses of ceremonies, and made all the preliminary arrangements. No couple could dance unless each party was provided with a ticket prescribing the precise place in the precise dance. If there was no ticket, the gentleman, or the lady, was dealt with as an intruder, and turned out of the dance. If the ticket had marked upon it—say for a country dance, the figures 3.5; this meant that the holder was to place himself in the third dance, and fifth from the top; and if he was anywhere else, he was set right, or excluded. And the partner's ticket must correspond. Woe on the poor girl who with ticket 2.7, was found opposite a youth marked 5.9! It was flirting without a license, and looked very ill, and would probably be reported by the ticket director of that dance to the mother. Of course parties, or parents, who wished to secure dancing for themselves or those they had charge of, provided themselves with correct and corresponding vouchers before the ball day arrived. This could only be accomplished through a director; and the election of a pope sometimes required less jobbing. When parties chose to take their chance, they might do so; but still, though only obtained in the room, the written permission was necessary; and such a thing as a compact to dance, by a couple, without official authority, would have been an outrage that could scarcely be contemplated. Tea was sipped in side-rooms; and he was a careless beau who did not present his partner with an orange at the end of each dance; and the oranges and the tea, like everything else, were under exact and positive regulations. All this disappeared, and the very rooms were obliterated, as soon as the lately raised community secured its inevitable supremacy to the New Town. The aristocracy of a few predominating individuals and families came to an end; and the unreasonable old had nothing for it but to sigh over the recollection of the select and elegant parties of their youth, where indiscriminate public right was rejected, and its coarseness awed.

Yet, in some respects, there was far more coarseness in the formal age than in the free one. Two vices especially, which have

been long banished from all respectable society, were very prevalent, if not universal, among the whole upper ranks—swearing and drunkenness. Nothing was more common than for gentlemen who had dined with ladies, and meant to rejoin them, to get drunk. To get drunk in a tavern seemed to be considered as a natural, if not an intended consequence of going to one. Swearing was thought the right, and the mark, of a gentleman. And, tried by this test, nobody, who had not seen them, could now be made to believe how many gentlemen there were. Not that people were worse tempered then than now. They were only coarser in their manners. . . . The naval chaplain justified his cursing the sailors, because it made them listen to him; and Braxfield apologised to a lady whom he damned at whist for bad play, by declaring that he had mistaken her for his wife. This odious practice was applied with particular offensiveness by those in authority towards their inferiors. In the army it was universal by officers towards soldiers; and far more frequent than is now credible by masters towards servants.

The prevailing dinner hour was about three o'clock. Two o'clock was quite common, if there was no company. Hence it was no great deviation from their usual custom for a family to dine on Sundays '*between sermons*'—that is between one and two. The hour, in time, but not without groans and predictions, became four, at which it stuck for several years. Then it got to five, which, however, was thought positively revolutionary; and four was long and gallantly adhered to by the haters of change as '*the good old hour*.' At last even they were obliged to give in. But they only yielded inch by inch, and made a desperate stand at half-past four. Even five, however, triumphed, and continued the average polite hour from (I think) about 1806 or 1807 till about 1820. Six has at last prevailed, and half an hour later is not unusual. As yet this is the farthest stretch of London imitation, except in country houses devoted to grouse or deer, where the species called sportsmen, disdaining all mankind except themselves, glory in not dining till sensible people have gone to bed. Thus, within my memory, the hour has ranged from two to half-past six o'clock; and a stand has been regularly made at the end of every half hour against each encroachment; and always on the same grounds—dislike of change and jealousy of finery.

Lord Cockburn.
Memorials.

'Edinburgh;
or the
Ancient
Royalty.
A Sketch'

O'er draughts of wine the Writer penn'd the will;
And Legal Wisdom counsel'd o'er a *gill*:
White Wine and Marmalade was then the rage,
It sooth'd the youngster, and regal'd the sage.

Ye 'fashioned' youths, who while away the noon,
And balance, lightly, on a silver spoon
The trembling fragments of the amber pile—
Yes! o'er a glass of jelly whilst ye smile—
Blush for your flimsy and degenerate food!
With patriot palates seek your Country's good;
O call the ancient beverage in aid;
Call Virtue back—White Wine and Marmalade!

These were the days of comfort and of glee!
When met to drink a *social cup of tea*—
The chequer'd chairs, in seemly circle placed;
The Indian tray, with Indian china graced;
The red stone Tea-pot with its silver spout;
The Tea Spoons numbered,¹ and the tea *fill'd out*!

Sir Alexander Boswell.

1811

THE lakes of Cumberland, or Scotland? By the assistance of maps and guide-books, I was trying to decide the question, when Shelley's letter announcing his marriage came, and at once carried the point in favour of Scotland. Book and map concurred in this, that making Edinburgh our temporary home, and the centre of our operations, we might in virtue of long walks, and with the aid possibly of an occasional lift, visit many remarkable and interesting localities.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,—Direct to the Edinburgh Post Office—my own name. I passed to-night with the Mail. Harriet is with me. We are in a slight pecuniary distress. We shall have seventy-five pounds on Sunday, until when can you send £10? Divide it in two.—Yours,
PERCY SHELLEY.

To T. J. H.

This letter was written by my friend at York, in passing through at midnight; it did not come to me by the post, but was brought to my lodgings the next morning from the inn. I wrote immediately to Shelley detailing my projects, and promising to be with him almost as soon as my letter. I took my seat on the outside of a

¹ This was done to ensure the second cups of tea, which were all dispensed together, being given each to its proper owner.—R. M.

stage-coach, a front seat—carpet bags were not yet discovered, but I saw my small leathern portmanteau placed in the front boot. . . .

Nor did I want for information and instruction. At the back of the coach sat a little, serious, middle-aged man, whom we picked up somewhere after entering Scotland; he, learning that I was a stranger, and that this was my first visit to a region which he assured us was the finest, happiest, most refined and civilised country in the known world, kindly took upon himself the trouble of informing and indeed of forming my mind. He stood up at his place, behind a stack of luggage, and continually addressed me across the roof of the coach. He discoursed, or rather, I may say, lectured concerning the excellence of the district and of its inhabitants; of the agriculture of the Lothians, and its vast and infinite superiority to all other farming. Having discovered that I was going to Edinburgh, he expounded the admirable nature and character of that city, and told me all that I ought to see, and to believe on his authority.

‘You will find it a most remarkable city; by far the most remarkable under the heavens, without any exception!’

‘Yes! And it has a *Review*, as remarkable as itself!’

At that time, the *Edinburgh Review* had attracted general attention. The quarrel with Byron, and other persons of more or less distinction, and the protracted controversy with the University of Oxford, which was in full vigour whilst I resided there,—sundry pedantic performances redolent of heavy pleasantry having been published by certain slow-witted dullards of that place,—had brought the *Review* into notice. I was tempted, therefore, to try my loquacious little instructor on that popular theme. I had sounded the keynote. The *Review*, during the rest of the journey, wholly engrossed his organs of speech in one unceasing peroration concerning the critical journal, which soon became exceedingly tiresome; and not only tiresome, but painful,—physically painful; for I could not show my back with any decency to so powerful an orator; and I was obliged, in courtesy, to bend my neck and to try to look the petulant little haranguer in the face.

Mr. Pennant, with all the gravity of a Welshman and a naturalist, writes in perfect seriousness: ‘Asses are very rare in Scotland; there are none in the north.’ But a greater and a graver than Pennant was there; and he asseverated that Oxford was for ever silenced: that University was totally annihilated; she could never show her face again,—never hold up her head; she was extinguished; she must at once retire; she must leave the work of education to abler hands than her own. Shoals of students would come flocking thence by thousands to Edinburgh, to Aberdeen, to

St. Andrews, and to the other renowned Scottish Universities. He spoke much about the Oxford Strabbo, without appearing at all to know what he meant. I longed to ask him, what he supposed the Oxford Strabbo really was; but I did not venture. He talked very largely of 'Mr. Francis Jeffrey, of Edinburgh, advocate'; but he did not seem to be personally acquainted with him; and indeed he admitted, in answer to my question, that he was not. 'Mr. Francis Jeffrey, of Edinburgh, advocate,'—for he always gave the name of the learned editor in full, with the additions,—'is a little man, and a very clever man.' Both these facts are undoubted. I had afterwards abundant opportunity to verify them myself. . . .

We entered Edinburgh in the dark, through mean, narrow streets, the aspect of which, by the faint light of dim lamps ill accorded with the magnificent promises of the splendour of the proud metropolis of the whole earth,—of the capital of social elegance, and of perfect refinement.

I remained for the night at the wretched inn where the coach stopped, for I knew of no other, although it was a disgusting place. Nobody appeared to regard me. I didn't understand what they said; neither could I make the people understand me. In truth, they did not care to know what I wanted: . . .

If such be, in very deed, the beauteous city of Minerva, the chosen residence of Apollo and the Muses, the true abode of Beauty, of the Loves and Graces, I wish I were back again at my lodgings in York, or at one of the inns near the Lakes, which tourists report as comfortable! But a sound refreshing sleep soon put an end to all reflections, wishes, and regrets: . . . When I awoke in the morning, it was quite light. . . . I put on my clothes, and went downstairs into a common room, an uncommonly dirty, dingy hole; here I procured some breakfast, which was not so much amiss. I then sallied forth to discover if the rest of the New Jerusalem was as mean and shabby as what I had already seen; I more than half suspected that it was. I soon emerged from the narrow streets; and then, O! glorious spectacle, by force of contrast made still more noble, more glorious; I wandered about, lost in admiration. I ascended the Castle-hill, the Calton-hill, my delight still increasing. . . .

Having at once satisfied and inflamed my curiosity, I began to think of the main purpose of my long journey,—my college friend. I had written to him that I would join him here, but I had not given him any address, for I did not know any, neither had I received a direction from him. Was there a better, a speedier course, than the hope of a chance meeting in the streets of a large

city? I bethought me of the post-office; he might have sent a letter for me thither. I was standing musing on the bridge which connects the New Town with the Old: a grave, white, middle-aged man was passing. I enquired of him for the post-office.

‘Come with me, I am going there myself. You are a stranger?’

‘Yes.’

‘You never saw so fine a bridge before, as this is, I am very sure. It is the finest in the known world!’

‘I have seen a finer river; one with more water in it.’

He seemed much disconcerted. I told him how I was situated.

‘They will give you the address you require at the post-office, they are sure to have it; we will go to the post-office together; but you must first see our new University, as you are a stranger.’

We passed the post-office and came to a large building, not only unfinished, but not in progress. It appeared that the work had ceased for want of funds.

‘What do you think of that, sir?’

‘When it is completed it will be a very handsome building, and, I dare say, very commodious.’

‘Not only that, but if all the buildings at Oxford and Cambridge were moulded and amalgamated together into one edifice, the effect would not be the same; it would be far inferior!’

I had learned that it was most discreet to be silent. . . .

I soon set foot in George Street, a spacious, noble, well-built street; but a deserted street, or rather a street which people had not yet come fully to inhabit. I soon found the number indicated at the post-office. I have forgotten it, but it was on the left side—the side next to Princes Street. I knocked at the door of a handsome house; it was all right; and in a handsome front-parlour I was presently received rapturously by my friend. . . .

On looking from the windows, we saw the grave Presbyterians, with downcast looks, like conscience-stricken sinners, slowly crawling towards their place of gathering. We were admonished—for Shelley said, one Sunday, ‘Let us go and take a walk’—that it was not lawful to go forth to walk purposely and avowedly on the Sabbath, a day of rest and worship; but if a man happen to find himself in the streets casually, he may walk a little with perfect innocence, only it is altogether unlawful to go out from his door with the mind of taking a walk of pure pleasure.

After this serious and edifying warning we sometimes casually found ourselves without the house on a Sunday, and walked about a little, as we believed, innocently. We were taking such a harm-

less stroll, by mere accident, in Princes Street; Bysshe laughed aloud, with a fiendish laugh, at some remark of mine.

'You must not laugh openly, in that fashion, young man,' an ill-looking, ill-conditioned fellow said to him. 'If you do, you will most certainly be convened!'

'What is that?' asked Shelley, rather displeased, at the rude interpellation.

'Why, if you laugh aloud in the public streets and ways on the Christian Sabbath, you will be cast into prison, and eventually banished from Scotland. . . .'

It was the year of the famous comet, and of the still more famous vintage, the year 1811; the weather was fine, and often hot; not one drop of rain fell all the time I was in Edinburgh. The nights were clear and bright; we often contemplated the stranger comet from Princes Street; and not only the comet, but the ordinary array of the shining hosts of heaven. . . .

I soon found, to my sorrow, that my project of making pedestrian excursions from Edinburgh was quite impracticable; my friend could not possibly leave his young bride alone: to have gone by myself, which I would willingly have done, if I might, would have been unpopular, being accounted unkind: . . . consequently I know nothing more of Scotland than the little which I could learn during my first and only visit to its majestic and picturesque capital.

Thomas Jefferson Hogg.
The Life of Percy Bysshe Shelley.

RELIGION in Edinburgh is a theory, a convention, a fashion (both humble and aristocratic), a sensation, an intellectual conviction, an emotion, a dissipation, a sweet habit of the blood; in fact, it is, it seems to me, every sort of thing it can be to the human spirit. . . .

I have never seen such attention, such concentration, as in these great congregations of the Edinburgh churches. As nearly as I can judge, it is intellectual rather than emotional; but it is not a tribute paid to eloquence alone, it is habitual and universal, and is yielded loyally to insufferable dulness when occasion demands.

Kate Douglas Wiggin.
Penelope's Experiences in Scotland.

1814-15

It was cold wretched weather, snow on the hills, frost in the plains, a fog over the ferry. We were none of us sorry to find ourselves within the warm cheerful house that Miss Baillie had taken for us,

No. 4 Heriot Row. The situation was pleasant, though not at all what it is now. There were no prettily laid out gardens then between Heriot Row and Queen Street, only a long strip of unsightly grass, a green, fenced by an untidy wall and abandoned to the use of the washer-women. It was an ugly prospect, and we were daily indulged with it, the cleanliness of the inhabitants being so excessive that, except on Sundays and 'Saturdays at e'en,' squares of bleaching linens and lines of drying ditto were ever before our eyes. Our arrival was notified to our acquaintance and the public by what my father's brethren in the law called 'his advertisement, a large brass plate on which in letters of suitable size were engraved the words—

MR. GRANT, Advocate.

My father established himself with a clerk and a quantity of law-books in a study, where he soon had a good deal of work to do. He went every morning to the Parliament-house, breakfasting before nine to suit William, who was to be at Dr. Hope's chemistry class at that hour, and proceed thence to Dr. Brown's moral philosophy, and then to Mr. Playfair's natural philosophy. A tutor for Greek and Latin awaited him at home, and in the evenings he had a good three hours' employment making notes and reading up. Six masters were engaged for us girls, three every day; Mr. Penson for the pianoforte, M. Elouis for the harp, M. L'Espinasse for French, Signor something for Italian, and Mr. I forget who for drawing, Mr. Scott for writing and ciphering, and oh! I was near forgetting a seventh, the most important of all, Mr. Smart for dancing. I was to accompany my father and mother occasionally to a few select parties, provided I promised attention to this phalanx of instructors, and never omitted being up in the morning in time to make breakfast. . . .

Our visiting began with dinners from the heads of the Bar, the Judges, some of the Professors, and a few others, nearly all Whigs, for the two political parties mixed very little in those days. The hour was six, the company generally numbered sixteen, plate, fine wines, middling cookery, bad attendance and beautiful rooms. One or two young people generally enlivened them. They were mostly got through before the Christmas vacation. In January began the routes and balls. . . .

The intimate friends of my father were among the cleverest of the Whigs; Lord Gillies and his charming wife, John Clerk and his sister, Sir David and Lady Brewster—more than suspected of Toryism, yet admitted on account of the Belleville connection and

his great reputation—Mr. and Mrs. Jeffrey, John Murray, Tommy Thomson, William Clerk. There were others attached to these brighter stars, who, judiciously mixed among them, improved the agreeability of the dinner-parties. . . . We had had the wisdom to begin the season with a ball ourselves, before balls were plenty. All the beaux strove for tickets, because all the belles of the season made their first appearance at it. It was a decided hit, my mother shining in the style of her preparations, and in her manner of receiving her company. Every one departed pleased with the degree of attention paid to each individually.

It struck me afterwards, in more reflecting days, that this ball and my father's fir-forest had no small share in my successful campaign. . . .

The return to the Bar had answered pretty well; fees came in usefully. We gave dinners of course, very pleasant ones, dishes well dressed, wines well chosen, and the company well selected. My dress and my mother's came from London, from the little Miss Stewarts, who covered my mother with velvet, satin, and rich silks, and me with nets, gauzes, Roman pearl trimmings and French wreathes, with a few substantial morning and dinner dresses. Some of the fashions were curious. I walked out like a hussar in a dark cloth pelisse trimmed with fur and braided like the coat of a staff-officer, boots to match, and a fur cap set on one side, and kept on the head by means of a cord with long tassels. This equipment was copied by half the town, it was thought so exquisite.

We wound up our gaieties by a large evening party, so that all received civilities were fully repaid to the entire satisfaction of everybody.

This rout, for so these mere card and conversation parties were called, made more stir than was intended. It was given in the Easter holidays, or about that time, for my father was back with us after having been in London. He had gone up on some appeal cases, and took the opportunity of appearing in his place in the House of Commons, speaking a little, and voting on several occasions, particularly on the Corn Law Bill, his opinion on which made him extremely unpopular with the Radical section of his party, and with the lower orders throughout the country, who kept clamouring for cheap bread, while he supported the producer, the agriculturist. His name as a Protectionist was remarked quickly in Edinburgh where there was hardly another member of Parliament to be had, and the mob being in its first excitement the very evening of my mother's rout, she and her acquaintance came in for

a very unpleasant demonstration of its anger against a former favourite.

Our first intimation of danger was a volley of stones rattling through the windows, which had been left with unclosed shutters on account of the heat of the crowded rooms. A great mob had collected unknown to us, as we had music, and much noise from the buzz of conversation. By way of improving matters, a score of ladies fainted. Lady Matilda Wynyard, who had her senses always about her, came up to my mother and told her not to be frightened; the General, who had had some hint of the mischief, had given the necessary orders, and one of the company, a Captain Macpherson, had been already despatched for the military. A violent ringing of the doorbell, and then the heavy tread of soldiers' feet announced to us that our guard had come. Then followed voices of command outside, ironical cheers, groans, hisses, a sad confusion. At last came the tramp of dragoons, under whose polite attentions the company in some haste departed. Our guard remained all night and ate up the refreshments provided for our dismayed guests, with the addition of a cold round of beef which was fortunately found in the larder. . . .

Memoirs of a Highland Lady. The Autobiography of Elizabeth Grant of Rothiemurchus, afterwards Mrs. Smith of Balteboys. Edited by Lady Strachey.

THERE were many happy, joyous faces to be seen that evening in the streets, admiring the splendid illumination; but the merriest party of all was composed of Frank, Harry, and Laura, under the command of Uncle David, who had lately suffered from a severe fit of the gout; but it seemed to have left him this night, in honour of the great victory, when he appeared quite as much a boy as either of his two companions. For many hours they walked about in the streets, gazing up at the glittering windows, some of which looked as if a constellation of stars had come down for a night to adorn them; and others were filled with the most beautiful pictures of Britannia carrying the world on her shoulders; or Mars showering down wreaths of laurel on the Duke of Wellington, while Victory was sitting at his feet, and Fame blowing a trumpet at his ear. . . . Nothing, however, occasioned the party such a burst of delightful surprise, as when they first beheld the line of blazing windows more than a mile long, from the bottom of the Canongate to the highest pinnacle of the Castle, where they seemed almost to meet the stars shining above in their perpetual glory. 'You see,' remarked Major Graham, when he pointed them out to his young

Edinburgh
illuminated
in honour of
the victory
of Waterloo
1815

companions, 'there is a fit emblem of the difference between earth and heaven. These lights are nearer and brighter to us at present, but when they have blazed and glittered for one little hour, they come to an end; while those above, which we see so dimly now, will continue to shine for ages and generations hereafter, till time itself is no more.'

Catherine Sinclair.

Holiday House.

If Lady — — — stay in Edin., she should take up her residence upon the Mound, and be shown as a *rara avis*—a black swan—for she will be the only woman of her station in the whole town totally devoid of character. I look upon Edin. as the chastest place in the whole world. . . . Here is another perfection of Edin.—all the children there are well bred. They do not treat people of my age and head of hair as the unmannerly little boys of Bethel used the prophet Elisha; but the old, crusty, wearisome men of our metropolis combine both the boys and the bears. . . .

. . . BUT, dear madam, I still fear another reverse, even tho' Mad. de Staël hath taken pen in hand to rouse the energies of the whole male creation. We have long understood that she has fixed upon Edin. as the favoured scene of her future life, as the abode of solid learning and true philosophy, as exemplified in the writings and conversation of our most celebrated Scottish Professors, and now I hear that she is to arrive directly; but from the *mala fama* attached to her principles and general tone of discourse, I think the magistrates of the good town should certainly forbid her landing at Leith; she might be permitted to repair to that conspicuous rock, the Bass, which emerges from the Firth, and there, at the very pinnacle, assume the character of Fame personified.

Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe.

Correspondence.

Doggerel
street verse

Braid burn Towlies
Morningside Swine
Tipperlinn's the bonnie place
Where a' the leddies dine.¹

1815-17

WE put all our home affairs in order for our long absence, and then we set out for Edinburgh. My father had taken there the most disagreeable house possible; a large gloomy No. 11 in Queen Street, on the front of which the sun never shone, and which was

¹ The three places mentioned are all within a stone's throw of one another.
—R. M.

so built against behind that there was no free circulation of air through it. It belonged to Lady Augusta Clavering, once Campbell, one of the handsome sisters of the handsome Duke of Argyll, who had run off from a masquerade with a lover who made her bitterly repent she ever took him for a husband. It was comfortable within, plenty of rooms in it, four good ones on a floor, but they did not communicate. The drawing-room was very large, four windows along the side of it. There were, however, no convenient rooms for refreshments for evening parties, so during our stay in it nothing could be given but dinners, and very few of them, for none of us were in very good-humour. . . .

We were inundated this whole winter with a deluge of a dull ugly colour called Waterloo blue, copied from the dye used in Flanders for the calico of which the peasantry made their smock-frocks or blouses. Everything new was 'Waterloo,' not unreasonably, it had been such a victory, such an event, after so many years of exhausting suffering; and as a surname to hats, coats, trousers, instruments, furniture, it was very well—a fair way of trying to perpetuate tranquillity; but to deluge us with that vile indigo, so unbecoming even to the fairest! It was really a punishment; none of us were sufficiently patriotic to deform ourselves by wearing it. . . .

In November 1816 we travelled back to Edinburgh to take possession of Sir John Hay's house in George Street, an infinitely more agreeable winter residence than Lady Augusta Clavering's very gloomy old barrack in Queen Street. It was an excellent family house, warm, cheerful, and airy, with abundant accommodation for a larger party than ours; but there was the same fault of only one drawing-room and a small study off it. Perhaps my father wanted no space for a ball. The town was much fuller than it had been before, of course gayer, many very pleasant people were added to our society. War was over, all its anxieties, all its sorrows had passed away, and though there must have been many sad homes made for ever, in a degree, desolate, those individual griefs did not affect the surface of our cheerful world. The bitterness of party still prevailed too much in the town, estranging many who would have been improved by mixing more with one another. Also it was a bad system that divided us all into small coteries; the bounds were not strictly defined, and far from strictly kept; still, the various little sections were all there, apart, each small set overvaluing itself and undervaluing its neighbours. There was the fashionable set, headed by Lady Gray of Kinfauns, Lady Molesworth unwillingly admitted, her sister Mrs. Munro,

and several other regular party-giving women, seeming to live for crowds at home and abroad. Lady Molesworth, the fast daughter of a managing manœuvring mother, very clever, no longer young, ran off with a boy at college of old Cornish family and large fortune, and made him an admirable wife—for he was little beyond a fool—and gave him a clever son, the present Sir William Molesworth. Within, or beyond this, was an exclusive set, the Macleods of Macleod, Cumming-Gordons, Shaw-Stewarts, Murrays of Ochtertyre, etc. Then there was a card-playing set, of which old Mrs. Oliphant of Rossie was the principal support, assisted by her daughters Mrs. Grant of Kilgraston and Mrs. Veitch, Mr. and Mrs. Massie, Mr. and Mrs. Richmond (she was sister to Sir Thomas Liddell, Lord Ravensworth), Miss Sinclair of Murkle, the Duchess of Gordon's first cousin and the image of her, Sam Anderson and others. By the bye, Mrs. Richmond was the heroine of the queer story in Mr. Ward's *Tremaine*, and she actually did wear the breeches. Then there was the quiet country-gentleman set, Lord and Lady Wemyss, all the Campbells, Lord and Lady Murray, Sir James and Lady Helen Hall, Sir John and Lady Stewart Hays, and so forth. A literary set, including college professors, authors and others pleased so to represent themselves; a clever set with Mrs. Fletcher; the law set; strangers, and inferiors. All shook up together they would have done very well. Even when partially mingled they were very agreeable. When primmed up, each phalanx apart, on two sides of the turbulent stream of politics, arrayed as if for battle, there was really some fear of a clash at times. We were so fortunate as to skim the cream, I think, off all varieties; though my father publicly was violent in his Whiggism he did not let it interfere with the amenities of private life, and my mother kept herself quite aloof from all party work.

The Lord Provost of Edinburgh was seldom in any of these sets; he was generally a tradesman of repute among his equals, and in their society he was content to abide. This year the choice happened to fall on a little man of good family, highly connected in the mercantile world, married to an Inverness Alve, and much liked. I don't remember what his pursuit was, whether he was a banker, or agent for the great Madras house his brother George was head of, but he was a kind hospitable man, his wife Mrs. Arbuthnot very Highland, and they were general favourites. He was chosen Provost again when his three years were out, so he received the king, George IV., on his memorable visit, and was made a baronet. . . .

In May we removed to Charlotte Square, a house I found the most agreeable of any we had ever lived in in Edinburgh; the shrubbery in front, and the peep from the upper windows at the back, of the Firth of Forth with its wooded shores and distant hills, made the outlook so cheerful. We were in the midst, too, of our friends. . . .

Early in July we moved to a large house in Picardy Place, No. 8, with four windows in front, a great many rooms all of a handsome size, and every accommodation, as the advertisements say, for a family of distinction. My father took a lease of it for three years, hiring the furniture from Mr. Trotter. It was a sad change to us young people, down in the fogs of Leith, far from any country walk, quite away from all *our* friends, and an additional mile from Craigcrook too, measuring both ways. We had got very intimate with Mr. and Mrs. Jeffrey, Jane and I, and we had frequently from Charlotte Square walked out to their beautiful old place on Corstorphine Hill,¹ spent the day there, and returned late when anyone was with us, earlier when alone. . . .

Memoirs of a Highland Lady. The Autobiography of Elizabeth Grant of Rothiemurchus, afterwards Mrs. Smith of Balteboys. Edited by Lady Strachey.

August 26, 1817.

. . . EDINBURGH is perfectly deserted, so that I shall merely have to look at the buildings, streets, etc., and then be off. I am enchanted with the general appearance of the place. It far surpasses all my expectations; and, except Naples, is, I think, the most picturesque place I have ever seen. . . .

August 27th. A gloomy morning, with a steady, pitiless rain. What a contrast to the splendour of yesterday, which was a warm day, with now and then a very light shower, and an atmosphere loaded with rich clouds through which the sunshine fell in broad masses; giving an endless diversity of light and shadow to the grand romantic features of this town. It seemed as if the rock and castle assumed a new aspect every time I looked at them; and Arthur's Seat was perfect witchcraft. I don't wonder that anyone residing in Edinburgh should write poetically; I rambled about the bridges and on Calton height yesterday, in a perfect intoxication of the mind. I did not visit a single public building; but merely gazed and revelled on the romantic scenery around me. The enjoyment of yesterday alone would be a sufficient compensation for the whole journey. . . .

Washington Irving.
Correspondence.

¹ Craigcrook.

To Sir Walter Scott.

93 Princes Street, Sunday Morning.

[October 1817.]

MY DEAR SCOTT, . . . *Apropos*, the Tolbooth was sold two days ago for the sum of two hundred and some odd pounds, to my huge regret; for as to beautifying the old town of Edin., the idea is ridiculous. Every invasion of this nature destroys its character; and though the Tolbooth is not a very ancient building, it is interesting from the numerous historical details connected with it, were it only the scene where Queen Marie, with her targetted tail, pronounced a pointed oration which made the people exclaim 'The voice of Diana!' and enraged Knox so bitterly. I would not move one stone of it. My only comfort is, that you are to have the door-case and niche. For my part, I should like to get the stone wherein the pike was fixed, upon which the traitor heads of both parties were placed; but I suppose that it is not now possible to discover it. . . .

I have not been able to learn whether the Town Guard was knocked down with the Tolbooth. Had I but fortune, I'd make Raeburn paint full-lengths of the whole corps, and furnish a gallery with them—were it only to rival our series of kings at Holyrood House.

Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe.

Correspondence.

. . . ON many occasions, when I was taking a daunder through these historic houses in the wynds and closes of the Old Town, I have met Sir Walter Scott showing them to his visitors, and listened to his deep, earnest voice while narrating to them some terrible incident in regard to their former inhabitants.

On other occasions I have frequently met Sir Walter sturdily limping along over the North Bridge while on his way from the Court of Session (where he acted as Clerk of the Records) to his house in Castle Street. In the same way I saw most of the public characters connected with the Law Courts or the University. Sir Walter was easily distinguished by his height, as well as his limp or halt in his walk. My father was intimate with most, if not all, of the remarkable Edinburgh characters, and when I had the pleasure of accompanying him in his afternoon walks, I enjoyed being able to look at them and hear them in the conversations that took place.

I remember, when I was with my father in one of his walks, that a young English artist accompanied us. He had come across the

Border to be married at Gretna Green, and he brought his bride onward to Edinburgh. My father wished to show him some of the most remarkable old buildings of the town. It was about the end of 1817, when one of the most interesting buildings in Edinburgh was about to be demolished. This was no less a place than the Old Tolbooth in the High Street,—a grand but gloomy old building. It had been originally used as the city palace of the Scottish kings. There they held their councils and dispensed justice.¹ But in course of time the King and Court abandoned the place, and it had sunk into a gaol or prison for the most abandoned of malefactorş. After their trial the prisoners were kept there waiting for execution, and they were hanged on a flat-roofed portion of the building at its west end.

At one of the strongest parts of the building a strong oak chest, iron-plated, had been built in, held fast by a thick wall of stone and mortar on each side. The iron chest measured about nine feet square, and was closed by a strong iron door with heavy bolts and locks. This was the *Heart of Midlothian*, the condemned cell of the Tolbooth. The iron chest was so heavy that the large body of workmen could not, with all their might, pull it out. After stripping it of its masonry, they endeavoured by strong levers to tumble it down into the street. At last, with a 'Yo! heave ho!' it fell down with a mighty crash. The iron chest was so strong that it held together, and only the narrow iron door, with its locks, bolts, and bars, was burst open, and jerked off amongst the bystanders.

It was quite a scene. A large crowd had assembled, and amongst them was Sir Walter Scott. Recognising my father, he stood by him, while both awaited the ponderous crash. Sir Walter was still The Great Unknown, but it was pretty well known who had given such an interest to the building by his fascinating novel, *The Heart of Midlothian*. Sir Walter afterwards got the door and the key for his house at Abbotsford.

There was a rush of people towards the iron chest, to look into the dark interior of that veritable chamber of horrors. My father's artist friend went forward with the rest, to endeavour to pick up some remnant of the demolished structure. As soon as the clouds of dust had been dispersed, he observed, under the place where the iron box had stood, a number of skeletons of rats, as dry as mummies. He selected one of these, wrapped it in a newspaper, and put it in his pocket as a recollection of his first day in Edinburgh, and of the total destruction of the 'Heart of Midlothian.'

¹ And the Scottish parliaments have met here, as, before the Parliament House was built in 1639, the parliament met wherever the King was.—R. M.

This artist was no other than John Linnell, the afterwards famous landscape painter. . . . I was so much impressed with the events of the day, and also with the fact of the young artist having taken with him so repulsive a memento as a rat's skeleton, that I never forgot it. More than half a century later, when I was at a private view of the Royal Academy, I saw sitting on one of the sofas a remarkable and venerable-looking old gentleman. On inquiring of my friend, Thomas Webster, who he was, he answered, 'Why, that's old Linnell!' I then took the liberty of sitting down beside him, and, apologising for my intrusion on his notice, I said it was just fifty-seven years since I had last seen him! I mentioned the circumstance of the rat-skeleton which he had put in his pocket at Edinburgh. He was pleased and astonished to have the facts so vividly recalled to his mind. At last he said, 'Well, I have that mummy rat, the relic of the Heart of Midlothian, safe in a cabinet of curiosities in my house at Redhill to this day.'

James Nasmyth.

Autobiography. Edited by Samuel Smiles.

'Noctes
Ambrosianæ'

Shepherd. I'm out o' breath. Ane o' you tak up the thread o' the discourse, or rather spin a new yarn. Mr. North, sir, gie's ane o' your gran' speeches. I want to fa' asleep.

North. Yes, Edina, thou art indeed a noble city, a metropolis worthy the Land of Mountain and of Flood, Glen, Forest, Loch, and long-winding arms of Ocean! Queen of the North! which of thy august shrines dost thou love best—the Castle-Cliff, within whose hoary battlements Kings were born—the Green Hill looking down on deserted Holyrood—the Craigs smitten into grandeur and beauty by time and the elements—or the Mountain, like a lion couchant, reposing in the sky?

Shepherd. Losh me! that's beautifu' language.

North. The glorious works of Nature everywhere overshadow those of man's hands, and her primeval spirit yet reigns, with paramount and prevailing power, over the region that art has made magnificent with spires and obelisks, towers, temples, and palaces!

Shepherd. Nane o' your astmatic coughs—on wi' ye—on wi' ye—ye deevil.

North. Wheel round the city as on eagle's wing, skimming the edge of the smoke, and the din, and the tumult, in itself a world, yet bordered how beautifully by another world of plains, woods, and ranges of hills, and that glorious Firth—all silent, serene, sublime—and overhead a heaven swept into cloudless azure by the

sea-blasts, and stretching out an ample circumference for the path of the sun !

Shepherd. Eh? Was ye speakin to me? Ou ay, it's a gude jug.

North. Eastward—those are ships hanging afar off between wave and weathergleam ;—westward—those are not clouds, but snow-capt mountains, whose sides are thundering with cataracts, and round whose bases lie a hundred lakes.

Shepherd. Whoo—ah—uch—awe !

North. The eye needs not, here, the aid of Imagination : but Imagination will not, in such a scene, suffer the eye to be without her aid. The past and the future she makes to darken or brighten on the present—the limits of the horizon she extends afar—and round 'stately Edinborough, throned on craggs,' arises a vision of old Scotland from sea to sea !

Shepherd (starting). Lord, sirs, I thocht I had coupit ower a precipice just then.

North. What think ye, James, of this plan of supplying Edin- Fishwives
burgh with living fish?

Shepherd. Gude or bad, it sall never hae my countenance. I couldna thole Embro' without the fishwives, and gin it succeeded, it would be the ruin o' that ancient race.

Tickler. Yes, there are handsome women among these Nereids.

Shepherd. Weel-faured hizzies, Mr. Tickler. But nane o' your winks—for wi' a' their fearsome tauk, they're decent bodies. I like to see their well-shaped shanks aneath their short yellow petticoats. There's something heartsome in the creak o' their creeshy creels on their braid backs, as they gang swinging up the stey streets without sweetin, with the leather belt atower their mutched heads, a' bent laigh down against five stane load o' haddocks, skates, cods, and flounders, like horses that never reest—and, oh man, but mony o' them hae musical voices, and their cries afar aff make my heart-strings dirl.

North. Hard-working, contented, cheerful creatures, indeed, James, but unconscionable extortioners, and——

Shepherd. Saw ye them ever marchin hamewards at nicht, in a baun of some fifty or threescore, down Leith Walk, wi' the grand gas-lamps illuminating their scaly creels, all shining like silver? And heard ye them ever singing their strange sea-sangs—first half-a-dizzen o' the bit young anes, wi' as saft voices and sweet as you could hear in St. George's Kirk on Sabbath, half singin and half shoutin a leadin verse, and then a' the mithers and granmithers, and ablins great-granmithers, some o' them wi' voices like verra men,

gran' tenors and awfu' basses, joinin in the chorus, that gaed echoing roun' Arthur's Seat, and awa ower the tap o' the Martello Tower, out at sea ayont the end o' Leith Pier? Wad ye believe me, that the music micht be ca'd a hymn—at times sae wild and sae mournfu'—and then takin a sudden turn into a sort o' queer and outlandish glee? It gars me think o' the saut sea-faem—and white mew-wings wavering in the blast—and boaties dancin up and down the billow vales, wi' oar or sail,—and waes me—waes me—o' the puir fishing-smack, gaun down head foremost into the deep, and the sighin and the sabbin o' widows, and the wailin o' fatherless weans!

Tickler. But, James, I saw it asserted in a printed circular that there had never been a perfectly fresh fish exposed to sale in Edinburgh since it was a city.

Shepherd. That's been in what they ca' a prospectus.

Bathing at Portobello

Shepherd. Oh, sir! Isna Embro' a glorious city? Sae clear the air, yonner you see a man and a woman staunin on the tap o' Arthur's Seat! I had nae notion there were sae mony steeples, and spires, and columns, and pillars, and obelisks, and domes, in Embro'! And at this distance the ee canna distinguish atween them that belangs to kirks, and them that belangs to naval monuments, and them that belangs to ile-gas companies, and them that's only chimley-heids in the auld toun, and the taps o' groves, or single trees, sic as poplars; and aboon a' and ahint a', craigs and saft-broo'd hills sprinkled wi' sheep, lichts and shadows, and the blue vapoury glimmer o' a Midsummer day—het, het, het, wi' the barometer at ninety; but here, to us twa, bob-bobbin amang the fresh, cool, murmurin, and faemy wee waves, temperate as the air within the mermaid's palace. Anither dive!

Winter and Summer in Edinburgh

North. Thank heaven! my dear Shepherd, Winter is come again, and Edinburgh is beginning once more to look like herself, like her name and her nature, with rain, mist, sleet, haur, hail, snow I hope, wind, storm—would that we could but add a little thunder and lightning—The Queen of the North.

Shepherd. Hoo could you, sir, wi' a' your time at your ain command, keep in and about Embro' frae May to December? The city, for three months in the dead o' simmer, is like a tomb. . . .

North. Where were we, James?

Shepherd. I was abusin Embro' in simmer.

North. Why?

Shepherd. Whey?—a' the lums smokeless! No ae jack turnin

a piece o' roastin beef afore ae fire in ony ae kitchin in a' the New Toon! Streets and squares a' grass-grown, sae that they might be mawn! Shops like bee-hives that hae dee'd in wunter! Coaches settin aff for Stirlin, and Perth, and Glasgow, and no ae passenger either inside or out—only the driver keepin up his heart wi' flourishing his whup, and the guard, sittin in perfect solitude, playin an eerie spring on his bugle-horn! The shut-up playhouse a' covered ower wi' bills that seem to speak o' plays acted in an antediluvian world! Here, perhaps, a leevin cretur, like an emage, staunin at the mouth o' a close, or hirplin alang, like the last relic o' the plague. And oh! but the stane-statue o' the late Lord Melville, staunin a' by himsel up in the silent air, a hunder and fifty feet high, has then a ghastly seeming in the sky, like some giant condemned to perpetual imprisonment on his pedestal, and mournin ower the desolation of the city that in life he loved so well, unheeded and unhonoured for a season in the great metropolitan heart o' the country which he ance rejoiced to enrich and beautify, telling and teaching her how to hold up her head bauldly among the nations, and like a true patriot as he was, home and abroad caring for the greatest—and the least of all her sons!

North. He was the greatest statesman ever Scotland produced, James; nor is she ungrateful, for the mutterings of Whig malice have died away like so much croaking in the pouchy throats of drought-dried toads, and the cheerful singing and whistling of Industry all over the beautifully cultivated Land, are the hymns perpetually exhaled to heaven along with the morning dews, in praise and commemoration of the Patriots who loved the sacred soil in which their bones lie buried.¹

Shepherd. That's weel said, sir.

'Christopher North' (Professor John Wilson).

Noctes Ambrosianæ. First published in *Blackwood's Magazine*.

I CAME to Edinburgh late, and slept at an hotel in Princes Street. I rose and looked out: never to my last hour shall I forget the castle and the old town right opposite, enveloped in the sunny mist of morning.

1820

Always in a new city secure lodgings before you call on your friends, or else you are plagued with recommendations. I determined to secure lodgings and a room for my picture. I took Bruce's room in Waterloo Place, and got lodgings with a Mrs. Farquharson in Princes Street. She had been an old housekeeper of Lord Buchan's, who had furnished her house from his old

¹ See quotations from Macaulay and Thackeray, p. 235 and *note*.

stock. The chairs were so heavy you could not lift them, but were obliged to beckon to your friends to go to one. . . .

We brought by the mail the news of the Queen's triumph, and Edinburgh was in an uproar. I had gone to bed very fatigued, and had fallen sound asleep, when I was awakened by Mrs. Farquharson screaming and thumping at my door 'to light up.' She had a candle in her hand: I got up, scarce awake, when bump came a stone against my bedroom window, and tinkle went the falling glass. The shout of the crowd was savage. They were coming out of the wynds of the old town with a hollow drum, just like the mob in *The Heart of Midlothian*. In my confusion I took the candle from Mrs. Farquharson, who was screaming for her drawing-room glass, and put it against the place where the window had been broken: in came the wind and out went the candle, and bang came another shower from the roaring mob, so that I shut up the shutters, and they battered till there was not a pane left. A pretty reception for me, I thought. After smashing all the glass right and left of us, the drum beat, and away roared the mob into St. Andrew's Square—certainly a more ferocious crowd than a London one. . . .

Sir William Allan was an old friend of mine, and to him I went. . . . The next man I dined with was Sir Walter. I called on him, and heard him stamping down. At the head of his first landing he waved his stick, and cried, 'Hurrah! welcome to Scotland, Haydon.' He then came down, squeezed, in fact griped, my hand, 'How d'ye like Edinburgh?' 'It is the dream of a great genius,' said I. 'Well done,' said Sir Walter, 'when will ye dine with me?' A day was fixed: I went, Allan was there, and L—— and Terry were also of the party, with Miss Scott, Mrs. L——, and Lady Scott.

Sir Walter said, in taking wine with me, 'I say to you, as Hogg said to Wilkie, I am happy to see you are so young a man.'

Sir Walter showed a button that belonged to the waistcoat of Balfour of Burleigh. I happened to say that I had been on Salisbury crags. 'Ah!' said he, quite forgetting himself, 'when I was a youth, I have often sat there thinking of my prospects in life. It is a glorious place.' 'Gad,' I thought, 'I remember that in one of the novels!' and next morning, sending for all of them, I pitched on the passage where Butler escaping from the Porteus' mob gets up to Salisbury crags, and sitting down muses on his future prospects.¹

I had a letter to Wilson,² and he also made up a large party at

¹ See quotation from Scott, pages 213-214.

² 'Christopher North.'

which we had a splendid set-to; Wilson looked like a fine Sandwich Islander who had been educated in the Highlands. His light hair, deep sea-blue eye, tall athletic figure, and hearty hand-grasp, his eagerness in debate, his violent passions, great genius, and irregular habits, rendered him a formidable partisan, a furious enemy, and an ardent friend. . . .

The season in Edinburgh is the severest part of winter. Princes Street in a clear sun-set with the Castle and the Pentland Hills in radiant glory, and the crowd illumined by the setting sun, was a sight perfectly original.

First you would see limping Sir Walter, talking as he walked with Lord Meadowbank; then tripped Jeffrey, keen, restless, and fidgety; you next met Wilson or Lockhart, or Allan, or Thompson, or Raeburn, as if all had agreed to make their appearance at once. It was a striking scene—foreigners were impressed like myself. I wonder Allan never thought of it as the subject of a picture. It would make a fine one.

I never had a complete conception of Scotch hospitality till I dined at Geddes' with Sir H. Raeburn and Thomson (who set Burns' songs to music), and a party of thirty at least.

Thomson sang some of the songs of Burns with great relish and taste, and at the chorus of one, to my utter astonishment, the whole company took hands, jumped up, and danced to the tune all round till they came to their seats again, leaving me sitting in wonder.¹

B. R. Haydon.

Autobiography.

IF I were to choose a spot from which the rising or setting sun could be seen to the greatest possible advantage, it would be that wild path winding around the foot of the high belt of semicircular rocks called Salisbury Crag, and marking the verge of the steep descent which slopes down into the glen on the south-eastern side of the city of Edinburgh. The prospect, in its general outline, commands a close-built, high-piled city, stretching itself out beneath in a form which, to a romantic imagination, may be supposed to represent that of a dragon; now a noble arm of the sea, with its rocks, isles, distant shores, and boundary of mountains; and now a fair and fertile champaign country, varied with hill, dale, and rock, and skirted by the picturesque ridge of the Pent-

¹ Probably they were singing *Auld Lang Syne*, at one verse of which, where the lines occur—

'Then here's a hand, my trusty friend,
And gie's a hand o' thine,'

the ceremony of taking hands is usually gone through.—R. M.

land Mountains. But as the path gently circles around the base of the cliffs, the prospect, composed as it is of these enchanting and sublime objects, changes at every step, and presents them blended with, or divided from, each other in every possible variety which can gratify the eye and the imagination. When a piece of scenery so beautiful, yet so varied, so exciting by its intricacy, and yet so sublime, is lighted up by the tints of morning or of evening, and displays all that variety of shadowy depth, exchanged with partial brilliancy, which gives character even to the tamest of landscapes, the effect approaches near to enchantment. This path used to be my favourite evening and morning resort, when engaged with a favourite author or a new subject of study. . . .

Sir Walter Scott.

The Heart of Midlothian.

It was not long before we found ourselves at Edinburgh, or rather in the Castle, into which the regiment marched with drums beating, colours flying, and a long train of baggage-waggon behind. The Castle was, as I suppose it is now, a garrison for soldiers. Two other regiments were already there; the one an Irish, if I remember right, the other a small Highland corps.

It is hardly necessary to say much about this Castle, which everybody has seen; on which account, doubtless, nobody has ever yet thought fit to describe it—at least that I am aware. Be this as it may, I have no intention of describing it, and shall content myself with observing, that we took up our abode in that immense building, or caserne, of modern erection, which occupies the entire eastern side of the bold rock on which the Castle stands. A gallant caserne it was—the best and roomiest that I had hitherto seen—rather cold and windy, it is true, especially in the winter, but commanding a noble prospect of a range of distant hills, which I was told were ‘the hieland hills,’ and of a broad arm of the sea which I heard somebody say was the Firth of Forth. . . .

To scale the rock was merely child’s play for the Edinbro’ callants. It was my own favourite diversion. I soon found that the rock contained all manner of strange crypts, crannies, and recesses, where owls nestled, and the weasel brought forth her young; here and there were small natural platforms, overgrown with long grass and various kinds of plants, where the climber, if so disposed, could stretch himself, and either give his eyes to sleep or his mind to thought; for capital places were these same platforms either for repose or meditation. The boldest features of the rock are descried on the southern side, where, after shelving down

gently from the wall for some distance, it terminates abruptly in a precipice, black and horrible, of some three hundred feet at least, as if the axe of nature had been here employed cutting sheer down, and leaving behind neither excrescence nor spur—a dizzy precipice it is, assimilating much to those so frequent in the flinty hills of Northern Africa, and exhibiting some distant resemblance to that of Gibraltar, towering in its horridness above the neutral ground. . . .

My brother, who, for some years past, had been receiving his education in a certain celebrated school in England, was now with us ; and it came to pass, that one day my father, as he sat at table, looked steadfastly on my brother and myself, and then addressed my mother : ‘ During my journey down hither I have lost no opportunity of making inquiries about these people, the Scotch, amongst whom we now are, and since I have been here I have observed them attentively. From what I have heard and seen, I should say that upon the whole they are a very decent set of people ; they seem acute and intelligent, and I am told that their system of education is so excellent, that every person is learned—more or less acquainted with Greek and Latin. There is one thing, however, connected with them, which is a great drawback—the horrid jargon which they speak. However learned they may be in Greek and Latin, their English is execrable. . . . Were it not for the language, which, if the boys pick it up, might ruin their prospects in life,—were it not for that, I should very much like to send them to a school there is in this place, which everybody talks about—the High School, I think they call it. ’Tis said to be the best school in the whole island ; but the idea of one’s children speaking Scotch—broad Scotch ! I must think the matter over.

And he did think the matter over ; and the result of his deliberation was a determination to send us to the school. Let me call thee up before my mind’s eye, High School, to which, every morning, the two English brothers took their way from the proud old Castle through the lofty streets of the Old Town. High School !—called so, I scarcely know why ; neither lofty in thyself, nor by position, being situated in a flat bottom ; oblong structure of tawny stone, with many windows fenced with iron netting—with thy long hall below, and thy five chambers above, for the reception of the five classes, into which the eight hundred urchins, who styled thee instructress, were divided. Thy learned rector and his four subordinate dominies ; thy strange old porter of the tall form and grizzled hair, hight Boee, and doubtless of Norse ancestry, as his name declares. . . . Yes, I remember all about thee, and how at eight every morn we were all gathered together with one accord

in the long hall, from which, after the litanies had been read (for so I will call them, being an Episcopalian), the five classes from the five sets of benches trotted off in long files, one boy after the other, up the five spiral staircases of stone, each class to its destination ; and well do I remember how we of the third sat hushed and still, watched by the eye of the dux, until the door opened, and in walked that model of a good Scotchman, the shrewd, intelligent, but warm-hearted and kind dominie, the respectable Carson. And in this school I began to construe the Latin language, which I had never done before, notwithstanding my long and diligent study of Lilly, which illustrious grammar was not used at Edinburgh, not indeed known. Greek was only taught in the fifth or highest class, in which my brother was ; as for myself, I never got beyond the third during the two years that I remained at this seminary. I certainly acquired here a considerable insight in the Latin tongue ; and, to the scandal of my father and horror of my mother, a thorough proficiency in the Scotch. . . .

George Borrow.
Lavengro.

1821

J'AI voulu aussi essayer de donner quelque idée de la société d'Edimbourg, société si remarquable par la parfaite aisance, la cordialité et la véritable amabilité qui y règnent ; société à la tête de laquelle brillent encore aujourd'hui les savans, les littérateurs et les poètes qui en étoient l'ornement lorsque j'ai eu le bonheur d'y être admis. On verra que, soit par ses institutions, soit par le genre de vie de ses habitans, Edimbourg n'est pas indigne des titres d'Athènes du Nord et de Capitale de la pensée que lui ont donné plusieurs écrivains modernes.

La rue nommée Georges Street et les deux belles places carrées qui la terminent, offrent un spectacle imposant et seroient bien plus remarquables encore, si elles étoient plus animées ; mais dans la belle saison les propriétaires de ces élégans hôtels habitant leurs terres, ces longues rues deviennent désertes ; et chaque été on voit croître l'herbe dans ces quartiers abandonnés qui deviennent alors le séjour du silence et de la tristesse.

Queen Street ou la rue de la reine, située sur la pente septentrionale de la colline, s'ouvre sur une magnifique perspective. De là on voit le Golfe de Forth, ses rivages, ses îles verdoyantes, la rade de Leith et ses nombreux vaisseaux, la pleine mer d'un côté, les monts Grampiens de l'autre. Autrefois on jouissoit de cette vue dans toute l'étendue de Queen Street, longue d'un mille et

plus. Aussi dans les belles soirées de l'été une foule nombreuse venoit y chercher la fraîcheur et admirer en se promenant le coup d'œil enchanteur de ce beau paysage éclairé des derniers rayons du soleil couchant. Mais depuis peu d'années un nouveau quartier, qui s'élève sur le penchant de la colline, a privé une grande partie de cette rue d'un si brillant tableau.

La rue nommée Princes Street fait le pendant de celle dont je viens de parler. Le rocher sauvage surmonté de la forteresse, le ravin couronné par les antiques bâtimens de la vieille ville, les collines pittoresques d'Arthur's Seat, de Salisbury-Craigs et du Calton hill, forment le point de vue dont on jouit dans toute la longueur de cette rue. Etant ouverte au midi, elle offre en hiver un promenoir fort agréable. Les maisons en réfléchissant les rayons du soleil et en abritant des vents glacés du nord maintiennent une chaleur douce et salubre. C'est là que depuis deux heures jusqu'à quatre, pendant les mois d'hiver, tout Edimbourg se rassemble. Cette rue présente alors le coup d'œil le plus vivant. Les larges trottoirs sont remplis d'hommes bien mis, de femmes élégamment parées; un passage continuel d'équipages brillans, de chaises de postes, de diligences anime le milieu de la rue qui est aussi la grande route de Glasgow et de l'Ouest de l'Ecosse. J'ai souvent admiré dans les belles nuits du printemps l'effet romantique du château, vu de Princes Street. Les formes âpres et escarpées du sombre rocher se dessinent sur les derniers reflets du couchant, les murailles et les bâtimens de la forteresse semblent toucher le Ciel, les antiques édifices de vieille ville, couverts des ombres de la nuit, paroissent comme des rocs sauvages découpés en mille formes bizarres par la main du temps. Quelques rayons d'une foible lumière s'échappent parfois d'une petite fenêtre dans la partie la plus élevée du château et semblent partir de la lampe qui éclaire un malheureux prisonnier dans son donjon obscur, et les sons mélodieux du *bugle* ou cor qui se font entendre du haut de ces murailles comme le signal de la retraite, rappellent les temps de la chevalerie et du moyen âge.

Il est difficile de trouver des femmes plus aimables et plus dénuées de toute espèce d'affectation que ne le sont les Ecossaises. Aussi ce naturel, cette grâce, cet engouement qu'elles portent jusque dans leur manière de danser, rendent les bals à Edimbourg extrêmement animés. . . .

Cependant, malgré cet amour pour le plaisir qui fait que les fêtes et les divertissemens se succèdent sans interruption, les Ecossais

n'oublie jamais la sainteté du dimanche. Ce jour-là, non-seulement tout travail, mais même tout amusement est interdit ; il n'y a point de visites, point d'invitations ; le moindre jeu seroit un péché, la musique de tout genre est sévèrement proscrite. Après avoir passé une partie de la matinée dans les églises, chacun retourne chez soi sans bruit, et n'en sort plus de toute la journée. Le soir, les familles se rassemblent et célèbrent en commun un service domestique. Ainsi, par ce respectable attachement au culte presbytérien, dans toute son austérité, on prévient les inconvéniens que pourroit avoir pour les mœurs nationales la dissipation des autres jours de la semaine.

On voit souvent pendant l'hiver, surtout dans les mois de Décembre, Janvier et Février le plus brillant et le plus beau des phénomènes atmosphériques, l'aurore boréale. J'en ai vu fréquemment pendant les deux hivers que j'ai passés à Edimbourg, mais j'observai la plus-remarquable le 14 Janvier 1807. Ayant aperçu ce jour-là vers huit heures du soir une lueur très-prononcée au nord, je me rendis dans la rue nommée Queen street, d'où la vue sur la partie septentrionale du ciel est entièrement découverte, et là je jouis d'un des plus beaux spectacles que l'on puisse imaginer. Une lumière jaunâtre qui ne peut être comparée pour la couleur et l'intensité qu'à celle que réfléchissent ces légers nuages qui passent sur la disque de la lune ou dans les environs, s'étendoit le long de l'horizon et au-dessus des collines du comté de Fife. Elle varioit à chaque instant ; tantôt elle formoit deux ou trois grands arcs concentriques, tantôt une bande parallèle à l'horizon, quelquefois on croyoit voir un nuage irrégulier vivement éclairé par la lune. Il y avoit dans cette lumière un mouvement et une agitation continuelles, souvent des jets d'une lueur foible et bleuâtre partoient de la grande masse lumineuse en se dirigeant perpendiculairement jusqu'au zénith, puis disparoissoient tout-à-coup, pour faire place à d'autres jets semblables qui se succédoient sans interruption. Ce qu'il y avoit de remarquable dans cette soirée c'est que la lune dans son septième jour brilloit dans le côté opposé d'un ciel pur et serein, et que sa lumière ne diminuoit en aucune manière l'effet brillant que produisoit l'aurore boréale. Après avoir contemplé ce magnifique spectacle on conçoit aisément que les anciens peuples du nord aient cru voir dans les aurores boréales un rassemblement des fées et des génies de l'air, célébrant des jeux et des danses dans la partie la plus élevée de l'atmosphère.

L. A. Necker de Saussure.
Voyage en Écosse et aux îles Hébrides.

THE King, as he approached his ancient city, was welcomed, not by cheers, but by one running cheer along the whole line of procession from Leith to his palace. By means of the scaffolding, the spectators along Leith Walk were, in a great measure, divided into distinct but contiguous masses. By each mass, as the King proceeded, he was saluted by a loud and cordial cheer, which, subsiding as he passed, was taken up by those next in advance, and thus was continued until the King was withdrawn from the view of his subjects. The waving of hats and handkerchiefs that accompanied the cheering contributed greatly to the imposing effect of the scene.

The King was evidently much moved by these demonstrations of affection to his sacred person. Along the whole road he frequently raised his hat and bowed to the people, whom he regarded with fixed attention. . . . The mottoes on the triumphal arches at Leith, and upon the different flags along the road, arrested the eye of his Majesty. Upon the toll-house was an elegant crown, and beneath it the words, 'Descendant of the immortal Bruce, thrice welcome!' which the King perused with marked emotion.

As the procession advanced towards the city, the Lord Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council of Edinburgh proceeded from the house of Mr. Craufuird to the barrier (from which was suspended a variety of flags); and immediately ordered the gates to be shut, and then took up their station upon a platform provided for their accommodation. In about ten minutes after, the Depute Lyon King at Arms and the Usher of the White Rod, preceded by two Heralds, galloped up to the gate; and, after a flourish of trumpets, the Usher of the White Rod knocked three times at the gate, which was answered by the City Officer, to whom it was communicated, that his Majesty desired to visit his ancient city of Edinburgh. An answer was made by the Chamberlain, that the gates would be opened to his Majesty, which was immediately done; when the Depute Lyon King at Arms and Usher of the White Rod, along with Heralds, returned with the answer, and took their places in the procession.

Upon his Majesty's carriage coming within the barrier, it was drawn up, when the Lord Provost, followed by the Magistracy, approached near to the south side of the royal carriage; and, after they had made their obeisances, his Majesty stood up uncovered, and leaned towards the Lord Provost, who, holding the cushion on which the keys of the city were placed, addressed his Majesty. . . .

His Majesty, dropping the keys upon the cushion, replied,—

'My Lord Provost, I return you these keys, being perfectly con-

vinced that they cannot be placed in better hands than in those of the Lord Provost and Magistrates of my good city of Edinburgh.'

The Lord Provost and Magistrates then returned to their carriages, and took their appointed places in the procession, as had been arranged, immediately after the Lord Lieutenant of the county, and preceded by their officers. Loud cheers from the immense assemblage collected around the barrier followed this ceremony, by which the King was formally received within his ancient city.

The royal carriage, at the conclusion of the ceremony, moved slowly forward about fifty yards, to the point at the end of Picardy Place, where Leith Street on the left, and York Place on the right, are distinctly seen. The magnitude of the buildings,—the rising ground in front, appearing like a huge amphitheatre divided into sections, crowded by a well-dressed multitude, and resounding with their acclamations,—the splendour of the windows, occupied by our fair countrywomen,—and the waving of their handkerchiefs,—altogether had such an effect, that his Majesty held up his hands, and looked around, as if with joy and wonder. . . .

The procession advanced along Picardy Place, York Place, and North and South St. Andrew's Street. As the royal carriage entered St. Andrew's Square, a different scene, but one of equally unique character, presented itself. The noble square, adorned by so many proofs of wealth and taste; the Melville Monument, standing in the centre in solitary grandeur; the magnificent vista on the right, formed by George Street, and terminated by the lofty dome of St. George's Church; and in front the smoky piles of the Old Town, towering in irregular majesty;—the whole of this scene was beheld by the King, who withdrew his eyes from it only to return the salutations of his loyal subjects.

On reaching Princes Street, a new scene presented itself—in front, the old town, overlooking, with proud and lofty crest, the more regular, but less romantic avenues of its modern accessary, the Castle (which, as his face was from it, was pointed out to his Majesty by one of his attendants) rearing her ancient battlements to the skies; and, in front, the noble buildings in Waterloo Place,—the precipitous front of the Calton, supporting Nelson's pillar, around which was clustered a new multitude, preserving an attitude as firm as the rock on which they stood,—such a scene, which might have subdued the indifference of a stoic, and inspired him with sensations of delight and astonishment, burst at once upon our monarch, who exclaimed, 'How superb!' As he approached the hill, his feelings were so overpowered, that he waved his hat to

the crowd upon the summit, who rent the air with their acclamations. His Majesty was yet to witness another scene which, though neither of art nor inanimate nature, was more sublime than is to be found in the region of either. As his carriage winded round the Calton Hill, and while looking down, with emotions which may well be conceived, upon the gilded spires of the palace of his ancestors, a shout was raised so loud and so prolonged, that his Majesty, withdrawing his eyes from an object of such solemn contemplation, looked to the left, and beheld high above him, on the side of the hill, which hitherto had been concealed from his view, thousands and thousands of hats waved in the air by a solid mass of people, whose numbers defied all power of calculation. His Majesty recoiled, if we may use the term, with wonder from the sight, but instantly looked up again, and betrayed in his countenance the deepest emotion. This was by far the most picturesque and most national feature in the whole spectacle, and one which seemed most to interest his Majesty, who gave indulgence to his feelings by the unreserved and gracious returns which he made to the acclamations of the people. At this stage of the procession 'God Save the King' was sung by the people, the sound of which was soon drowned in the cheers of the more advanced multitude.

The procession now descended the Abbeyhill, and in a few minutes was in front of the palace. Here were stationed the flank companies of the regiments in the Castle, and the Sutherland Highlanders; and within the grand entrance was stationed a squadron of Celts. The staircase was guarded by the beef-eaters. At the head of the staircase were stationed five archers with their bows upright; and leading from the staircase into the royal closet were seven archers, and two of the royal pages. When his Majesty arrived in front of the palace, he was saluted by the whole military and Highlanders assembled; and 'God Save the King' was struck up by their bands of music. But the procession was not yet completed. An act remained to be performed, which was watched with the deepest anxiety by the thousands assembled on the Calton and the adjoining eminences. They seemed to consider the entrance of his Majesty within the palace as completing the solemn inauguration of him as King of Scotland,—as the actual revival, under a modified form, of the Scottish monarchy,—and an open recognition of all their public rights. The moment that the King was within the porch, a deafening shout of triumph ascended from the multitude, which was responded to by a royal salute fired from the guns of the Castle and on the Crag, on both of which waved proudly the royal banner.

An Historical Account of His Majesty's Visit to Scotland.

August
1822

‘EDINBURGH is really a very interesting place,—to me very singular. How can I describe the view from the hill that overlooks the palace; the fine group of buildings which form the Castle; the bridges uniting the two towns; and the beautiful view of the Firth and its islands?’

‘But Sunday came, and the streets were forsaken; and silence reigned over the whole city. London has a diminished population on that day in her streets; but in Edinburgh it is a total stagnation—a quiet that is in itself devout.’

Rev. George Crabbe.

Journal, quoted in *Life of Crabbe*, by his son.

EDINBURGH, 32 ABERCROMBY PLACE,
June 8, 1823.

1823

. . . THE drive from Linlithgow to Edinburgh is nothing extraordinary, but the road approaching the city is grand, and the first view of the castle and ‘mine own romantic town’ delighted my companions; the day was fine and they were sitting outside on the barouche seat—a seat which you, my dear aunt, would not have envied them with all their fine prospects. By this approach to Edinburgh there are no suburbs; you drive at once through magnificent broad streets and fine squares. All the houses are of stone, darker than the Ardraccan stone, and of a kind that is little injured by weather or time. Margaret Alison¹ had taken lodgings for us in Abercromby Place—finely built, with hanging shrubbery garden, and the house as delightful as the situation. As soon as we had unpacked and arranged our things the evening of our arrival, we walked, about ten minutes’ distance from us, to our dear old friends, the Alisons. We found them shawled and bonneted, just coming to see us. Mr. Alison and Sir Walter Scott had settled that we should dine the first day after our arrival with Mr. Alison, which was just what we wished; but on our return home we found a note from Sir Walter:

‘DEAR MISS EDGEWORTH,—I have just received your kind note, just when I had persuaded myself it was most likely I should see you in person or hear of your arrival. Mr. Alison writes to me you are engaged to dine with him to-morrow, which puts Roslin out of the question for that day, as it might keep you late. On Sunday I hope you will join our family-party at five, and on Monday I have asked one or two of the Northern Lights on purpose to meet you. I should be engrossing at any time, but we shall be more disposed to be so just now, because on the 12th I am

¹ Mrs. Alison, wife of Professor Alison, and daughter of Dr. James Gregory.

under the necessity of going to a different kingdom (only the kingdom of *Fife*) for a day or two. To-morrow, if it is quite agreeable, I will wait on you about twelve, and hope you will permit me to show you some of our improvements.—I am always,
—Most respectfully yours, WALTER SCOTT.'

When we wakened in the morning, the whole scene of the preceding night seemed like a dream; however, at twelve came the real Lady Scott, and we called for Scott at the Parliament House, who came out of the Courts with joyous face, as if he had nothing on earth to do or to think of, but to show us Edinburgh. Seeming to enjoy it all as much as we could, he carried us to Parliament House—Advocates' Library, Castle, and Holyrood House. His conversation all the time better than anything we could see, full of *à-propos* anecdote, historic, serious or comic, just as occasion called for it, and all with a *bonhomie* and an ease that made us forget it was any trouble even to his lameness to mount flights of eternal stairs. Chantrey's statues of Lord Melville and President Blair are admirable. There is another by Roubillac, of Duncan Forbes, which is excellent. Scott is enthusiastic about the beauties of Edinburgh, and well he may be, the most magnificent as well as the most romantic of cities.

Maria Edgeworth.

Life and Letters of Maria Edgeworth.

Edited by Augustus T. C. Hare.

SCOTT managed to give and receive such great dinners as I have been alluding to, at least as often as any other private gentleman in Edinburgh; but he very rarely accompanied his wife and daughters to the evening assemblies, which commonly ensued under other roofs—for *early to rise*, unless in the case of spare-fed anchorites, takes for granted *early to bed*. When he had no dinner engagement, he frequently gave a few hours to the theatre; but still more frequently, when the weather was fine, and still more, I believe, to his own satisfaction, he drove out with some of his family, or a single friend, in an open carriage; the favourite rides being either to the Blackford Hills, or to Ravelston, and so home by Corstorphine; or to the beach of Portobello, where Peter was always instructed to keep his horses as near as possible to the sea. More than once, even in the first summer of my acquaintance with him, I had the pleasure of accompanying him on those evening excursions; and never did he seem to enjoy himself more fully than when placidly surveying, at such sunset or moonlight hours,

either the massive outlines of his 'own romantic town,' or the tranquil expanse of its noble estuary. He delighted, too, in passing when he could, through some of the quaint windings of the ancient city itself, now deserted, except at midday, by the upper world. How often have I seen him go a long way round about, rather than miss the opportunity of halting for a few minutes on the vacant esplanade of Holyrood, or under the darkest shadows of the Castle rock, where it overhangs the Grassmarket, and the huge slab that still marks where the gibbet of Porteous and the Covenanters had its station. His coachman knew him too well to move at a Jehu's pace amid such scenes as these. No funeral hearse crept more leisurely than did his landau up the Canongate or the Cowgate; and not a queer tottering gable but recalled to him some long-buried memory of splendour or bloodshed, which, by a few words, he set before the hearer in the reality of life. His image is so associated in my mind with the antiquities of his native place, that I cannot now revisit them without feeling as if I were treading on his gravestone.

John Gibson Lockhart.
Life of Scott.

The Scott
Monument,
Princes
Street,
Edinburgh

HERE sits he throned, where men and gods behold
His domelike brow—a good man simply great;
Here in this highway proud, that arrow-straight
Cleaves at one stroke the new world from the old.
On this side, Commerce, Fashion, Progress, Gold;
On that, the Castle Hill, the Canongate,
A thousand years of war and love and hate
There palpably upstanding fierce and bold.
Here he sits throned; beneath him, full and fast,
The tides of Modern Life impetuous run.
O Scotland, was it well and meetly done?
For see! he sits with back turned on the Past—
He whose imperial edict bade it last
While yon grey ramparts kindle to the sun.

William Watson.

1824

THE great fires of the Parliament Close and the High Street were events of this winter. A countryman, who had left town when the old spire of the Tron Church was blazing like a torch, and the large group of buildings nearly opposite the Cross still enveloped in flame from ground-floor to roof-tree, passed our work-shed, a little after two o'clock, and, telling us what he had seen, remarked that, if the conflagration went on as it was doing, we would have,

as our next season's employment, the Old Town of Edinburgh to rebuild. And as the evening closed over our labours, we went in to town in a body, to see the fires that promised to do so much for us. The spire had burnt out, and we could but catch between us and the darkened sky the square abrupt outline of the masonry a-top that had supported the wooden broach, whence, only a few hours before, Fergusson's bell had descended in a molten shower.¹ The flames, too, in the upper group of buildings, were restricted to the lower stories, and flared fitfully on the tall forms and bright swords of the dragoons, drawn from the neighbouring barracks, as they rode up and down the middle space, or gleamed athwart the street on groups of wretched-looking women and ruffian men, who seemed scanning with greedy eyes the still unremoved heaps of household goods rescued from the burning tenements. The first figure that caught my eye was a singularly ludicrous one. Removed from the burning mass but by the thickness of a wall, there was a barber's shop brilliantly lighted with gas, the uncurtained window of which permitted the spectators outside to see whatever was going on in the interior. The barber was as busily at work as if he were a hundred miles from the scene of danger, though the engines at the time were playing against the outside of his gable wall; and the immediate subject under his hands, as my eye rested upon him, was an immensely fat old fellow, on whose round bald forehead and ruddy cheeks the perspiration, occasioned by the oven-like heat of the place, was standing out in huge drops, and whose vast mouth, widely opened to accommodate the man of the razor, gave to his countenance such an expression as I have sometimes seen in grotesque Gothic heads of that age of art in which the ecclesiastical architect began to make sport of his religion. The next object that presented itself was, however, of a more sobering description. A poor working-man, laden with his favourite piece of furniture, a glass-fronted press or cupboard, which he had succeeded in rescuing from his burning dwelling, was emerging from one of the lanes, followed by his wife, when, striking his foot against some obstacle in the way, or staggering from the too great weight of his load, he tottered against a projecting corner, and the glazed door was driven in with a crash. There was hopeless misery in the wailing cry of his wife—'Oh, ruin, ruin!—*it's* lost too!' Nor was his own despairing response less sad: 'Ay, ay, puir lassie, it's a' at an end noo.' Curious as it may seem, the wild excitement of the scene had at first rather exhilarated than depressed my spirits; but the incident of the glass cupboard

¹ See page 141 and note.

served to awaken the proper feeling ; and as I came more into contact with the misery of the catastrophe, and marked the groups of shivering houseless creatures that watched beside the broken fragments of their stuff, I saw what a dire calamity a great fire really is. Nearly two hundred families were already at this time cast homeless into the streets. Shortly before quitting the scene of the conflagration for the country, I passed along a common stair, which led from the Parliament Close towards the Cowgate, through a tall old domicile, eleven stories in height, and I afterwards remembered that the passage was occupied by a smouldering oppressive vapour, which, from the direction of the wind, could scarce have been derived from the adjacent conflagration, though at the time, without thinking much of the circumstance, I concluded it might have come creeping westwards on some low cross current along the narrow lanes. In less than an hour after that lofty tenement was wrapt in flames, from the ground story to more than a hundred feet over its tallest chimneys, and about sixty additional families, its tenants, were cast into the streets with the others. My friend William Ross afterwards assured me, that never had he witnessed anything equal in grandeur to this last of the conflagrations. Directly over the sea of fire below, the low-browed clouds above seemed as if charged with a sea of blood, that lightened and darkened by fits as the flames rose and fell ; and far and wide, tower and spire, and tall house-top, glared out against a background of darkness, as if they had been brought to a red heat by some great subterranean, earth-born fire, that was fast rising to wrap the entire city in destruction. The old church of St. Giles, he said, with the fantastic masonry of its pale grey tower bathed in crimson, and that of its dark rude walls suffused in a bronze umber, and with the red light gleaming inwards through its huge mullioned windows and flickering on its stone roof, formed one of the most picturesque objects he had ever seen.

Hugh Miller.

My Schools and Schoolmasters.

THAT Edinburgh resembles Athens was first pointed out by the Athenian Stuart, whose opinion has been confirmed by various succeeding travellers. Dr. Clarke speaks decidedly to the same effect ; and finely adds, that the neighbourhood of Athens is just the Highlands of Scotland, enriched with the splendid remains of art. One of the latest travellers, Mr. H. W. Williams, whose beautiful drawings of the scenery and ruins of Attica have lately furnished by far the most exquisite specimen of the arts ever produced in Scotland, in various parts of his *Travels* confirms the

statements of his predecessors, and says, moreover, that, 'suppose the lakes of Scotland were plains, he knows no country so like the illustrious Greece.' This gentleman has also said, 'the distant view of Athens from the Ægean Sea, is extremely like that of Edinburgh from the Firth of Forth, though certainly the latter is *considerably superior*.' In addition to and in confirmation of his printed opinions, Mr. Williams has kindly contributed, for the use of this work, a brief comparison of the two cities; and we announce, with great pleasure, that it is the design of this gentleman, to publish two uniform engravings, representing the Ancient and the Modern Athens, as seen from the points where their resemblance is most conspicuous.

The epithets 'Northern Athens' and 'Modern Athens' have been so frequently applied to Edinburgh, that the mind unconsciously yields to the allusion awakened by these terms, and imagines that the resemblance between these cities must extend from the natural localities, and the public buildings, to the streets and private edifices. The very reverse of this is the case: for, setting aside her public structures, Athens, even in her best days, could not have coped with the capital of Scotland. The truth is, that the comforts of the Athenians were constantly sacrificed to the public benefit; and the ruins which still remain to attest the unrivalled magnificence of the temples of Athens, afford no criterion by which we may judge of the character of her private dwellings. Athens—as it now exists, independent of its ruins, and deprived of the charm of association—is contemptible: its houses are mean, and its streets scarcely deserve the name. Still, however, 'when distance lends enchantment to the view,' even the mud-walls of Athens assume features of importance, and the modern city appears almost worthy of the Acropolis which ornaments it. It is when seen under this advantage, that the likeness of Edinburgh to Athens is most strikingly apparent.

There are several points of view, on the elevated grounds near Edinburgh, from which this resemblance is almost complete. From Tor-Phin, in particular, one of the low heads of the Pentlands, immediately above the village of Colinton, the landscape is exactly that of the vicinity of Athens, as viewed from the bottom of Mount Anchesmus. Close upon the right, Brilessus is represented by the mound of Braid; before us, in the abrupt and dark mass of the Castle, rises the Acropolis; the hill Lycabetus, joined to that of the Areopagus, appears in the Calton; in the Firth of Forth, we behold the Ægean Sea—in Inchkeith, Ægina; and the hills of the Peloponnesus are precisely those of the opposite coast of Fife. Nor is the resemblance less striking in the general

characteristics of the scene; for, although we cannot exclaim, 'these are the graves of the Academy, and that the Sacred Way!' yet, as on the Attic shore, we certainly here behold—

' . . . A country rich and gay
Broke into hills, with balmy odours crowned,
And . . . joyous vales,
Mountains, and streams, . . .
And clustering towns, and monuments of fame,
And scenes of glorious deeds, in little bounds!'

It is, indeed, most remarkable and astonishing, that two cities, placed at such a distance from each other, and so different in every political and artificial circumstance, should *naturally* be so like. Were the National Monument to be erected upon the site of the present Barracks in the Castle, an important additional feature of resemblance would be conferred upon the landscape; that being the corresponding position of the Parthenon in the Acropolis.

Robert Chambers.
Walks in Edinburgh.

EDINBURGH for about a hundred and thirty years after the Union continued to be in effect, and not in name merely, the capital of a kingdom, and occupied a place in the eye of the world scarcely second to that of London. . . .

The high place which Edinburgh held among the cities of the earth it owed exclusively to the intellectual standing and high literary ability of a few distinguished citizens, who were able to do for it greatly more in the eye of Europe than had been done by its Court and Parliament, or than could have been done through any other agency, by the capital of a small and poor country.

Hugh Miller.
Essays.

1825

MR. LEONARD HORNER also took me once to a meeting of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, where I saw Sir Walter Scott in the chair as President, and he apologised to the meeting as not feeling fitted for such a position. I looked at him and at the whole scene with some awe and reverence, and I think it was owing to this visit during my youth, and to my having attended the Royal Medical Society, that I felt the honour of being elected a few years ago an honorary member of both these Societies, more than any other similar honour. If I had been told at that time that I should one day have been thus honoured, I declare that I should have thought it as ridiculous and improbable, as if I had been told that I should be elected King of England.

Charles Darwin.
Autobiographical chapter of Life and Letters of Charles Darwin.

FAREWELL, Edina! pleasing name,—

Congenial to my heart

A joyous guest to thee I came,

And mournful I depart.

Thomas Campbell.

THE day, though cold, was clear and sunny, and the lovely spectacle before them shone forth in all its gay magnificence. The blue waters lay calm and motionless. The opposite shores glowed in a thousand varied tints of wood and plain, rock and mountain, cultured field, and purple moor. Beneath, the Old Town reared its dark brow, and the New one stretched its golden lines, white, all around, the varied charms of Nature lay scattered in that profusion, which Nature's hand alone can bestow.

'Oh! this is exquisite!' exclaimed Mary, after a long pause, in which she had been riveted in admiration of the scene before her. 'And you are in the right, my dear uncle. The ideas which are inspired by the contemplation of such a spectacle as this are far—oh, how far!—superior to those excited by the mere works of art. There, I can, at best, think but of the inferior agents of Providence. Here, the soul rises from Nature up to Nature's God.'

'Upon my soul, you will be taken for a Methodist, Mary, if you talk in this manner,' said Mr. Douglas, with some marks of disquiet, as he turned round at the salutation of a fat elderly gentleman, whom he presently recognised as Bailie Broadfoot.

The first salutations over, Mr. Douglas's fears of Mary having been overheard recurred, and he felt anxious to remove any unfavourable impression with regard to his own principles, at least, from the mind of the enlightened magistrate.

'Your fine views here have set my niece absolutely raving,' said he with a smile; 'but I tell her it is only in romantic minds that fine scenery inspires romantic ideas. I dare say many of the worthy inhabitants of Edinburgh walk here with no other idea than that of sharpening their appetites for dinner.'

'Nae doot,' said the Bailie, 'it's a most capital place for that. Were it no for that, I ken nae muckle use it would be of.' . . .

'And noo,' said the Bailie, . . . 'will ye step up to the Monument, and tak a rest and some refreshment?'

'Rest and refreshment in a monument!' exclaimed Mr. Douglas. 'Excuse me, my good friend, but we are not inclined to bait there yet awhile.'

The Bailie did not comprehend the joke, and he proceeded in his own drawling humdrum accent, to assure them that the Monument was a most convenient place.

'It was erected in honour of Lord Nelson's memory,' said he, 'and is let aff to a pastry cook and confectioner, where you can always find some trifles to treat the ladies, such as pies and custards, and berries, and these sort of things; but we passed an order in the Coouncil that there should be naething of a spiritous nature introduced, for, if ance spirits got admittance, there's no saying what might happen.' . . .

'Though last, not least of Nature's works, I must now introduce you to a friend of mine,' said Mr. Douglas, as, the Bailie having made his bow, they bent their steps towards the Castle-Hill. 'Mrs. Violet Macshake is an aunt of my mother's, whom you must often have heard of, and the last remaining branch of the noble race of Girnachgoul.'

. . . 'An' wha thought o' seein' ye enoo?' said she, in a quick, gabbling voice; 'what's brought you to the toon? are ye come to spend your honest faither's siller, ere he's weel cauld in his grave, puir man?' . . .

'You must, indeed, have witnessed many changes,' observed Mr. Douglas, rather at a loss how to utter anything of a conciliatory nature.

'Changes!—weel a wat, I sometimes wunder if it's the same waurld, an' if it's my ain heed that's upon my shoothers.'

'But with these changes, you must also have seen many improvements?' said Mary, in a tone of diffidence.

'Improvements!' turning sharply round upon her, 'what ken ye about improvements, bairn? A bonny improvement, or ens no, to see tyleyors and sclaters leavin', whar I mind Jeuks an' Yerls.—An that great glowrin new toon there,' pointing out of her windows, 'whar I used to sit an' luck oot at bonny green parks, and see the coos milket, and the bits o' bairnies rowin' an' tummlin', an' the asses trampin' i' their tubs.¹—What see I noo, but stane an' lime, an' stoor an' dirt, an' idle cheels, an' duiket-oot madams prancin'.—Improvements, indeed!'

Susan Edmondstoune Ferrier.
Marriage.

1826-8

. . . JEFFREY'S acquaintanceship seemed, and was for the time, an immense acquisition to me; and everybody regarded it as my highest good fortune,—though in the end it did not practically amount to much. . . . I remember pleasant strolls out to Craig-crook (one of the prettiest places in the world), where, on a

¹ This was the Scottish method of washing blankets, etc.—women, barefooted, kneaded the clothes by tramping on them in the soapsuds. It is a custom commented on by many of the old travellers.—R. M.

Sunday especially, I might hope, what was itself a rarity with me, to find a companionable human acquaintance, not to say one of such quality as this. He would wander about the woods with me, looking on the Frith, and Fife Hills, on the Pentlands and Edinburgh Castle and City,—nowhere was there such a view;—perhaps he would walk most of the way back with me; quietly sparkling and chatting; probably quizzing me in a kind way, if his Wife were with us, as sometimes happened. If I met him in the streets, in the Parliament House or accidentally anywhere, there ensued, unless he were engaged, a cheerful bit of talk and promenading. He frequently rode round by Comely Bank in returning home; and there I would see him, or hear something pleasant of him. He never rode but at a walk, and his little horse was steady as machinery: he on horseback, I on foot, was a frequent form of our dialogues. I suppose we must have dined sometimes at Craigcrook, or Moray Place, in this incipient period; but don't recollect.

Thomas Carlyle.

Reminiscences. Professor Norton's edition.

THE path runs down and peeps out in the lane
 That loiters on by fields of wheat and bean
 Till the white-gleaming road winds city-ward.
 Afar, in floods of sunshine blending white,
 The City lieth in its quiet pride,
 With castled crown, looking on Towns and Shires,
 And Hills from which cloud-highlands climb the heavens:
 A happy thing in glory smiles the Firth;
 Its flowing azure winding like an arm
 Around the warm waist of the yielding land.
 . . . And Morning like the birth of Beauty rose
 With sunny music up the sparkling heaven,
 While, at a rosy touch, the clouds that lay
 In sullen purples round the hills of Fife,
 Adown her pathway spread their cloaks of gold:
 The silvery-green-and-violet sheen o' the sea
 Changed into shifting opal tinct with gold:
 And like an Alchymist with furnace-face,
 The sun smiled on his perfect work, pure gold.

Craigcrook
 Castle

Gerald Massey.

C. Kirkpatrick Sharpe to Lady Gwydyr.

DEAR MADAM,—I should much sooner have troubled you with my best thanks for the honour of your last letter, and the excellent venison which you were so kind as to send me from Drummond

Castle, had I not been watching the progress of an abomination at Holyrood house, which I intended to petition you about, had it proceeded as at first commenced. This was a huge heavy stone cornice, raised on the top of the old wall which forms the back part of the palace, in order to destroy the look of a French building, and the whole character of the court of K. Charles 2d, which the abbey possesses. At sight of this, I began to skirl up the first outcry, and was joined by Sir Patrick Walker and one or two more. So, after a world of writing and scolding, the Barons of Exchequer and the King's wise architect have given way, and the cornice hath melted like snow off a dike. Had these stout worthies held out, I meant to have requested you to let his Majesty know what a hand they were making of his own mansion, expressly against his own oft-signified pleasure.

The news you are so good as to communicate about Salisbury Craigs are most delightful, and I can assure you that these rocks are in the very centre of his Majesty's park, and its principal beauty. King James the 6th made the Haddington family hereditary rangers of said park, but he certainly never intended that they should make it a quarry, under the very windows of his own palace. I hear that Lord Binning is very violent, and valiant, as to the rights of his papa, and perhaps may influence Lord Melville; but if the King takes an interest in the matter, the thing is as good as done. And I think, dear madam, that by thus interposing to save these rough rocks, you have erected to yourself a much richer and nobler monument than could have been fashioned by Phidias out of the purest Parian marble.

Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe.
Correspondence.

C. Kirkpatrick Sharpe to the Editor of the 'Edinburgh Observer.'

'Delenda est Carthago.' [1826.]

1826

SIR,— . . . Though I have lived to see, in the course of forty years, the old town lose much of its primitive features, from unavoidable decay, from the rage for *improvement*, and the little less destructive element of fire; though I have beheld Salisbury Craigs irretrievably injured, and the Calton Hill utterly destroyed, yet never did I expect to witness such a bold attack as this upon the rock and Castle of Edinburgh. Surely our city projectors have forgot the adage of Drummond of Hawthornden, which should be remembered for more reasons than one: 'Les murailles et les fortresses sont au Roy personne ne peut abuser de son bien au prejudice de son souveraine.' . . .

Lady Gwydyr to C. Kirkpatrick Sharpe.

([BRIGHTON] *Wed.* [Jan. 3, 1827].)

HUZZA! A rescue! The Castle is saved. My answer arrived yesterday; but I am desired to keep *it private*; from what motive I cannot divine. But, dear Mr. Sharpe, let us not blab; probably *he* does not wish to appear in those matters. I met Sir Geo. Clerk, who told me that Ld. Melville had arrived here yesterday, and that the improvements had received checkmate, as the Duke of Wellington w^d not hear of them. But the King, in fact, had expressed himself so decidedly on the subject that it could not be done; his admiration for Edin^r is so great that H.M. is determined to make the city his peculiar care. I am delighted. . . .

C. Kirkpatrick Sharpe to Sir Walter Scott.

Tuesday Night [1827].

MY DEAR SIR WALTER,—I fear you will think me a worse plague than any bore that ever sprang in Egypt. But then consider how long I have presumed on your kindness without reproof; also, ingrained an antiquary and Scotchman I am. In a word, the danger of our Castle spoils my sleep. ‘I repose as quietly as a mouse in a cat’s ear’; and so I must disturb your comforts because I am uncomfortable myself—a friendly reason. But to the point. I am sure that a word from you to a certain hero¹ would fix the affair as it should be; there hath been penned a letter from the Provost to the Board, which is not yet answered. Now, if your undisputed verdict as to taste—and that is all that need be touched upon—should reach the conqueror before the response is framed, we need be in no fear about the result; so no time is to be lost. Pray, pray, kind sir, if you write at all, write directly. It seems Lord F. Somerset was the Goth who settled the affair originally with the late Provost, when the South (Sea) Scheme was in agitation two years ago, which plan, you know, was overthrown. It is like the Somerset family to favour such things, and the heads of all of them I ever knew would make admirable bulwarks; only, I dare swear, Lord F. never thought twice of the matter—for how can Londoners care for poor Edin. cits and their pitiful, remote Castle? . . . But you will say, Go flyte in Haddo’s hole, where all the collie dogs in Edinr. dang doon the kirk yesterday! And so I have done, casting the Castle and myself on your mercy, and being ever your obliged, faithful slave,

C. K. S.

¹ The Duke of Wellington.

Lady Gwydyr to C. Kirkpatrick Sharpe.

[LONDON, May 31, 1827.]

MY DEAR MR. SHARPE,—I am in agony abt. the Castle. I have bored every Scot I have met, and they are all horrified; but one of them will not move in its defence. Ld. Gower was so cold that I was shocked. This morn'g. I have *written* to Kinnoull and Rosebery. Gwdyr is willing to do anything, but he is not a man to put himself forward upon the business when so many ought. . . . Pray tell me *exactly* what I am to do.—In gt. haste,—Yrs.,

C. S. D. GWYDYR.¹

Correspondence of Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe.

COURT HOUSE, POMFRET,
April 15, 1828.

MY DEAR MOTHER,— . . . My Edinburgh expedition has given me so much to say that, unless I write off some of it before I come home, I shall talk you all to death, and be voted a bore in every house which I visit. I will commence with Jeffrey himself. . . . When absolutely quiescent, reading a paper, or hearing a conversation in which he takes no interest, his countenance shows no indication whatever of intellectual superiority of any kind. But as soon as he is interested, and opens his eyes upon you, the change is like magic. There is a flash in his glance, a violent contortion in his frown, an exquisite humour in his sneer, and a sweetness and brilliancy in his smile, beyond anything that ever I witnessed. A person who had seen him in only one state would not know him if he saw him in another. For he has not, like Brougham, marked features which in all moods of mind remain unaltered. . . . He possesses considerable power of mimicry, and rarely tells a story without imitating several different accents. His familiar tone, his declamatory tone, and his pathetic tone are quite different things. Sometimes Scotch predominates in his pronunciation; sometimes it is imperceptible. Sometimes his utterance is snappish and quick to the last degree; sometimes it is remarkable for rotundity and mellowness. I can easily conceive that two people who had seen him on different days might dispute about him as the travellers in the fable disputed about the chameleon. . . .

His house is magnificent. It is in Moray Place, the newest pile of buildings in the town, looking out to the Forth on one side, and to a green garden on the other. It is really equal to the houses in Grosvenor Square. Fine, however, as is the new quarter of

¹ Lady Gwydyr, eldest daughter of the third Duke of Ancaster, became, on the death of her brother, the fourth Duke, Baroness Willoughby de Eresby in her own right, and Hereditary Great Chamberlain of England.

Edinburgh, I decidedly prefer the Old Town. There is nothing like it in the island. You have been there, but you have not seen the town: and no lady ever sees a town. It is only by walking on foot through all corners at all hours that cities can be really studied to good purpose. There is a new pillar to the memory of Lord Melville: very elegant, and very much better than the man deserved. His statue is at the top, with a wreath on the head very like a night-cap drawn over the eyes. It is impossible to look at it without being reminded of the fate which the original most richly merited.¹

Lord Macaulay.

From *Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay*. Sir George Trevelyan.

‘LATELY I saw that Melville column rising over Edinburgh; come, good men and true, don’t you feel a little awkward and uneasy when you walk under it? Who was this to stand in heroic places? and is yon the man whom Scotchmen most delight to honour?’¹

W. M. Thackeray.

Roundabout Papers.

TAKING my stick, I set out towards Edinburgh, as brave as a Highlander, in search of a journeyman’s place. . . . I found a place, on the very first day, to my heart’s content, in by at the Grassmarket, where I stayed for the space of six calendar months. . . . The change from our own town, where every face was friendly, and where I could ken every man I saw by the cut of his coat at half a mile’s distance, to the hum and bustle of the High Street, the tremendous cannons of the Castle, packed full of soldiers ready for war, and the filthy, ill-smelling atmosphere of the Cowgate, where I put up, was almost more than could be tholed² by man of woman born. . . . To those, nevertheless, that take the world as they find it, there are pleasures in all situations; nor was mine, bad though I allow it to be, entirely destitute of them; for our workroom being at the top of the stairs, and the light of heaven coming down through skylights, three in number, we could, by putting out our heads, have a vizzy of the grand ancient building of George Heriot’s Hospital, with the crowds of young laddies playing through the grass parks, with their bit brown coatees, and

¹ The statue of Henry Dundas, first Viscount Melville, stands high on its column over the city, in the centre of St. Andrew Square, Edinburgh, as does that of Nelson in London in Trafalgar Square. Dundas, born and educated in Edinburgh, held office all through the Tory administration of Lord North, was the colleague and adviser of Pitt, and from 1783 to 1806 was virtually King of Scotland, and must now be recognised as the central figure in the history of Scotland during that period. See quotation from Christopher North, page 211.

—R. M.

² endured.

shining leather caps, like a wheen puddocks, and all the sweet country out by Barrowmuirhead, and thereaway; together with the Corstorphine Hills—and the Braid Hills—and the Pentland Hills—and all the rest of the hills covered here and there with tufts of blooming whins, as yellow as the beaten gold—spotted round about their bottoms with green trees and growing corn, but with tops as bare as a gaberlunzie's coat—kepping the rowling clouds on their awful shoulders on cold and misty days; and freckled over with the flowers of the purple heather, on which the shy moorfowl take a delight to fatten and fill their craps, through the cosy months of the blythe summer time.

David Macbeth Moir ('Delta').

Mansie Wauch.

'TRACED like a map, the landscape lies
In cultured beauty, stretching wide:
Here Pentland's green acclivities,
There ocean, with its swelling tide,
There Arthur's Seat, and, gleaming through
Thy southern wing, Dun Edin blue!
While in the Orient, Lammer's daughters,
A distant giant range, are seen;
North Berwick Law with cone of green,
And Bass amid the waters.'

David Macbeth Moir ('Delta').

July
1829

IN der tiefen Dämmerung gingen wir heut nach dem Palaste, wo Königin Maria gelebt und geliebt hat. . . . Der Kapelle daneben fehlt nun das Dach; Gras und Epheu wachsen viel darin, und am zerbrochenen Altar wurde Maria zur Königin von Schottland gekrönt.¹ Es ist da Alles zerbrochen, morsch, und der heitere Himmel scheint herein. Ich glaube, ich habe heut da den Anfang meiner Schottischen Symphonie gefunden.² Nun lebt wohl.

Felix Mendelssohn.

Die Familie Mendelssohn, Sebastian Hensel.

Translation:—

We went to-day in the gathering twilight to the Palace, where Queen Mary lived and loved. . . . The chapel adjoining is now roofless, and is overgrown with grass and ivy, and the ruined Altar is where Mary Queen of Scots was crowned.¹ Everything is in ruins and mouldering, and the bright light of Heaven shines in. I

¹ Mary Queen of Scots was crowned at Stirling in 1543, before she went to France; but her marriage to Darnley in 1565, and her marriage to Bothwell in 1567, were both solemnised before this Altar at Holyrood Abbey.—R. M.

believe I have found the beginning of my Scottish Symphony there to-day.¹ Now Farewell!

Wir haben Dich gar liebgehabt
So lange wir mitten darinnen,
Du hast uns gut und gern gelabt
Zu Nutzen unserer Sinnen.

Edinburg
von Weitem

Doch wurdest du endlich philiströs
Mit all Deinen Bildungsanstalten.
Da wurden wir urplötzlich böß,
Und liessen uns länger nicht halten.

Und schauen Dich nun in weiter Fern
In Duft und Nebelgewölke,
Und haben Dich doch noch lieb u. gern
Mit all Deinen gebildeten Volke.²

Karl Klingemann.

Translation :—

Our hearts were full of love and praise
Whilst with you we enjoyed
Genial hospitable ways,
And found our minds employed.

Edinburgh
from Afar

At length your pedantry and prose,
Your worship of the Muse,
Enraged us, and our gorges rose,
We hastened our adieux.

Now from afar we backward gaze
Through mist and cloud and smoke,
And once again we love and praise
You, and your learned folk.

FAREWEE!, Edinburgh, where happy we hae been,
Fareweel, Edinburgh, Caledonia's Queen !
Auld Reekie, fare-ye-weel, and Reekie New beside,
Ye're like a chieftain grim and gray, wi' a young bonny bride.
Fareweel, Edinburgh, and your trusty volunteers,
Your Council, a' sae circumspect, your Provost without peers,

Fareweel,
Edinburgh

¹ The passage he then noted down was the first sixteen bars of the Introduction, which come at the end of the first movement, and may be said to form the text of the whole.—R. M.

² One of the sets of doggerel verses attached to the sketches which Mendelssohn sent home to his parents during his tour in Scotland. Klingemann, Mendelssohn's friend, went the tour with him. The verses are given in a fascinating volume published in 1909 by Karl Klingemann, the son, containing the correspondence of his father and Felix Mendelssohn.—R. M.

The auld toun-guard, sae neat and trim, sae honest and sae sour,
Aye stannin' near the auld St. Giles, that plays and tells the hour.¹

Fareweel, Edinburgh, your philosophic men ;
Your scribes that set you a' to richts, and wield the golden pen ;
The Session-court, your thrang resort, big wigs and lang gowns a' ;
An' if ye dinna keep the peace, it's no for want o' law.
Fareweel, Edinburgh, and a' your glittering wealth ;
Your Bernard's Well, your Calton Hill, where every breeze is
health ;
An' spite o' a' your fresh sea-gales, should ony chance to dee,
It's no for want o' recipe, the doctor, or the fee.

Fareweel, Edinburgh, your hospitals and ha's,
The rich man's friend, the Cross lang ken'd, auld Ports, and City
wa's ;
The kirks that grace their honoured place, now peacefu' as they
stand,
Where'er they're found, on Scottish ground, the bulwarks of the land.
Fareweel, Edinburgh, your sons o' genius fine,
That send your name on wings o' fame beyond the burnin' line ;
A name that's stood maist since the flood, and just when it's forgot
Your bard will be forgotten too, your ain Sir Walter Scott.

Fareweel, Edinburgh, and a' your daughters fair ;
Your Palace in the sheltered glen, your Castle in the air ;
Your rocky brows, your grassy knowes, and eke your mountain
bauld ;
Were I to tell your beauties a', my tale would ne'er be tauld ;
Fareweel, Edinburgh, whar happy we hae been ;
Fareweel, Edinburgh, Caledonia's Queen !
Prosperity to Edinburgh wi' every risin' sun,
An' blessin's be on Edinburgh till time his race has run !

Baroness Nairne
(born Carolina Oliphant, of Gask).

1832

I now come back to this delightful and beautiful city. I thought that Bristol, taking in its heights and Clifton and its rocks and its river, was the finest city in the world ; but Edinburgh with its castle, its hills, its pretty little sea-port, conveniently detached from it, its vale of rich land lying all around, its lofty hills in the back

¹ Another version runs :—

'Your stately College stuff'd wi' lear, your ranting High-Schule yard ;
The jib, the lick, the roguish trick, the ghaists o' th' auld toun-guard.'

ground, its views across the Firth: I think little of its streets and its rows of fine houses, though all built of stone, and though everything in London and Bath is beggary to these; I think nothing of *Holyrood House*; but I think a great deal of the fine and well-ordered streets of shops; of the regularity which you perceive everywhere in the management of business; and I think still more of the absence of all that foppishness, and that affectation of carelessness, and that insolent assumption of superiority, that you see in almost all the young men that you meet with in the fashionable parts of the great towns in England. I was not disappointed; for I expected to find Edinburgh the finest city in the kingdom. Conversations at Newcastle, and with many Scotch gentlemen for years past, had prepared me for this; but still the reality has greatly surpassed every idea that I had formed about it. The *people*, however, still exceed the place; here all is civility; you do not meet with rudeness, or even with the want of a disposition to oblige, even in persons in the lowest state of life. A friend took me round the environs of the city: he had a turnpike ticket, received at the first gate which cleared five or six gates. It was sufficient for him to *tell* the future gate-keepers that he had it. When I saw that, I said to myself, 'Nota bene: gate-keepers take people's word in Scotland; a thing that I have not seen since I left *Long Island*.'

In this tour round the city we went by a very beautiful little country-house, at which Mr. Jeffrey, the Lord Advocate, lives. He did not do me the honour to attend my lectures, on account of ill-health, which cause I am very sorry for; for it will require health and spirits, too, for him to buffet the storm that is about to spring up, unless his party be prepared to do a great many things of which they appear not as yet to have dreamed. In the course of this little tour I went to, and to the top of, the ancient Craigmillar Castle, which stands on a rock at about three miles from Edinburgh, and from which you see the castle and all the city of Edinburgh; and you look across the Firth of Forth, and, beyond it, and over the county of Fife, and the Firth of Tay, see the Highlands rise up. . . .

William Cobbett, M. P.
Tour in Scotland.

I was a Liberal, even a Radical, as I am now, a great admirer of the Reform Bill of 1832, and I had the notion, how far correct I know not, that the Whigs who carried the Reform Bill of 1832 were trained by Dugald Stewart at Edinburgh.

Oscar Browning.
Memories of Sixty Years.

1834

MOST to be remembered, the incomparable loveliness of Edinburgh.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Notes of tour, contained in Introductory to *Our Hundred Days in Europe*.

1838

THE day grew brighter and brighter, and at length the summits of the *Pentland Hills* betrayed themselves—a noble range, as bold and lofty, but not quite so picturesque, as those of Malvern. Then stood out the precipitous rock of the *Castle*, as the lantern (at the vessel's stern) to light up the ancient city I was about to enter. And now, to the right, the *Lion Couchant* shewed his broad back—all sharp and decided, against a bright blue sky. Rapidly, as the vehicle moved on, I wished for wings to perch upon the monster's head. There was Edinburgh!—which I had almost languished a full twenty long years to visit. The enthusiasm of boyhood seemed to possess me, as I thought of her Wallace, her Bruce, James the First and Fourth, and Mary; of her Buchanan, Hume, and Robertson; of her Adam Smith, Playfair, and Dugald Stewart; her Burns and her Scott. 'That, Sir, is the famous Roslyn Castle,' observed the guard, pointing to a short distance on the right. . . . Who that has read the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* would not long to see the 'glimmer of the dead men's mail' on the deserted pavement of its chapel? We had now cleared the last knoll of the Pentland Hills, and, accelerating our speed, quickly pounced down upon this *Athens of the North*.

Whatever might have been my *expectations* of the first general appearance of this renowned City, a love of truth compels me to declare that they were greatly exceeded by a *view* of it. Our route of entrance was highly favourable for a gratifying impression. At a distance, and in front, skirting the northern division of the city, you discerned the blue waters of the Forth,—sparkling in the sunbeam. To the right were *Arthur's Seat* and the *Salisbury Craigs*; to the left, the precipitous and peering *Castle*; while, on entering, you may be said to bisect the *High Street*, and to come down upon *Waterloo Bridge*, with a reach of street scenery on either side such as scarcely can be surpassed. On rolling over the South Bridge you look more than forty feet below, upon a street called the *Cowgate*, where the stream of a fruitful population may be said to be in full flow. A ravine, or broad cultivated fosse, once the *North Loch*, divides the Old Town from the New; and from the period of the Jameses you enter on a sudden upon that of the Georges,—of which the architecture is at once solid and proud, lofty and commanding. The *Melville Column* towers in the centre

of St. Andrew Square, over the tops of the houses of *Princes Street*,—that most delightful of all sunny banks, composed of grey stone. Before you, is the magnificent Register House ; while, to the right, on the *Calton Hill*, are the public monuments of the illustrious dead. . . .

On alighting at the Mail Coach Office, we soon made our acquaintance with a *noddy*, or a hackney coach ; and desired to be driven to the Royal Hotel, in Princes Street. It was entirely full ; when we drove on to Mackay's, in the same street, towards its western extremity. Here we were both comfortable and admirably situated. The afternoon was bright and beautiful ; and the whole city seemed to be encadred in a golden sunshine. Our first view of the opposite bank, or backs of the houses in High Street—in the Old Town—with the pinnacled summit of St. Giles's Church peeping above, naturally elicited expressions of surprise and delight. How lofty—how old fashioned—how mellowed in the grey tint of the sixteenth century !—What a contrast to the locality whence we surveyed it ! And then *the Castle*—also immediately opposite—how proudly it seemed to glory in its elevated situation ! What a history belonged to it. . . .

It was a fine mild cloudless evening. I threw up the sash, to gaze around me ; and to indulge a very natural train of reflections on the first evening of my visit to this celebrated city. The lights in the windows of the opposite bank of houses began to shew themselves by partial twinklings. The vast mass of stone was otherwise in deep shadow ; presenting an uneven and most picturesque outline against a sky, which was getting brighter and brighter by a rising moon. That beauteous orb was two nights on the wane ; but her rising at the extreme left, towards the ocean, and moving on and high over the entire line of the High Street, had an indescribably soft and striking effect. The whole northern side of this elevated street was necessarily in a brown shadow ; which, by contrast, approached to blackness. Meanwhile, the summit of the castle became tipt with the moon's silvery radiance, and presently one of its entire sides seemed to sleep in her soft and tranquil lustre. I had never before witnessed such a sight in the heart of a town. To add to the indelible impression made from this view, the clock struck nine, and the *Evening Roll* was heard from the castle-heights. For the first time, after a peace of twenty-one years, I heard the sounds of the drum and the fife—now swelling in the breeze—and now softened down by distance . . . but conveying to the listening ear and meditative mind emotions which are better felt than described. For nearly two hours was I contemplating the novel and interesting scene before me ; nor did

the approach of midnight give a much keener edge to the air. I was now fairly in *Scotland*. . . .

Rev. Thomas Frognall Dibdin.¹

From *A Bibliographical, Antiquarian, and Picturesque Tour in the Northern Counties of England and in Scotland*, by the Reverend Thomas Frognall Dibdin, D.D., Chaplain in Ordinary to her Majesty. 1838.

To Edinburgh

QUEEN of fair cities—Empress of the North—

How beautiful, beneath the summer sky,

Dost thou, with all thy towers and turrets, lie!

Green hills look smilingly on thee; the Forth

In majesty reposes at thy feet—

Before thee swells the ocean; while around

Are woody heights, bold crags, and pastoral ground,

Romantic villages, and villas neat.

Centre of things so lovely!—not in vain

Do I now gaze upon thee. Fancy's power

Oft will unfold to me your charms again;

And the remembrance of this tranquil hour,

Haply another fairy link shall be

In the love-chain that binds my heart to thee!

A. M. A.

Quoted in above *Tour* by the Reverend Thos. Frognall Dibdin, as 'taken from an Edinburgh paper of which I have forgotten the title.'

1839

FROM an early age I have felt a strong interest in Edinburgh, though attached to Edinburgh by no other ties than those which are common to me with multitudes; that tie which attaches every man of Scottish blood to the ancient and renowned capital of our race; that tie which attaches every student of history to the spot ennobled by so many great and memorable events; that tie which attaches every traveller of taste to the most beautiful of British cities; and that tie which attaches every lover of literature to a place which, since it has ceased to be the seat of empire, has derived from poetry, philosophy, and eloquence a far higher distinction than empire can bestow.

Lord Macaulay.

Speech delivered at Edinburgh election on 29th May, 1839.

'WELL,' cried Hampden, 'if I may be allowed an opinion, I can safely aver I know no quarters like Scotland. Edinburgh beyond anything or anywhere I was ever placed in.'

¹ The Rev. Dr. T. F. Dibdin was the younger brother of Charles Dibdin, author of the nautical songs, whose *Tour* is quoted on pages 178-179.—R. M.

'Always after Dublin,' interposed Maurice, while a general chorus of voices re-echoed the sentiment.

'You are certainly a strong majority,' said my friend, 'against me; but still I recant not my original opinion. Edinburgh before the world. For a hospitality that never tires; for pleasant fellows that improve every day of your acquaintance; for pretty girls that make you long for a repeal of the canon about being only singly blessed, and lead you to long for a score of them; Edinburgh, I say again, before the world.'

Charles Lever.
Charles O'Malley.

COMPARE Edinburgh and Florence. Edinburgh has owed less to climate, to soil, and to the fostering care of rulers than any capital, Protestant or Catholic. In all these respects, Florence has been singularly happy. Yet whoever knows, what Florence and Edinburgh were in the generation preceding the Reformation, and what they are now, will acknowledge that some great cause has, during the last three centuries, operated to raise one part of European family, and to depress the other.

Lord Macaulay.
Critical and Historical Essays.

ABOUT two o'clock on the morning of Thursday (1st of September), the Royal Fleet anchored under the lee of Inchkeith. Before midnight, the Duke of Buccleuch, along with the Earl of Liverpool and Sir Robert Peel, had arrived at Granton, in expectation of tidings regarding the squadron, and remained throughout the night at the Pier Master's house. . . . As the Royal yacht slowly approached Granton, her Majesty was seen on the deck conversing with Prince Albert, and occasionally very courteously with the officers of the ship. She was dressed in a black satin mantle, and a pink bonnet with white crape. She appeared to be in good health and spirits, conversing with all around her, and looked extremely well. At half-past eight o'clock, the Royal yacht approached Granton Pier, towed by the *Black Eagle* and *Shearwater* steamers; in a few minutes the anchors were dropped; the Duke of Buccleuch, Lord Liverpool, and Sir Robert Peel, shortly afterwards went on board the Royal yacht, and paid their acknowledgements to her Majesty and Prince Albert; and preparations for landing were immediately made.

1842

The first announcement of her Majesty's approach was made to

the City by the firing of two guns from the Castle at half-past seven o'clock. It had been previously arranged, that whenever the Royal squadron hove in sight, a red flag should be displayed from Nelson's Monument, and that thereafter the guns should be fired. But, owing to some mismanagement or mistake, no flag had been provided. Although the guns at the Castle were loaded and the matches ready from day-break, yet, owing to the neglect at the Calton Hill, the preconcerted signal could not be given, and it was not until a gentleman, despatched by the Duke of Buccleuch from Granton, arrived on horseback at the Castle, that the intimation, which should have been given at a much earlier hour, was made to the inhabitants of the city. Immediately upon the guns being heard, the whole city was a scene of complete commotion. All the streets that led to the line, along which the procession was expected to pass, poured forth, as on the preceding day, a continuous stream of people. Numbers also hastened to the Calton Hill, where they were gratified with a view of the Royal squadron majestically advancing from its anchorage. The road to Granton Pier, however, was the centre point to which the whole population tended; and it was, accordingly, almost choked up with a dense throng hurrying forward with anxious looks to catch a transient glimpse of the Royal train, while carriages of every description crowded the busy scene. The morning was gloomy and lowering. . . . The Queen was attired in a pale blue dress, with a pink satin cased bonnet, and a white lace shawl lined with pink. Her Majesty wore her hair braided. Prince Albert wore a large travelling cloak with red collar, and a white hat. . . .

The Duke of Buccleuch accompanied the Royal pair on horseback. Mr. Sheriff Speirs rode in front of the Royal carriage, along with Captain J. D. G. Tulloch and other staff-officers, who assisted in clearing the way. . . . After the Royal party, followed a miscellaneous crowd of carriages, filled with distinguished and undistinguished occupants, and all proceeding after the *cortège* in most admired disorder. . . . Sir Robert Peel wended his way towards the City very unpretendingly in an humble hackney, *en route* for Dalkeith Palace. Sir Robert had no slight difficulty in procuring the means of conveyance, as, on her Majesty's landing, not a carriage of any description could be obtained. . . . At half-past nine o'clock, when her Majesty was passing the statue of George IV., in George Street, a Royal salute was fired from the Castle; the Union flag, which had floated over its battlements since dawn of day, was at the same time lowered, and the Royal standard hoisted in its place.

Sir Neil Douglas, Commander of the Forces in Scotland, rode close to the Royal carriage, attended by several of the North British staff. The Royal Archers, the Queen's Body-Guard for Scotland, were on their march to meet her Majesty when the Royal carriage came in sight at Howard Place. They here drew up, and as the carriage passed they endeavoured to get close to it; but the dragoons, ignorant of the high place as belonging to the Royal Company, pushed many of the gentlemen aside; and Lord Elcho, the commander, having got inside the guard, was pressed against the carriage by one of the dragoon's horses, by which his arrows were broken, and he was somewhat bruised. And here it may not be improper to mention, in justice to all the members of the Royal Archers, that they mustered at the Riding School, Lothian Road, fully equipped, so early in the morning as seven o'clock; and their disappointment may be considered when, through no fault of theirs, but entirely in consequence of neglect on the part of some of the civic functionaries to give the proper signal from the Calton Hill, they were thus rendered so late in performing their duty to their Sovereign. This gallant corps continued afterwards incessant in attendance upon the Queen. . . .

Her Majesty having landed at a earlier hour than was anticipated, the City was taken entirely by surprise. In Inverleith Row, the first intimation of her Majesty's approach was given by some one or two persons running breathless with exertions to which staid sober citizens are not accustomed, to inform their friends that her Majesty was at hand. Still the seemingly interminable flood of human beings, of cabs, coaches, and omnibuses, rolled on; and even after the tide had been turned by the potent influence of dragoons and policemen, a current continued to flow towards the point from which the Royal carriage was advancing at an easy ambling rate. But when at length the incredulity with which the news was first received was slowly converted, by the appearance of the military, into belief and conviction, a scene of ludicrous confusion ensued. Carriages of every description, and hundreds of the lieges on foot, hurried helter-skelter to the Barrier, which was deemed the greatest centre of attraction, next to the spectacle of her Majesty's landing at Granton. But, alas! . . . The Magistrates, expecting that the landing would not take place until two hours after the signal, were not at their post, and so there was no double or treble knock at the Barrier—no inquiries from the civic authorities—no demand for 'free ish and entry' to the Queen—no presentation of the silver keys—no words of welcome for the Sovereign—no gracious expression that the keys could not be

entrusted to better keeping. The Barrier Gate stood invitingly open, and her Majesty passed onward unchecked in her progress, entering at once on one of the most magnificent approaches to the City, where the long avenue is crowned by the new Assembly Hall, over which, on this occasion, floated the Royal standard, forming the central point of a magnificent vista. . . .

Her Majesty and Prince Albert, with their suite, left Dalkeith Palace about half-past ten o'clock on Saturday morning (3rd September), escorted by a squadron of the Enniskillen Dragoons. The morning, though not brilliant, was fortunately fair; and from an early hour the greatest possible bustle prevailed among the anxious crowds that hastened to occupy their places on the route by which her Majesty proposed to advance on her visit to the Metropolis, being determined to emulate the activity and punctuality of the Queen; and besides the rural population, an immense multitude proceeded from the villages along the coast, to hail her on her approach. Having swept through the avenue of Dalkeith Palace, the Royal party proceeded amidst continuous acclamations, and at Parson's Green entered the Queen's Park about a quarter past eleven, where a dense crowd was assembled in the fields and on the adjoining heights, all manifesting, by their reiterated bursts of applause, the enthusiasm that animated their hearts.

The Queen wore a dress of Royal tartan, with a large blue shawl, a white crape bonnet, and white ostrich feather. Prince Albert was plainly dressed in a brown coat. . . . At length the intense desire of the multitude to behold their beloved Sovereign, and to welcome her with heartfelt greetings to the residence of her Royal ancestors, was fully gratified. About twenty minutes past eleven o'clock, the Royal carriage, drawn by four beautiful bays, and preceded by a detachment of the Enniskillen Dragoons, approached the Palace Yard. . . . A universal shout rent the air, the Craigs and Arthur's Seat resounding with a thousand echoes; hats were uplifted, handkerchiefs were waved, and the expressions of enthusiasm were literally boundless. . . .

The Royal *cortège* then proceeded towards the Canongate. . . . At twenty-five minutes to twelve o'clock, the Queen's carriage . . . reached the Barrier; and here a scene was presented which perhaps could not be equalled in any city in the world. Every person who has visited the Modern Athens knows its spacious High Street, with the lofty towering buildings which it contains. This street was filled in every part with such dense masses, that it required all the exertions of the civil and military force to keep the carriage-way clear, so eager were the crowds to get even a passing glimpse

of Royalty. The windows, galleries, etc., were also crowded, chiefly with ladies in gay attire. Even on the house-tops many of the more daring, though perhaps not more curious, of Queen Victoria's loyal subjects were visible. The shout of welcome which had begun at the Palace, and had continued, without intermission, as her Majesty advanced, swelled louder and louder, raised simultaneously from many thousand lips; the ladies waved their handkerchiefs incessantly; and, in the general intoxication of delight, all control over their feelings seemed to be lost by the enthusiastic masses that greeted once more the presence of a beloved Sovereign in the metropolis of Scotland. . . .

*National Record of the Visit of Queen Victoria
to Scotland in September, 1842.*

HEY, Jamie Forrest, are ye waukin' yet,
And are yer Bailies snorin' yet?
If ye are waukin' I wud wit
Ye'd hae a merry, merry mornin'.

**A Reminis-
cence of 1842**

The Queen she's come to Granton Pier,
Nae Provost and nae Bailies here;
They're in their beds, I muckle fear,
Sae early in the mornin'.

Hey, etc.

The frigate guns they loud did roar,
But louder did the Bailies snore,
An' thocht it was an unco bore
To rise sae early in the mornin'.

Hey, etc.

An' syne the Castle thundered lood,
But kipper it is savoury food,
An' that the Bailies understood,
Sae early in the mornin'.

Hey, etc.

The Queen she's come to Brandon Street,
The Provost and the keys to meet,
An' div ye think that she's to wait
Yer waukin' in the mornin'?

Hey, etc.

My lord, my lord, the Queen is here,
 An' wow, my lord he lookit queer;
 An' what sets her so soon asteer?
 It's barely nine in the mornin'.

Hey, etc.

Gae bring to me my robes of state,
 Come, Bailies, we will catch her yet.
 Rin, rin, my lord, ye're ower late,
 She's been through the toon this mornin'.

Hey, etc.

Awa' to Dalkeith ye maun hie,
 To mak' yer best apology.
 The Queen she'll say, Oh fie! oh fie!
 Ye're lazy loons in the mornin'.

Hey, etc.

1842

. . . ALBERT has told you already how successfully everything had gone off hitherto, and how much pleased we were with Edinburgh, which is an unique town in its way.

H.M. Queen Victoria.

Letter to the King of the Belgians, 1842, contained in *Letters of Queen Victoria*.

HAWORTH, *July 30th*, 1850.

1850

EDINBURGH compared to London is like a vivid page of history compared to a large dull treatise on political economy.¹

. . . and who, indeed, that has once seen Edinburgh, with its couchant crag-lion, but must see it again in dreams, waking or sleeping? My dear Sir, do not think I blaspheme when I tell you that your great London, as compared to Dun-Edin, 'mine own romantic town,' is as prose compared to poetry, or as a great rumbling, rambling, heavy epic compared to a lyric, brief, bright, clear, and vital as a flash of lightning. You have nothing like Scott's monument, or if you had that, and all the glories of architecture assembled together, you have nothing like Arthur's Seat, and above all you have not the Scotch national character; and it is that grand character after all which gives the land its true charm, its true greatness.²

September 5, 1850.

The Queen, indeed, was right to climb Arthur's Seat with her husband and children. I shall not soon forget how I felt when,

¹ To Miss Laetitia Wheelwright.

² To Mr. W. Smith Williams.

having reached its summit, we all sat down and looked over the city, towards the sea and Leith, and the Pentland Hills. No doubt you are proud of being a native of Scotland—proud of your country, her capital, her children, and her literature.¹

Charlotte Brontë.

Life of Charlotte Brontë, by Mrs. Gaskell.

1853

I THINK myself peculiarly happy in being permitted to address the citizens of Edinburgh on the subject of architecture, for it is one which, they cannot but feel, interests them nearly. Of all the cities in the British Islands, Edinburgh is the one which presents most advantages for the display of a noble building; and which, on the other hand, sustains most injury in the erection of a commonplace or unworthy one. You are all proud of your city; surely you must feel it a duty in some sort to justify your pride; that is to say, to give yourselves a *right* to be proud of it. That you were born under the shadow of its two fantastic mountains,—that you live where from your room windows you can trace the shores of its glittering Firth, are no rightful subjects of pride. You did not raise the mountains, nor shape the shores; and the historical houses of your Canongate, and the broad battlements of your castle, reflect honour upon you only through your ancestors. Before you boast of your city, before even you venture to call it *yours*, ought you not scrupulously to weigh the exact share you have had in adding to it or adorning it, to calculate seriously the influence upon its aspect which the work of your own hands has exercised? I do not say that, even when you regard your city in this scrupulous and testing spirit, you have not considerable grounds for exultation. As far as I am acquainted with modern architecture, I am aware of no streets which, in simplicity and manliness of style, or general breadth and brightness of effect, equal those of the New Town of Edinburgh. But your feelings of pleasure and pride in them are much complicated with those which are excited entirely by the surrounding scenery. As you walk up or down George Street, for instance, do you not look eagerly for every opening to the north and south, which lets in the lustre of the Firth of Forth, or the rugged outline of the Castle Rock? Take away the sea waves, and the dark basalt, and I fear you would find little to interest you in George Street by itself. Now I remember a city, more nobly placed even than your Edinburgh, which, instead of the valley that you have now filled by lines of railroad, has a broad and rushing river of blue water

¹ To Mr. James Taylor.

sweeping through the heart of it ; which, for the dark and solitary rock that bears your castle, has an amphitheatre of cliffs crested with cypresses and olive ; which, for the two masses of Arthur's Seat and the ranges of the Pentlands, has a chain of blue mountains higher than the haughtiest peaks of your Highlands ; and which, for your far-away Ben Ledi and Ben More, has the great central chain of the St. Gothard Alps : and yet, as you go out of the gates, and walk in the suburban streets of that city—I mean Verona—the eye never seeks to rest on that external scenery, however gorgeous ; it does not look for the gaps between the houses, as you do here ; it may for a few moments follow the broken line of the great Alpine battlements ; but it is only where they form a background for other battlements, built by the hand of man. There is no necessity felt to dwell on the blue river or the burning hills. The heart and eye have enough to do in the streets of the city itself ; they are contented there ; nay, they sometimes turn from the natural scenery, as if too savage and solitary, to dwell with a deeper interest on the palace walls that cast their shade upon the streets, and the crowd of towers that rise out of that shadow into the depth of the sky.

That is a city to be proud of, indeed ; and it is this kind of architectural dignity which you should aim at, in what you add to Edinburgh or rebuild in it. For remember, you must either help your scenery or destroy it ; whatever you do has an effect of one kind or the other ; it is never indifferent. But, above all, remember that it is chiefly by private, not by public, effort that your city must be adorned. It does not matter how many beautiful public buildings you possess, if they are not supported by, and in harmony with, the private houses of the town. Neither the mind nor the eye will accept a new college, or a new hospital, or a new institution, for a city. It is the Canongate, and the Princes Street, and the High Street that are Edinburgh. . . .

Well, but, you will answer, you cannot feel interested in architecture : you do not care about it, and *cannot* care about it. I know you cannot. About such architecture as is built nowadays, no mortal ever did or could care. . . . Now, you all know the kind of window which you usually build in Edinburgh : . . . a massy lintel of a single stone, laid across from side to side, with bold square-cut paints—in fact, the simplest form it is possible to build. It is by no means a bad form ; on the contrary, it is very manly and vigorous, and has a certain dignity in its utter refusal of ornament. But I cannot say it is entertaining. How many windows precisely of this form do you suppose there are in the New Town

of Edinburgh? I have not counted them all through the town, but I counted them this morning along this very Queen Street, in which your Hall is; and on the one side of that street,¹ there are of these windows, absolutely similar to this example, and altogether devoid of any relief by decoration, six hundred and seventy-eight.² And your decorations are just as monotonous as your simplicities. How many Corinthian and Doric columns do you think there are in your banks, and post offices, institutions, and I know not what else, one exactly like another?—and yet you expect to be interested! . . .

You will admit that there is neither romance nor comfort in waiting at your own or at any one else's door on a windy and rainy day, till the servant comes from the end of the house to open it. You all know the critical nature of that opening—the drift of wind into the passage, the impossibility of putting down the umbrella at the proper moment without getting a cupful of water dropped down the back of your neck from the top of the doorway; and you know how little these inconveniences are abated by the common Greek portico at the top of the steps. You know how the east wind blows through those unlucky couples of pillars, which are all that your architects find consistent with due observance of the Doric order. Then, away with these absurdities; and the next house you build, insist upon having the pure old Gothic porch, walled in on both sides, with its pointed arch entrance and gable roof above. Under that, you can put down your umbrella at your leisure, and, if you will, stop a moment to talk with your friend as you give him the parting shake of the hand. . . .

John Ruskin.

*Lectures on Architecture and Painting.*³

WHAT more? we took our last adieu,
And up the snowy Splügen drew,
But ere we reach'd the highest summit
I pluck'd a daisy, I gave it you.

It told of England then to me,
And now it tells of Italy.

O love, we two shall go no longer
To lands of summer across the sea;

'The Daisy,'
written at
Edinburgh

¹ Queen Street has only one side—there are gardens on the other.

² Ruskin has included the continuations of Queen Street—York Place and Picardy Place. And he does *not* include the windows which have mouldings, and thus gives the impression that *all* the windows are of this unadorned kind.

³ The above lecture was delivered at the Philosophical Institution, Edinburgh, November 1, 1853.

So dear a life your arms enfold
 Whose crying is a cry for gold
 Yet here to-night in this dark city,
 When ill and weary, alone and cold,
 I found, tho' crush'd to hard and dry,
 This nurseling of another sky
 Still in the little book you lent me,
 And where you tenderly laid it by :
 And I forgot the clouded Forth,
 The gloom that saddens Heaven and Earth,
 The bitter east, the misty summer
 And gray metropolis of the North.

Alfred Tennyson.

Was there ever another such city to live in as Edinburgh?

'And I forgot the clouded Forth,
 The gloom that saddens Heaven and Earth,
 The bitter east, the misty summer
 And gray metropolis of the North.'

One regrets that this is all that our noble Laureate's experience of Edinburgh enabled him to say. The east winds do bite there fearfully now and then, and blow a dust of unparalleled pungency in your eyes as you cross the North Bridge; but, with that exception, what a city! Gray! why, it is gray, or gray and gold, or gray and gold and blue, or gray and gold and blue and green, or gray and gold and blue and green and purple, according as the heaven pleases, and you choose your ground! But, take it when it is most sombrely gray, where is another such gray city? The irregular ridge of the Old Town, with its main street of lofty antique houses rising gradually from Holyrood up to the craggy Castle; the chasm between the Old Town and the New, showing grassy slopes by day, and glittering supernaturally with lamps by night; the New Town itself, like a second city spilt out of the Old, fairly built of stone, and stretching downwards over new heights and hollows, with gardens intermixed, till it reaches the flats of the Forth! Then Calton Hill in the midst, confronted by the precipitous curve of the Salisbury Crags; Arthur Seat looking over all like a lion grimly keeping guard; the wooded Corstorphines lying soft away to the west, and the larger Pentlands looming quiet in the southern distance! Let the sky be as gray and heavy as the absence of the sun can make it, and where have natural situation

and the hand of man combined to exhibit such a mass of the city picturesque? And only let the sun strike out, and lo! a burst of new glories in and around. The sky is then blue as sapphire overhead; the waters of the Forth are clear to the broad sea; the hills and the fields of Fife are distinctly visible from every northern street and window; still more distant peaks are discernible on either horizon; and, as day goes down, the gables and pinnacles of the old houses blaze and glance with the radiance of the sunset. It is such a city that no one, however familiar with it, can walk out in its streets for but five minutes at any hour of the day or of the night, or in any state of the weather, without a new pleasure through the eye alone. Add to this the historical associations. Remember that this is the city of ancient Scottish royalty; that there is not a close or alley in the Old Town, and hardly a street in the New, that has not memories of the great or the quaint attached to it; that the many generations of old Scottish life that have passed through it have left every stone of it, as it were, rich with legend. To an English poet all this might be indifferent; but hear the Scottish poets:—

‘Edina! Scotia’s darling seat!
All hail thy palaces and towers!’

was the salutation of Burns, when first brought from his native Ayrshire to behold the Scottish capital. ‘Mine own romantic town,’ was the outburst of Scott, in that famous passage where, after describing Edinburgh as seen from the Braids, he makes even an English stranger beside himself with rapture at the sight.

David Masson.

Edinburgh Sketches and Memories.

As the cars neared Edinburgh we all exclaimed at its beauty, so worthily commemorated by Scott. . . .

Edinburgh has had an effect on the literary history of the world for the last fifty years, that cannot be forgotten by anyone approaching her. The air seemed to be full of spirits of those who, no longer living, have woven a part of the thread of our existence. I do not know that the shortness of human life ever so oppressed me as it did on coming near to the city. . . . While we were passing the monument of Scott, I felt an oppressive melancholy. What a moment life seems in the presence of the noble dead! What a momentary thing is art, in all its beauty! Where are all these great souls that have created such an atmosphere of light about Edinburgh? and how little a space was given them to live and to enjoy! . . .

We drove all over Edinburgh, up to the castle, to the university, to the hospitals, and through many of the principal streets, and shouts, and smiles, and greetings. Some boys amused me very much by their pertinacious attempts to keep up with the carriage. 'Heck,' says one of them, 'that's *her*, see the courls.'

Harriet Beecher Stowe.
Sunny Memories.

1854 EDINBURGH itself deserves all the praises which have been lavished upon it. The esplanade where I now sit is certainly the finest in Great Britain. The public buildings very splendid, and so are all the spires and churches, all of grey stone. The Castle is the centre of the city, and Arthur's Seat, with its basalt crags; 800 feet high, ready to topple into the town. This afternoon I walked with F. Russell to the Corstorphine Hills, and got a noble view of the City, which there looked very like Oxford, with a huge Windsor Castle in the middle of it, and the Firth of Forth, with its islands and the Fifeshire Hills. Most beautiful, God knows, it was. The people very kindly.

Rev. Charles Kingsley.
Letters and Memories, vol. i.—'Letter to his Wife.'

1855 Es war dichter Nebel, und ich sah die gewaltigen Häusermassen nur als Silhouette auf dem grauen Himmel.

Abends ging ich auf der prachtvollen Princes Street umher und sah mir die glänzend erleuchteten Läden an. Ich kaufte vor Allem einen Hut und bestellte Visitenkarten.

Heute, Freitag, bin ich von acht bis vier Uhr ununterbrochen herumgegangen um Edimburgh anzusehen. Ich nahm Friedrich mit. Es ist wahr, dasz die schottische Hauptstadt unbedingt an Schönheit mit Neapel wetteifern kann, eine solche Mannigfaltigkeit von Meer und Land, Bergen und Thälern bietet die Umgegend dar. Aber wie schön auch die Erde, es fehlt der Himmel des Südens, die klare, durchsichtige Luft, die warme Beleuchtung und mit ihr die Poesie der Landschaft. Es *war* Sonnenschein und doch Alles grau.

Ich breche hier meinen Bericht ab, denn soeben, halb elf Abends, geht ein immediate telegraphic despatch ein, mit Bleistift geschrieben: 'The queen and prince wish you to come on to Balmoral immediately.—Colonel Phepps.' Morgen früh acht Uhr reise ich ab, 150 miles to Aberdeen, dann posthorses 28 miles to Balmoral. Gute Nacht, du liebes, gutes Herz.

Count von Moltke.

From *Briefe des General Feldmarschalls Grafen Helmuth von Moltke an seine Braut und Frau.* Letter dated 28th September 1855.

Translation :—

There was a thick mist on my arrival, and I saw the great mass of houses only as a silhouette against the grey sky.

In the evening I walked up and down magnificent Princes Street, and looked at the brilliantly lit up shops. First of all I bought a hat and ordered visiting-cards.

To-day, Friday, I have gone about from eight till four o'clock without interruption in order to see Edinburgh. I took Frederick with me.¹ It is true that the Scottish capital can vie with Naples as to beauty; the surroundings offer such a variety of sea and land, mountains and valleys. But however beautiful the land, the sky of the South is lacking here, the clear, transparent air, the warm light, and with it the poetry of landscape. There *was* sunshine, and yet all was grey.

I here break off my report, for at this moment, half past ten at night, an immediate telegraphic despatch has arrived, written in pencil: 'The queen and prince wish you to come on to Balmoral immediately.—Colonel Phepps.' I start early to-morrow morning, at eight o'clock, 150 miles to Aberdeen, then post-horses 28 miles to Balmoral. Good night, dear heart.

HE was lecturing at the time in Edinburgh, and the wily Scot had made a good bargain. The houses were crowded, the Northerners made money, and Thackeray was furious. Bell showed me a letter of discontent from him: it was laconic. It ran:—'Dear Bell,—I am in the hands of the Philistines. They have bought me for two hundred, and sold me for five.—Yours, W. M. Thackeray.'

T. E. Crispe, K.C.
Recollections.

1857

Now, the Castle Rock of Edinburgh is, as far as I know, simply the noblest in Scotland conveniently approachable by any creatures but sea-gulls or peewits. Ailsa and the Bass are of course more wonderful; and, I suppose, in the West Highlands there are masses of crag more wild and fantastic; but people only go to see these once or twice in their lives, while the Castle Rock has a daily influence in forming the taste, or kindling the imagination, of every promising youth in Edinburgh. Even irrespectively of its position, it is a mass of singular importance among the rocks of Scotland. It is not easy to find among your mountains a 'craig' of so definite a form, and on so magnificent a scale. Among the

To the Editor
of 'The
Witness,'
September
1857

¹ His servant.

central hills of Scotland, from Ben Wyvis to the Lammermuirs, I know of none comparable to it ; while, besides being bold and vast, its bars of basalt are so nobly arranged, and form a series of curves at once so majestic and harmonious, from the turf at their base to the roots of the bastions, that, as long as your artists have that crag to study, I do not see that they need casts from Michael Angelo, or any one else, to teach them the laws of composition or the sources of sublimity.

John Ruskin.

PRINCES STREET is the grand promenade of the gay and fashionable, the resort of young and old, of all who have nothing to do but to see and to be seen. Here are the fair ones of the Scottish metropolis, elegantly attired, the roses on their cheeks glowing with a deeper and lovelier tint from exposure to this bracing atmosphere. Here young fellows swagger along, with or without cigars, sporting moustaches, whiskers, and imperials, in every variety of shape, and in every stage of development. Here are Jews as well as Gentiles, of maturer years, with beards of patriarchal dimensions, suggesting the question whether, in the process of eating, they use pinafores for their chins. Occasionally a military officer in his regimentals, a dashing sergeant, or a brace of rank and file in Highland costume, more rarely the fez of a Turk, lends variety to the scene, while now and then the white cravat of some professional relieves the monotony of the black stock. Shops are here of every kind, displaying at their stately plate-glass windows, in forms the most alluring, all sorts of goods, wares, and merchandise—drapers, goldsmiths, printsellers, milliners, and bazaarists, vying with each other in the beauty, the splendour, and attractiveness of the articles exhibited for sale ;—dentists and photographers, not less eager to catch the public eye, displaying in glass cases the choicest specimens of their professional skill. But, besides the great saloons on a level with the pavement, or approached by a flight of steps, the sunk areas teem with small shops, where are vended a thousand useful and ornamental articles and nick-nacks, from a pin to a baby's dress or a cap for mamma ; from a caoutchouc overcoat or air-cushion to a pair of gutta-percha foot-preservers ; from a supple-jack or a wax doll to a miniature Laocoon, Venus, or Apollo. But the attractiveness of Princes Street is not due alone to its shops, nor to its hotels, or public offices, or splendid New Club-House. Its popularity, if I may so express it, as a promenade arises from a combination of causes. Extending in a straight line for nearly a mile from Register-House, on the east, to the beautiful Episcopal chapel of St. John's and

Hope Street, on the west, and almost on a dead level throughout, which is no small recommendation in a city so remarkable for the steepness of its streets; its spacious pavement; its fine southern exposure; and forming, as it does, the great connecting link, by means of the North Bridge and the Mound, with the Old Town, it should seem as if it had been expressly designed to be, what it is, the leading thoroughfare and rendezvous of Edinburgh. . . . But the crowning attractiveness of Princes Street to a stranger is to be found in the view which it commands of the Old Town, with its quaint and picturesque buildings, crowded together, and towering to the skies, as if the aboriginal inhabitants had been prohibited from elsewhere erecting their domiciles; the Waverley Monument,¹ the buildings on the Mound, and, above all, the venerable Castle, each commanding its share of admiration; not to speak of Calton Hill, by courtesy the Acropolis, with its graceful memorials to the great and good, which, as seen in walking from the west, appears to form the eastern terminus to the street. . . .

What a charming privilege it is, when tired of perambulating the pavement, that one can vary the scene by a saunter or a seat in the gardens opposite, the eastern division of which, as mentioned in my first letter, is open to the public. Here are spacious terraces, with broad walks, and ample borders, planted with evergreens, herbaceous plants, and flowers; and grassy banks, sloping down to the bottom of the valley, which, as viewed from the terrace above, forms a picture of landscape and horticultural beauty surprising to behold in the very heart of a large city. Nor is this lovely landscape confined to the north side of the ravine. The southern slopes are not less embellished with every approved variety of evergreen and shrub; and sequestered walks, too, are there, winding along the bank, and lined with trees, under whose shadowy shelter the wearied worker, whether with head or hand, in the warm summer evenings, may luxuriously recline; or, if so disposed, he may indulge in the healthful and invigorating game of bowls, beautiful closely-shaven greens being here for the purpose. To think of all this innocent and instructive means of enjoyment being within reach of the poorest of the poor, subject only to one condition—that the visitors conduct themselves properly, and keep on the walks—is indeed matter for sincere gratulation; and all thanks be to him with whom the happy idea originated of converting what before, I understand, was an unseemly morass, full of all uncleanness, into a scene of picturesque and varied beauty, upon which the most fastidious eye may gaze with pleasure.

¹ He means the Scott Monument.

From the success which has attended this salutary innovation on the exclusiveness of former days, it is to be hoped that the western division of the gardens will in like manner be thrown open to the public.¹

Edinburgh Dissected.

It would be strange to write about Edinburgh and take no notice of one of her most remarkable sons—R. L. Stevenson. I had been his mother's bridesmaid, and I stayed with Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson in 1851, a year after they were married, in the house their baby was born in, 8 Howard Place, and a fractious little fellow he was! though decidedly pretty, with his dark eyes and fair hair. This uncommon combination he inherited from his mother,—from her also his light heart, which carried him bravely through the many years of delicacy that would have depressed most people into thorough invalidism. This was almost my first visit from home, and it was an intense interest to me to watch the development of my girl friend into a wife and mother, and to study the character of her grave scientific husband. He delighted in her livelier spirits, for, left to himself, life was 'full of sairiousness' to him; and had it not been for his strong sense of humour, which was a striking trait in his character, the Calvinism in which he had been brought up would have left its gloomy mark upon him.

Among the pictures on the wall there was a fine engraving of David Hume, whose writings, in spite of his opinions, he greatly admired; 'but,' he said, 'I shall take that down when the boy is old enough to notice it, for I should not like him to think Hume was one of my heroes.' He could not guess how far his son was to travel from the orthodox paths, and yet always to bear about him the indelible mark of the Shorter Catechism!

Mrs. Sellar.

Recollections and Impressions.

. . . HERIOT ROW is still the same prosperous and dignified row of town houses that it was more than fifty years ago, when Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson went to live at No. 17 with their little seven-year-

¹ This has long since been done. The bowling-greens still exist on the southern side of the most easterly gardens. But the North British Railway line, which now runs through the entire valley, disfigures the gardens. The 'southern slopes,' on the further side of the railway further west, are ugly and neglected and deserted, and the 'sequestered walks' are muddy and ill-kept foot-paths among rank grass. But they command a gay and beautiful view of Princes Street and the Forth beyond, and they run along the very base of the Castle Rock, and lead through the ruins of the old Well House Tower; and they might—and surely one day may—be made another source of pleasure and beauty in Edinburgh.—R. M.

old 'Smout.' It was, even then, half a century old, for it had been the earliest extension of the New Town, after the building of the three great streets—Princes Street, George Street, and Queen Street—on the northern slopes of the city towards the Firth of Forth, and it was the beginning of what was then called the 'Second New Town.' Queen Street, facing north, looks down on Heriot Row, and Heriot Row, facing south, looks up at Queen Street; and between the two there is now a fine wide belt of public gardens, common to both. It is now in the centre of a city: roofs and spires and chimneys stretch away for miles, a blue-grey haze, in all directions. But Louis Stevenson's grandfather, the old minister of Colinton, liked to remember that he had played in the cornfields, and eaten strawberries and cream, on the very site of Heriot Row. Lord Cockburn and Jeffrey had stood in Queen Street on still nights and listened to the 'ceaseless, rural corncrake, nesting happily in the dewy grass.' . . .

It is probable that Mr. Stevenson, with his delicate wife and child, chose his house for its southern exposure. To this day the pavement in front of Heriot Row is one of the sunniest walks in Edinburgh. No. 17 looks very much as it did when the Stevensons lived there; and it must be remembered that they lived there for thirty years, and that this was Louis Stevenson's home from childhood to manhood. The house was given up only after his father's death in 1887, when Louis Stevenson said goodbye to Edinburgh for the last time, and Mrs. Stevenson, shutting the door of her old home behind her, followed her son to the ends of the earth.

There is the nursery window, looking out over the gardens to Queen Street above! How often in those 'terrible long nights,' when the child could not sleep for coughing, has 'Cummy' lifted him in her arms and carried him to that window to look out into the darkness, across the dark belt of gardens, at Queen Street, all dark too, save where here and there a little light shone out in some high-up window; and 'they would tell each other' that perhaps some other little helpless child was there, in its nurse's arms, waiting for morning and for the sounds of the carts coming in.

Poor little idol! This was your Temple; you never had such another! . . .

What is called 'Edinburgh society' never understood Louis Stevenson. It saw in him merely 'a queer lad in a velvet coat,' who let his hair grow uncomfortably long, disliked dinners and dances, was always alternating between Balzac and the Gospel

according to St. Matthew, and made his father and mother wretched with his religious difficulties and his odd Bohemian ways. There were, of course, one or two exceptions. . . .

Flora Masson.

'Scottish Homes and Haunts of R. L. Stevenson,'
Cornhill Magazine, May 1911.

1858

I NEVER have forgotten, and I never can forget, that I have the honour to be a burgess and guild-brother of the Corporation of Edinburgh. As long as sixteen or seventeen years ago, the first great public recognition and encouragement I ever received was bestowed on me in this generous and magnificent city—in this city so distinguished in literature and so distinguished in the arts. You will readily believe that I have carried into the various countries I have since traversed, and through all my subsequent career, the proud and affectionate remembrance of that eventful epoch in my life; and that coming back to Edinburgh is to me like coming home.

Charles Dickens.

Speech in acknowledgment of the presentation of a silver wassail cup by the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, when Dickens read his *Christmas Carol* to the Philosophical Institution, in the Music Hall, 1858.

1860

IN the history of the University of Edinburgh we may clearly trace the national character of Scotland,—we find there all that hardy energy, that gift of extracting much from little, and husbanding every available provision—of supplying the defects of external appliances and means from within by the augmented effort and courage of man, that power to make an ungenial climate smile, and a hungry soil teem with all the bounties of Providence, which have given to Scotland a place and a name among men so far beyond what was due to her geographical extent or to her natural resources.

Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone.

Rectorial Address, Edinburgh University: 1860.

1866

IN April 1866 there was great excitement in the Edinburgh University, as on the 29th, Carlyle—whom the students had selected as their Lord Rector—was coming down to give the accustomed speech on that occasion. . . .

It was a sight I shall never forget, as the Chancellor and the Professors brought in the Lord Rector in his heavy robes, which, characteristically, he cast aside as soon as he began to speak, and stood before us, a world-famous man, in his plain everyday clothes. World-wearied he looked, as with weak voice he turned to address

the students of the same University in which he himself had been a student fifty-six years before. Few but those beside him could have heard a word of the address; but absolute silence reigned, as 'in soft earnest language, made picturesque by the form in which it was expressed, he proceeded to impress upon them the elementary duties of diligence, fidelity, and honest exertion in their present work as a preparation for their coming life.' But for this noble address one must go to his own published works. He wound up with Goethe's hymn, which he had called to Sterling 'the marching music of the Teutonic nations,' and he finished with the words which, to the end, were so often upon his lips, *Wir heissen euch hoffen*.

I think this was the most impressive scene I have ever witnessed: no one who was there could ever forget it, and it seemed burnt into one's memory, when ten days after one heard of his wife's tragically sudden death in London.

Mrs. Sellar.
Recollections and Impressions.

ONE is constantly asked, 'What did Scotland give for all these benefits? What did Scotland lose by the Union?' The question is enough to make Belhaven rise from his grave. She lost, except her Church only, all that she held most dear. She was very poor, and therefore intensely proud. She believed herself to be the equal of England in all but the fortuitous circumstances of climate and soil. She solaced herself in her troubles with the notion that she had given England her kings. The Union was passed, and the Scotch saw themselves, for the sake as they thought of some commercial advantages, which few understood and which the vast majority despised, reduced from a king-giving kingdom to a province without a Legislature; with a haughty aristocracy ignored and deprived; with a capital, inferior indeed in size to London or in refinement to Paris, but still famous and brilliant, shorn of its Court, its society, and its Parliament, descending to the level of a country town. And this is what Scotland lost. To us indeed these sacrifices may seem trivial. We can neither as subjects regret the Stuarts, nor as men of business the Scotch Legislature; the aristocracy are no longer ignored; and as for Edinburgh stripped of her Court, of her aristocracy, and her Estates, who shall say that we have not gloried in her ten times more since she lost those ornaments; that had we to select the proudest period of Edinburgh's history, we should not choose the century that followed

in preference to any that preceded the Union? For a moment the dethroned beauty retired behind the veil, but only to reappear in the fairer attributes of renewed youth. During the splendid epoch which succeeded she sent forth perhaps more brave, more wise, and more famous men than any other city in the world. Historians and lawyers, philosophers and statesmen, doctors and architects, soldiers and novelists, wits and economists, poets and rhetoricians—all sprang from her fertile bosom. To one indeed she gave birth who was destined not merely to be the delight of every nation and every age, but to treble to his native country the benefits of the Union; for while the treaty only bound England to Scotland, Scott united Scotland to the world.

Lord Rosebery.

From an Inaugural Address delivered at the Philosophical Institution, Edinburgh, 1871.

YE lesser glories, in my spirit sleep !
 But proudly fling thy white arms to the sea,
 Queen of the unconquered North ! lo ! yonder deep,
 With all his subject waves, doth worship thee !
 Stately thou sittest on thy mountain throne,
 Thy towers and temples like a cloudy sky ;
 And scarce canst tell what fabrics are thine own,
 Hung 'mid the air-built phantoms floating by.
 Oh ! ne'er may that bright diadem be shorn
 By thee, for many an age, majestically worn !

Nor dim and silent were thy regal halls
 (The mansion, now, of grief and solitude !)
 But mirth and music shook thy pictured walls,
 And Scotland's monarch reigned in Holy-Rood.
 Well did I know, 'mid banneret and peer,
 Star of the Stuart-line, accomplished James !
 His graceful words I almost seemed to hear,
 As, lightly ranging 'mid those high-born dames,
 To each, in turn, some gallant wish he sighed,
 But lingered still near one, his ruin and his pride !

Professor Wilson.

The Magic Mirror.

EVERY true Scotsman believes Edinburgh to be the most picturesque city in the world ; and truly, standing on the Calton Hill at early morning, when the smoke of fires new-kindled hangs in azure swathes and veils about the Old Town—which from that point

resembles a huge lizard, the Castle its head, church-spires spikes upon its scaly back, creeping up from its lair beneath the Crag to look out on the morning world—one is quite inclined to pardon the enthusiasm of the North Briton. The finest view from the interior is obtained from the corner of St. Andrew Street, looking west. Straight before you the Mound crosses the valley, bearing the white Academy buildings; beyond, the Castle lifts, from grassy slopes and billows of summer foliage, its weather-stained towers and fortifications, the Half-Moon battery giving the folds of its standard to the wind. Living in Edinburgh there abides, above all things, a sense of its beauty. Hill, crag, castle, rock, blue stretch of sea, the picturesque ridge of the Old Town, the squares and terraces of the New—these things seen once are not to be forgotten. The quick life of to-day sounding around the relics of antiquity, and overshadowed by the august traditions of a kingdom, makes residence in Edinburgh more impressive than residence in any other British city. I have just come in—surely it never looked so fair before? What a poem is that Princes Street! The puppets of the busy, many-coloured hour move about on its pavement, while across the ravine Time has piled up the Old Town, ridge on ridge, gray as a rocky coast washed and worn by the foam of centuries; peaked and jagged by gable and roof; windowed from basement to cope; the whole surmounted by St. Giles's airy crown. The New is there looking at the Old. Two Times are brought face to face, and are yet separated by a thousand years. Wonderful on winter nights, when the gully is filled with darkness, and out of it rises, against the sombre blue and the frosty stars, that mass and bulwark of gloom, pierced and quivering with innumerable lights. There is nothing in Europe to match that, I think. Could you but roll a river down the valley it would be sublime. Finer still, to place oneself near the Burns Monument and look toward the Castle. It is more astonishing than an Eastern dream. A city rises up before you painted by fire on night. High in air a bridge of lights leaps the chasm; a few emerald lamps, like glow-worms, are moving silently about in the railway station below; a solitary crimson one is at rest. That ridged and chimneyed bulk of blackness, with splendour bursting out at every pore, is the wonderful Old Town, where Scottish history mainly transacted itself; while, opposite, the modern Princes Street is blazing throughout its length. During the day the Castle looks down upon the city as if out of another world; stern with all its peacefulness, its garniture of trees, its slopes of grass. The rock is dingy enough in colour, but after a shower, its lichens laugh out greenly in the returning

sun, while the rainbow is brightening on the lowering sky beyond. How deep the shadow which the Castle throws at noon over the gardens at its feet where the children play! How grand when giant bulk and towery crown blacken against sunset! Fair, too, the New Town sloping to the sea. From George Street, which crowns the ridge, the eye is led down sweeping streets of stately architecture to the villas and woods that fill the lower ground, and fringe the shore; to the bright azure belt of the Forth with its smoking steamer or its creeping sail; and beyond, to the shores of Fife, soft blue, and flecked with fleeting shadows in the keen clear light of spring, dark purple in the summer heat, tarnished gold in the autumn haze; and farther away still, just distinguishable on the paler sky, the crest of some distant peak, carrying the imagination into the illimitable world. Residence in Edinburgh is an education in itself. Its beauty refines one like being in love. It is perennial, like a play of Shakespeare's. Nothing can stale its infinite variety. . . .

Throned on crags, Edinburgh takes every eye; and, not content with supremacy in beauty, she claims an intellectual supremacy also. She is a patrician amongst British cities, 'A penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree.' She has wit if she lacks wealth: she counts great men against millionaires. The success of the actor is insecure until thereunto Edinburgh has set her seal. The poet trembles before the Edinburgh critics. The singer respects the delicacy of the Edinburgh ear. Coarse London may roar with applause: fastidious Edinburgh sniffs disdain, and sneers reputations away. London is the stomach of the empire—Edinburgh the quick, subtle, far-darting brain. . . .

Edinburgh is not only in point of beauty the first of British cities—but, considering its population, the general tone of its society is more intellectual than that of any other. In no other city will you find so general an appreciation of books, art, music, and objects of antiquarian interest. It is peculiarly free from the taint of the ledger and the counting-house. It is a Weimar without a Goethe—Boston without its nasal twang. But it wants variety; it is mainly a city of the professions. . . .

On the intellectual man, living or working in Edinburgh, the light comes through the stained window of the past. To-day's event is not raw and *brusque*; it comes draped in romantic colour, lined with ancient gules and or. And when he has done his six hours' work, he can take the noblest and most renovating exercise.

Alexander Smith.

A Summer in Skye.

WE cannot resist here recalling one Sunday evening in December when he was walking with two friends along the Dean Road, to the west of Edinburgh—one of the noblest outlets to any city. It was a lovely evening,—such a sunset as one never forgets; a rich dark bar of cloud hovered over the sun, going down behind the Highland hills, lying bathed in amethystine bloom; between this cloud and the hills there was a narrow slip of pure ether, of a tender cowslip colour, lucid, and as if it were the very body of heaven in its clearness, every object standing out as if etched upon the sky. The north-west end of Corstorphine Hill, with its trees and rocks, lay in the heart of this pure radiance, and there a wooden crane, used in the quarry below, was so placed as to assume the figure of a cross; there it was, unmistakeable, lifted up against the crystal-line sky. All three gazed at it silently. As they gazed, he gave utterance in a tremulous, gentle, and rapid voice, to what all were feeling, in the word ‘Calvary!’

The friends walked on in silence, and then turned to other things. All that evening he was very gentle and serious, speaking, as he seldom did, of divine things,—of death—of sin—of eternity—of salvation; expressing his simple faith in God and in his Saviour.

Dr. John Brown.

Horæ Subsecivæ. Paper on Thackeray’s death.

EDINA, high in heaven wan,
 Towered, templed, Metropolitan,
 Waited upon by hills,
 River, and wide-spread ocean—tinged
 By April light, or draped and fringed
 As April vapour wills,
 Thou hangest, like a Cyclops’ dream,
 High in the shifting weather-gleam.

Fair art thou when above thy head
 The mistless firmament is spread;
 But when the twilight’s screen
 Draws glimmering round thy towers and spires,
 And thy lone bridge, uncrowned by fires,
 Hangs in the dim ravine,
 Thou art a very Persian tale—
 Oh, Mirza’s vision, Bagdad’s vale!

The spring-time stains with emerald
Thy Castle's precipices bald ;
 Within thy streets and squares
The sudden summer camps, and blows
The plenteous chariot-shaken rose ;
 Or, lifting unawares
My eyes from out thy central strife,
Lo, far off, harvest-brazen Fife !

When, rain-drops gemming tree and plant,
The rainbow is thy visitant,
 Lovely as on the moors ;
When sunset flecks with loving ray
Thy wilderness of gables grey,
 And hoary embrasures ;
When great Sir Walter's moon-blanch'd shrine,
Rich carved as Melrose, gleams divine,

I know thee ; and I know thee too
On winter nights, when, 'gainst the blue
 Thy high, gloom-wilder'd ridge
Breaks in a thousand splendours ; lamps
Gleam broadly in the valley damps ;
 Thy air-suspended bridge
Shines stedfast ; and the modern street
Looks on, star-fretted, loud with feet.

Fair art thou, City, to the eye,
But fairer to the memory :
 There is no place that breeds—
Not Venice, 'neath her mellow moons,
When the sea-pulse of full lagoons
 Waves all her palace weeds—
Such wistful thoughts of far away,
Of the eternal yesterday.

Within thy high-piled Canongate
The air is of another date ;
 All speaks of ancient time :
Traces of gardens, dials, wells,
Thy dizzy gables, oyster-shells
 Imbedded in the lime—
Thy shields above the doors of peers
Are old as Mary Stuart's tears.

Thou saw'st Montrose's passing face
 Shame-strike the gloating silk and lace,
 And jeering plumes that filled
 The balcony o'erhead ; with pride
 Thou saw'st Prince Charles bare-headed ride,
 While bagpipes round him shrilled,
 And far Culloden's smoky racks
 Hid scaffold craped, and bloody axe.

What wine hast thou known brawl be-spilt !
 What daggers ruddy to the hilt !
 What stately minuets
 Walked slowly o'er thy oaken floors !
 What hasty kisses at thy doors !
 What banquetings and bets !
 What talk, o'er man that lives and errs,
 Of double-chinned philosophers !

Great City, every morning I
 See thy wild fringes in the sky,
 Soft-blurr'd with smoky grace :
 Each evening note the blazing sun
 Flush luridly thy vapours dun—
 A spire athwart his face :
 Each night I watch thy wondrous feast,
 Like some far city of the East.

Alexander Smith.
Last Leaves.

FRAE nirly, nippin', Eas'lan' breeze,
 Frae Norlan' snaw, an' haar o' seas,
 Weel happit in your gairden trees,
 A bonny bit,
 Atween the muckle Pentland's knees
 Secure-ye sit.

Ille Terrarum

Beeches an' aiks entwine their theek,
 An' firs, a stench, auld-farrant clique.
 A simmer day, your chimleys reek,
 Couthy and bien ;
 An' here an' there your windies keek
 Amang the green.

A pickle plats an' paths an' posies,
 A wheen auld gillyflowers an' roses :
 A ring o' wa's the hale encloses
 Frae sheep or men :
 An' there the auld housie beeks an' dozes,
 A' by her lane.

The gairdner crooks his weary back
 A' day in the pitaty-track,
 Or mebbe stops a while to crack
 Wi' Jane the cook,
 Or at some buss, worm-eaten-black,
 To gie a look.

Frae the high hills the curlew ca's ;
 The sheep gang baaing by the wa's ;
 Or whiles a clan o' roosty craws
 Cangle thegither ;
 The wild bees seek the gairden raws,
 Weariet wi' heather.

Or in the gloamin' douce an' grey
 The sweet-throat mavis tunes her lay ;
 The herd comes linkin' doun the brae ;
 An' by degrees
 The muckle siller mune maks way
 Amang the trees.

Here aft hae I, wi' sober heart,
 For meditation sat apairt,
 When orra loves or kittle art
 Perplexed my mind ;
 Here socht a balm for ilka smart
 O' humankind.

Here aft, weel neukit by my lane,
 Wi' Horace, or perhaps Montaigne,
 The mornin' hours hae come an' gane
 Abüne my heid—
 I wadna gi'en a chucky-stane
 For a' I'd read.

But noo the auld city, street by street,
 A winter fu' o' snaw an' sleet,
 A while shut in my gangrel feet
 An' goavin' mettle;
 Noo is the soopit ingle sweet,
 An' liltin' kettle.

An' noo the winter winds complain;
 Cauld lies the glaur in ilka lane;
 On draigled hizzie, tautit wean
 An' drucken lads,
 In the mirk nicht, the winter rain
 Dribbles an' blads.

Whan bugles frae the Castle rock,
 An' beaten drums wi' dowie shock,
 Wauken, at cauld-rife sax o'clock,
 My chitterin' frame,
 I mind me on the kintry cock,
 The kintry hame.

I mind me on yon bonny bield;
 An' Fancy traivels far afield
 To gaither a' that gairdens yield
 O' sun an' Simmer:
 To hearten up a dowie chield,
 Fancy's the limmer!

Robert Louis Stevenson.

. . . I MUST not say a word of the glorious scene that was about us as we drove hurriedly from the Corn Exchange to the Waverley Market, nor of the unmatched loveliness of Edinburgh on that evening; with the full orb of the moon looking down on the countless multitudes that filled the street; on the Castle; on the towering twelve-storied houses of the old town; on the turreted roofs and pinnacles and spires and quaint gables and jutting windows from which sparkled innumerable lights; or on any other of the myriad beauties which together make Edinburgh the most picturesque of European cities, even in its everyday dress. While we had been hearing Mr. Gladstone—4000 of us—in the Exchange, a throng at least ten times as numerous was raging about Waverley Market.

Mr. Gladstone
 in Edinburgh
 in 1879.

George W. Smalley.
London Letters.

. . . MEDITATIVE people will find a charm in a certain consonancy between the aspect of the city and its odd and stirring history. Few places, if any, offer a more barbaric display of contrasts to the eye. In the very midst stands one of the most satisfactory crags in nature—a Bass Rock upon dry land, rooted in a garden, shaken by passing trains, carrying a crown of battlements and turrets, and describing its warlike shadow over the liveliest and brightest thoroughfare of the New Town. From these smoky beehives, ten stories high, the unwashed look down upon the open squares and gardens of the wealthy; the gay people sunning themselves along Princes Street, with its mile of commercial all beflagged upon some great occasion, see, across a gardened valley set with statues, where the washings of the Old Town flutter in the breeze at its high windows. And then, upon all sides, what a clashing of architecture! In this one valley, where the life of the town goes most busily forward, there may be seen, shown one above and behind another by the accidents of the ground, buildings in almost every style upon the globe. Egyptian and Greek temples, Venetian palaces and Gothic spires, are huddled one over another in a most admired disorder; while, above all, the brute mass of the Castle and the summit of Arthur's Seat look down upon these imitations with a becoming dignity, as the works of Nature may look down upon the monuments of Art. But Nature is a more indiscriminate patroness than we imagine, and in no way frightened of a strong effect. The birds roost as willingly among the Corinthian capitals as in the crannies of the crag; the same atmosphere and daylight clothe the eternal rock and yesterday's imitation portico; and as the soft northern sunlight throws out everything into a glorified distinctness—or easterly mists, coming up with the blue evening, fuse all these incongruous features into one, and the lamps begin to glitter along the street, and faint lights to burn in the high windows across the valley—the feeling grows upon you that this also is a piece of Nature in the most intimate sense; that this profusion of eccentricities, this dream in masonry and living rock, is not a drop-scene in a theatre, but a city in the world of every-day reality, connected by railway and telegraph-wire with all the capitals of Europe, and inhabited by citizens of the familiar type, who keep ledgers, and attend church, and have sold their immortal portion to a daily paper.

Robert Louis Stevenson.
Picturesque Notes.

THOU city of my boyhood ere I dreamt
 My footsteps yet would be upon thy streets
 My thoughts were with thee, and thy name to me
 Was as a spell to waken up the great
 Who made thee great, and left behind the spell
 To draw the pilgrim. In my heart I heard
 The many voices speak that spoke to thee
 In the far past, and all their echoes rang
 From hill to hill of history. I became
 Familiar with thy face though never seen,
 And all my worship—as a lover dreams,
 And pictures to himself some dear, sweet face
 To bend above his life—was sweeter thus.
 Then in the pauses of my daily toil,
 In quiet moments when the village slept,
 I was with thee; and in my nightly dreams
 I walked the storied pavement of thy streets;
 And now I am a citizen of thine.

Alexander Anderson ('The Surfaceman').

A Memorial Volume of Poems and Songs.

THE old lawyer . . . got himself into his coat as he spoke, slowly, not without an effort. The sun was struggling through the mist as they went out again into the streets, and the mid-day gun from the Castle helped for a moment to disperse the haar, and show the noble cliff on which it rears its head aloft. Mr. Milnathort paused to look with tender pride along the line—the houses and spires lifting out of the clouds, the sunshine breaking through, the crown of S. Giles's hovering like a visible sign of rank over the head of the throned city, awakened in him that keen pleasure and elation in the beauty of his native place which is nowhere more warmly felt than in Edinburgh. He waved his hand towards the Old Town in triumph.

'You may have seen a great deal, but ye will never have seen anything finer than that,' he said.

'I have seen very little,' said Walter; 'but everybody has heard of Edinburgh, so that it does not take one by surprise.'

'Ay, that is very wisely said. If it took you by surprise, and you had never heard of it before, the world would just go daft over it. However, it is a drawback to a great reputation that ye never come near it with your mind clear.'

Mrs. Oliphant.

The Wizard's Son. Macmillan's Magazine, vol. xlvii.

The end of
a driving
tour.

. . . and in the gathering darkness we approach Edinburgh.

How long the way seemed on this last night of our driving! The clear twilight slowly faded; and the over-arching heavens began to show faint throbbings of the stars. A pale yellow glow on the horizon told us where the lights of Edinburgh were afire. The road grew almost indistinguishable; but overhead the great worlds became more visible in the deep vault of blue. In a perfect silence we drove along the still highway, between the sombre hedges; and clearer and more clear grew these white constellations, in the placid skies. What was my lady thinking of—of Arthur, or her boys at Twickenham, or of long-forgotten days at Eastbourne—as she looked up at all the wonders of the night! There lay King Charles's Wain as we had often regarded it from a boat at sea, as we floated idly on the lapping waves. The jewels on Cassiopeia's chair glimmered faint and pale; and all the brilliant stars of the Dragon's hide trembled in the dark. The one bright star of the Swan recalled many an evening in the olden times; here, nearer at hand, Capella shone; and yonder Cepheus looked over to the pole-star as from the distance of another universe. Somehow it seemed to us that under the vast and throbbing vault the sea ought to be lying around its cliffs; but those were other masses we saw before us, where the crags of Arthur's Seat rose sharp and black into the sky. We ran in almost under the shadow of that silent bulk of hill. We drew nearer to the town; and then we saw before us long and waving lines of flame—the gas lamps of a mighty street. We left the majesty of the night outside, and were soon in the heart of the great city. Our journey was at an end.

But when the horses had been consigned to their stables, and all arrangements made for their transference next day to London, we sat down at the window of a Princes Street hotel. The tables behind were inviting enough. Our evening meal had been ordered; and at length the Lieutenant had the wish of his heart in procuring the Schaumwein with which to drink to the good health of our good horses that had brought us so far. But what in all the journey was there to equal the magic sight that lay before us as we turned to these big panes? Beyond a gulf of blackness the old town of Edinburgh rose with a thousand points of fire into the clear sky of a summer night. The tall houses, with their eight or nine stories, had their innumerable windows ablaze; and the points of orange light shone in the still blue shadow until they seemed to form part of some splendid and enchanted palace built on the slopes of a lofty hill. And then beyond that again we could see the great crags of the Castle looming dark; and we knew, rather

than saw, that there were walls and turrets up there, cold and distant, looking down on the yellow glare of the city beneath. What was Cologne with the coloured lamps of its steamers—you see them cross the smooth waters of the Rhine when a full moon shines over the houses of Deutz—or what was Prague with its countless spires piercing the starlight and its great bridge crossing over to the wooded heights of the Hradschin—compared to this magnificent spectacle in the noblest city of the world? The lights of the distant houses went out one by one. The streets became silent. Even the constellations grew paler; but why was that? A faint radiance, golden and soft, began to steal along the Castle-hill; and the strange splendour touched the sharp slopes, the trees, and the great grey walls above, which were under the stars.

‘Oh, my dear,’ says Tita, quite gently, to Bell, ‘we have seen nothing like that, not even in your own country of the Lakes!’

William Black.

The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton.

OUR route lay through Newington, that we might leave the young artist at home. We tried to do it quietly, but our friend Mrs. H. was out and shaking hands with us ere we could drive off. Mr. Macgregor, of the Royal, had been mindful of us; a grand sitting-room fronting on Princes Street and overlooking the gardens gave us the best possible view, the very choice spot of all this choice city. The night was beautiful, and the lights from the towering houses of the old town made an illumination, as it were, in honour of our arrival. That the travellers were delighted with Edinburgh, that it more than fulfilled all expectations, is to say but little; and those who saw it for the first time felt it to be beyond all that they had imagined. Those of us who knew its picturesque charms were more than ever impressed with its superiority over all other cities. Take my word for it, my readers, there is no habitation of human beings in this world so fine in its way, and its way itself is fine, as this, the capital of Scotland.

Andrew Carnegie.

An American Four-in-Hand in Britain.

. . . My Lord Provost, you have alluded to the relations of my family with this city. I am afraid those relations were closer in the seventeenth century than they are now, because my family at that time had the good fortune to live within your boundaries. . . . And, my Lord Provost, I have one further connection with Edinburgh—though that is a personal connection—which is that I am, and shall be for a month or two longer, the Rector of its Uni-

versity. . . . For the last fifteen years I have lived so much near this city and in this city, that I have got to feel myself to be a citizen of Edinburgh. The fact is that, as I now receive at your hands a formal acknowledgment of the fact, I become conscious of the circumstance that for the last fifteen years I have been an impostor. To-morrow I may have the true ring about me, but I am equally conscious that yesterday I was a wolf in sheep's clothing, mingling in your committees, promoting your objects, associated with your interests. . . . The faces round me are not strange; they are faces of old friends. I could have found my way blindfold to-day along that road which I traversed from my home to this hall. I know every house and every tree upon it. Everything here is familiar. . . . My Lord Provost, it is said that enthusiasm is the privilege of youth; as your youngest burgess I claim then the right to be enthusiastic, enthusiastic as long as life shall last, for the welfare and prosperity of the city of Edinburgh.

Lord Rosebery.

Speech on the occasion of his receiving the presentation of the Freedom of Edinburgh, July 21, 1883.

Mr. Gladstone
in Edinburgh
in 1884

A CROWD had found its way to the arrival platform; a crowd composed of the elect of Edinburgh; her Lord Provost, her two members, her Liberal managers, a few favoured ladies, and various representatives of municipal and political bodies. Not the least attempt had been made to decorate the place. Edinburgh, the most beautiful city in the north of Europe, delights to keep down the expectations of the arriving traveller, and prepares his mind for the splendour of her architecture and natural scenery by an approach through stations unsurpassed for meanness and discomfort and dirt. . . .

The train which brought Mr. Gladstone reached Princes Street Station with that punctuality which distinguishes Scotch railways, forty minutes after the hour fixed. It was five o'clock. The crowd of respectabilities catching sight of the engine wreathed with evergreens and flowers, made its usual effort to get under the wheels, but were reminded by the few policemen present that Juggernaut is not an English fashion, and so with gentle violence were persuaded to stand back. A semicircular breathing space was left for Lord Rosebery, the Lord Provost, and other dignitaries. The train stopped cleverly with the door of Mr. Gladstone's saloon carriage just opposite this little group. Mr. Gladstone stepped out and the cheering broke loose. By the time Lord Rosebery's hand was in his, the greeting had been taken up outside, and the

first notes of the multitude were mingling with the hurrahs of the interior. . . .

And now, at last, we are to have a scene which equals or eclipses the most brilliant of those of 1879. It is half-past eight; Princes Street is a mass of Scotsmen. . . . The evening is surpassingly beautiful. The full moon rides high in the cloudless, pale azure sky. The houses of the Old Town, climbing one above another on the swift slope beyond the ravine, their fronts untouched by the moonlight, gaze across at the scene with eyes of fire. Every window is ablaze. The picturesque irregularity of that steep mass breaks in its restless outline against the delicate blue beyond. Steeples and domes rise out of the solid blackness. The very chimneys arrange themselves in fantastic groups; so do the flying buttresses, or whatever they are, to the nondescript cathedral tower. Far below, the eye falls on the Doric colonnades and faultless proportions of that classic Edinburgh which Mr. Ruskin wants to pull down. Away to the west the Castle, steadfast on its noble base of rock, admirable in its battlements and spite of its paltry barracks, thrusts its huge bulk into view. Princes Street opens for its whole length on the left to the gardens and the glen over against which the Old Town rises. Its single row of buildings, all hotels and stores and clubs, is so brilliant with light, its sleek shop-keeping prosperity so animated, its windows are so full of cheering spectators, that for once it almost rivals the incomparably finer and older city to the south. And Princes Street to-night has something more to show you.

George W. Smalley.

London Letters.

. . . NEXT year he matriculated at Edinburgh, sharing one room with two others; studying through the night, and getting their bed when they rose. He was a failure in the classics, because they left you where you were, but in his third year he woke the logic classroom, and frightened the professor of moral philosophy.

He was nearly rusticated for praying at a debating society for a divinity professor who was in the chair.

'O Lord!' he cried, fervently, 'open his eyes, guide his tottering footsteps, and lead him from the paths of folly into those that are lovely and of good report, for lo! his days are numbered, and the sickle has been sharpened, and the corn is not yet ripe for the cutting.'

When Andrew graduated he was known as a student of mark.

He returned to Wheens, before setting out for London, with a consciousness of his worth.

Clarrie rose to go, when she heard her name. The love-light was in her eyes, but Andrew did not open the door for her, for he was a Scotch graduate. Besides, she might one day be his wife.

J. M. Barrie.

Better Dead.

Edinburgh
University.
Chancellor
Inglis¹

I'm pass'd, I'm pass'd,
And capp'd at last ;
I'm qualified and free now,
On pasteboard neat,
Or brass door-plate
To write myself M.B. now.
I'm full of joy,
Without alloy,
And my whole frame with pleasure tingles,
For in gown and in hood,
I've been capp'd by the good
And magic hand of Chancellor Inglis !

How proud my mien
When I hear the Dean
Proclaim my name and nation !
How swells my heart
When I play my part
In this great graduation !
For there's one with a pair
Of blue eyes fair,
Who from the rest my figure singles,
And feels as if she
Were a bit of me,
When I am capped by Chancellor Inglis.

How pleasant the tap
Of the velvet cap,
Which old tradition teaches
Was made from the rear
Of a half-used pair
Of George Buchanan's breeches.
I don't know well
If in this tale

¹ The Right Honble. John Inglis, Lord Justice-General, and Chancellor of Edinburgh University.

The mythic with historic mingles,
But the cap is a fact
And so is the tact
Of the erudite hand of Chancellor Inglis.

I yet know not
Upon what spot
In practice I may settle,
Or if folks will see,
As they should in me,
A man of sterling metal.
But when the due
Fees shall accrue,
And the sovereign with the shilling jingles,
Its pleasant little chime
Will recall the time
Of the magic touch of Chancellor Inglis.

My future home
May be in some
Of England's rich domains now,
Or in the North,
Beyond the Forth,
Among the mountain chains now ;
Or it may by
The Borders lie
'Mong Johnstones, Elliots, Scotts and Pringles ;
But wherever it be,
I'll teach them to see
The worth of a man that was capped by Inglis.

And who shall say
But some fine day,
When practice then increases,
To my door there may come
A neat little brougham
And pair with smartish paces :
And when folks spy
My nags go by,
Their collars, traces, reins, surcingles,
They'll say without doubt
That's a smart turn-out
Of the man that was capped by Chancellor Inglis.

And when I may
On holiday,
Enjoy release from duty,
With a sweet little wife,
The charm of my life,
Admiring nature's beauty ;
Then when we roam,
Away from home,
In sunny fields or bosky dingles,
We 'll both of us know
That the pleasure we owe
To the magic touch of Chancellor Inglis.

Now long may he
Our Chancellor be ;
Now let the glasses clatter
To his health, and the fame
Of the ancient dame
That is our Alma Mater ;
And as the Tay
And mighty Spey
Flow full streamed over rocks and shingles,
Let the red wine now
In rivers flow
To the jolly good health of Chancellor Inglis.

Sir Douglas Maclagan.

1884

BUT, after all, the real and abiding strength of the University, alike in the past and in the present, has been and is the genius, the learning, and the devotedness of its professors. . . . But there is one essential characteristic of the Scottish University system which renders an increase in the number of students a necessary concomitant of increase in the population and wealth of the country. Our students are drawn from the community at large. Our gates are freely opened to all classes and creeds and countries without distinction, the one qualification for admission being a healthy thirst for learning. The result has been, that our students are distinguished by a singularly manly and independent spirit. Early trained, many of them, in the school of adversity, or at least of poverty and thrift, unsparing in their assiduity to profit to the utmost by their University career, they bear with them into the world the natural fruits of both their home and their academical experiences, a stout heart and a well-trained mind, with such stores

of knowledge as form the best foundation for the larger and more varied education which is the business of the whole after-life. The Scottish Universities have thus contributed largely to the formation and development of the national character; and this they have been able to do because they have formed, and acted on, a true conception of the relation of a University to the life of a nation.

Once more I bid you all welcome. Welcome! It is but a short word, and lacks force and emphasis when uttered by one feeble voice. But if you could hear the great voice of the University itself, of its 5000 graduates and 3000 students, you would better understand what our welcome means. No building can be found to contain them all. . . .

Chancellor Inglis.

Address at Tercentenary of Edinburgh University, 1884.

WHAT has been contributed to the prosperity of the University by patrons, protectors, and benefactors; what measure of strength or renown it has received from achievements and distinctions of those who have filled its higher offices and its special chairs; what literature, learning, science, philosophy, medicine, law, theology, owe to those who have taught in it or to those who have been trained in it; what numbers have gone forth from it and what influence they have exerted; how all bitter controversies within it are at length ended; how its students have increased; how its government has been widened;—these are things to which it would be unreasonable to do more in this place than simply refer, but they are among the things most appropriate for us to bear in mind, and things the contemplation of which may well deepen our sense of indebtedness to the wisdom and the goodness ever present, never failing, through the three hundred years of history which we commemorate. . . .

1884

Obviously, one great reason why the University has grown and prospered is, that it has grown with the growth and participated in the prosperity of a life larger than its own. It has been received into and appropriated by the national life; and, placed here in this city at the very centre of that life, the organ has shared in the good fortune and well-being of the entire organism. . . .

But is even this all? Has the University lived only the life of Scotland? Has it prospered only because it has been enriched with Scottish thought and sustained by Scottish energy? Nay. On the contrary, Scotland itself has lived and prospered only

because participant in a life larger than its own—a life in which its Universities have specially served to connect it,—the life which rules and works in universal humanity—which binds together all generations and peoples—which, during the last three hundred years, has been lifting up, not Scotland only, but all the nations of Europe into higher regions of thought, into a purer atmosphere of feeling, and marvellously revealing itself in the discoveries of science, in the development of art, in great social changes, in the increase of all kinds of knowledge, in the history of the human intellect and its ideas, of the human heart and its affections, of the human will and its energies. . . .

Rev. Professor Flint.

Sermon at St. Giles's Church on the occasion of the Tercentenary of the University of Edinburgh, 1884.

1884

GENTLEMEN, the utter surprise with which this demonstration¹ fills me, and the embarrassment consequent upon it, must be my excuse for not attempting to do more adequately what, I am afraid, would in any case be done by me most imperfectly. I am usually accused of my writings being unintelligible. Let me, for once, attempt to be intelligible indeed, by saying that I feel thoroughly grateful to you for the kindness which, not only on this occasion, but during the last two or three days, I have experienced. I shall consider this, to the end of my life, one of the proudest days I have ever spent. The recognition you have given me, and all your kindness, I shall never forget.

Robert Browning.

Speech to the Edinburgh University students, at reception given by them to the guests at the University Tercentenary celebrations, April 1884.

Lord
Rosebery

THE first time I ever saw Lord Rosebery was in Edinburgh when I was a student, and I flung a clod of earth at him. He was a peer; those were my politics.

I missed him, and I have heard a good many journalists say since then that he is a difficult man to hit. . . .

The 'Uncrowned King of Scotland' is a title that has been made for Lord Rosebery, whose country has had faith in him from the beginning. . . . Such is the delight of the Scottish students in

¹ Mr. Browning was not amongst the speakers on the programme, and had stipulated that he should not be called on to make a speech, as he never did so. But at the end of all the speeches there was such an enthusiastic call for him,—the hundreds of students filling the area of the large hall rising to a man, and shouting 'Browning!—Browning!'—that he rose, and made the (as he said himself) one and only speech he had ever made in his life,—in response to the enthusiasm and recognition of Edinburgh University undergraduates.—R. M.

Lord Rosebery, that he may be said to have made the triumphal tour of the northern universities as their Lord Rector; . . . His address to the Edinburgh undergraduates on 'Patriotism' was the best thing he ever did outside politics, and made the students his for life.

THOUGH a man might, to my mind, be better employed than in going to college, it is his own fault if he does not strike on some one there who sends his life off at a new angle. If, as I take it, the glory of a professor is to give elastic minds their proper bent, Masson is a name his country will retain a grip of. There are men who are good to think of, and as a rule we only know them from their books. Something of our pride in life would go with their fall. To have one such professor at a time is the most a university can hope of human nature, so Edinburgh need not expect another just yet. These, of course, are only to be taken as the reminiscences of a student. I seem to remember everything Masson said, and the way he said it.

Professor
Masson

LATELY I was told that Blackie—one does not say Mr. Cromwell—is no longer Professor of Greek in Edinburgh University. What nonsense some people talk. As if Blackie were not part of the building! . . . Did you ever watch him marching along Princes Street on a warm day, when every other person was broiling in the sun? His head is well thrown back, the staff, grasped in the middle, jerks back and forwards like a weaver's shuttle, and the plaid flies in the breeze. . . . Now, I believe, the Hellenic Club takes the place of the classroom. All the eminent persons in Edinburgh attend its meetings, and Blackie, the Athenian, is in the chair. The policeman in Douglas Crescent looks skeered when you ask him what takes place on these occasions. It is generally understood that toward the end of the meeting they agree to read Greek next time.

Professor
John Stuart
Blackie

CALDERWOOD contrives to get himself more in touch with the mass of his students than some of his fellow professors, partly because he puts a high ideal before himself, and to some extent because his subject is one that Scottish students revel in. Long before they join his class they know that they are moral philosophers; indeed, they are sometimes surer of it before they enrol than afterwards. Their essays begin in some such fashion as this: 'In joining issue with Reid, I wish to take no unfair advantage of my antagonist'; or, 'Kant is sadly at fault when he says that'; or, 'It is strange that a man of Locke's attainments should have been blind to the

Professor
Calderwood

fact.' When the Professor reads out these tit-bits to the class his eyes twinkle. . . . For purposes of exposition Calderwood has a blackboard in his lecture-room, on which he chalks circles that represent the feelings and the will, with arrows shooting between them. In my class there was a boy, a very little boy, who had been a dux at school and was a dunce at college. He could not make moral philosophy out at all, but did his best. Here were his complete notes for one day: 'Edinburgh University, class of Moral Philosophy, Professor Calderwood, Lecture 64, Jan 11, 18—. You rub out the arrow, and there is only the circle left.'

**Professor
Tait**

NEVER, I think, can there have been a more superb demonstrator. I have his burly figure before me. The small twinkling eyes had a fascinating gleam in them; he could concentrate them until they held the object looked at; when they flashed round the room he seemed to have drawn a rapier. I have seen a man fall back in alarm under Tait's eyes, though there were a dozen benches between them. These eyes could be as merry as a boy's, though. . . . It comes as natural to his old students to say when they meet, 'What a lecturer Tait was!' as to Englishmen to joke about the bagpipes.

**Professor
Fraser**

I SEE him rising in a daze from his chair and putting his hands through his hair. 'Do I exist,' he said, thoughtfully, 'strictly so-called?' The students (if it was the beginning of the session) looked a little startled. This was a matter that had not previously disturbed them. Still, if the Professor was in doubt, there must be something in it. He began to argue it out, and an uncomfortable silence held the room in awe. If he did not exist, the chances were that they did not exist either. It was thus a personal question. The Professor glanced round slowly for an illustration. 'Am I a table?' A pained look travelled over the class. Was it just possible that they were all tables? . . .

He would, I think, be a sorry creature who did not find something to admire in Campbell Fraser. Metaphysics may not trouble you, as it troubles him, but you do not sit under the man without seeing his transparent honesty and feeling that he is genuine. In appearance and habit of thought he is an ideal philosopher, and his communings with himself have lifted him to a level of serenity that is worth struggling for.

**Professor
Sellar**

MR. JAMES PAYN, who never forgave the Scottish people for pulling down their blinds on Sundays, was annoyed by the halo they have woven around the name 'Professor.' He knew an Edin-

burgh lady who was scandalised because that mere poet, Alexander Smith, coolly addressed professors by their surnames. Mr. Payn might have known what it is to walk in the shadow of a *Senatus Academicus*, could he have met such specimens as Sellar, Fraser, Tait, and Sir Alexander Grant marching down the Bridges abreast. I have seen them: an inspiring sight. The pavement only held three. You could have shaken hands with them from an upper window. . . .

Who has thrilled as the student that with bumping heart strolls into Middlemass's to order his graduate's gown? He hires it—five shillings—but the photograph to follow makes it as good as his for life. Look at him, young ladies, as he struts to the Synod Hall to have M.A. tacked to his name. Dogs do not dare bark at him. His gait is springy; in Princes Street he is as one who walks upstairs. Gone to me are those student days for ever, but I can still put a photograph before me of a ghost in gown and cape, the hair straggling under the cap as tobacco may straggle over the side of a tin when there is difficulty in squeezing down the lid. How well the little black jacket looks, how vividly the wearer remembers putting it on. He should have worn a dress-coat, but he had none. The little jacket resembled one with the tails off, and, as he artfully donned his gown, he backed against the wall so that no one might know.

To turn up the light on old college days is not always the signal for the dance. You are back in the dusty little lodging, with its tattered sofa, its slippery tablecloth, the prim array of books, the picture of the death of Nelson, the peeling walls, the broken clock; you are again in the quadrangle with him who has been dead this many a year.

DURING the four winters another and I were in Edinburgh we never entered any but Free Churches. This seems to have been less on account of a scorn for other denominations than because we never thought of them. We felt sorry for the 'men' who knew no better than to claim to be on the side of Dr. Macgregor. Even our Free kirks were limited to two, St. George's and the Free High. After all, we must have been liberally minded beyond most of our fellows, for, as a rule, those who frequented one of these churches shook their heads at the other. It is said that Dr. Whyte and Dr. Smith have a great appreciation of each other. They, too, are liberally minded. . . .

Rev. Walter
C. Smith, D.D.

I met lately in London an Irishman who, when the conversation turned to Scotland, asked what Edinburgh was doing without Dr.

Smith (who was in America at the time). He talked with such obvious knowledge of Dr. Smith's teaching, and with such affection for the man, that by and by we were surprised to hear that he had never heard him preach nor read a line of his works. He explained that he knew intimately two men who looked upon their Sundays in the Free High, and still more upon their private talks with the minister, as the turning-point in their lives. They were such fine fellows, and they were so sure that they owed their development to Dr. Smith, that to know the followers was to know something of the master. This it is to be a touchstone to young men.

J. M. Barrie.

An Edinburgh Eleven.

1886

IN spite of his extremely busy life, with its innumerable diocesan duties which naturally came first with him, he found time, or rather he made time for useful literary work of a different order, and when the Scottish History Society was formed in 1886 it is interesting to note what an active part he took in its formation. Indeed he had already discussed with the late Dr. T. Graves Law, Librarian of the Signet Library, the possibility of starting a society of a similar kind, when a letter from Lord Rosebery appeared in the *Scotsman* (February, 1886), pointing out how useful a society would be which would give its attention to bringing out inedited matter of Scottish historical interest. My father took up the idea very warmly, and as Dr. Law said, 'generously offered to merge his own scheme in the broader one outlined by Lord Rosebery.'

A Committee was then formed under the convenership of my father, and the Scottish History Society was started under the most favourable circumstances, with Lord Rosebery as its President, the late Professor David Masson as Chairman, and the late Dr. T. Graves Law, to whose indefatigable energy the Society owed so much, as honorary secretary. Its first meeting was held in the Theological College, Rosebery Crescent, and from the outset my father took the keenest interest in all its work and publications.

Alice Dowden.

Biographical Sketch of the Right Rev. John Dowden, Bishop of Edinburgh, appended to *The Mediæval Church in Scotland*, by the Right Rev. John Dowden, D.D., LL.D., Bishop of Edinburgh.

I DESIRED nothing better than to meet dear Marie alone, and also thought she would thus be more likely to come to me than if I went accompanied by another. And so I gathered my dress around me, and stepped reverently and solemnly over the graves of my husband's family, which occupy the centre of what was once

the nave, preferring this open space to the deeper shadows of the side aisles, which looked weird and awful in the darkness.

It was an intensely dark night, and the brightness and brilliancy of the stars above only served to make the earthly darkness more visible.

Never, never, I thought, could this once lovely chapel have looked more beautiful than it did at this moment; instead of the peeling notes of the organ, sackbut, harp, lute, and dulcimer, and all the lovely instruments that once resounded through its many arches, it was now pervaded by a still more solemn silence; instead of lighted torches and the innumerable wax tapers that once blazed upon its altars, it was now lighted alone by the stars of heaven, and these looked in upon me from all sides through each gothic window, and from the deep blue of the canopy that was my only roof, and their vast dwelling-place.

Thus thinking, I reached the glorious eastern window where the high altar once stood, but which now looks down upon the green grass and a few broken stones. On one of these I knelt, and lifting up my eyes and my thoughts to heaven, prayed long and fervently for my sweet guardian, who had once, as she said, knelt on this very spot, decked in all the bravery of a bride, to plight her troth to the handsome Darnley. His *grave* now stood under the cloister close at my right hand, and that of the man he had made so celebrated, poor, murdered David Rizzio, I had passed near the entrance door.

'Where are they all now?' I exclaimed aloud, and 'where are you, my own dear, ever beautiful, my precious Marie?'

'Here, with you,' exclaimed a soft low voice at my side, and, as I turned, I beheld a faint and shadowy form, more like a cloud or a grey mist than a living being, but which gradually assumed a whiter and more tangible appearance.

'You see, I have kept my word,' she continued, and from that moment she commenced and poured forth one of the most sublime and glorious addresses I have ever heard. . . .

Countess of Caithness.¹
A Midnight Visit to Holyrood.

PALACE and ruin, bless thee evermore!
 Grateful we bow thy gloomy towers before;
 For the old Kings of France have found in thee
 That melancholy hospitality
 Which in their royal fortune's evil day
 Stewarts and Bourbons to each other pay.

Victor Hugo.

'Holyrood
 Palace'

¹ Marie, second wife of James Sinclair, F.R.S., fourteenth Earl of Caithness, 1821-1881, and widow of General le Comte de Medina Pomar, and daughter of Don José de Mariategni.—R. M.

I WAS born within the walls of that dear city of Zeus, of which the lightest and (when he chooses) the tenderest singer of my generation sings so well. I was born likewise within the bounds of an earthly city, illustrious for her beauty, her tragic and picturesque associations, and for the credit of some of her brave sons. Writing as I do in a strange quarter of the world, and a late day of my age, I can still behold the profile of her towers and chimneys, and the long trail of her smoke against the sunset; I can still hear those strains of martial music that she goes to bed with, ending each day, like an act of an opera, to the notes of bugles; still recall, with a grateful effort of memory, any one of a thousand beautiful and specious circumstances that pleased me, and that must have pleased any one, in my half-remembered past. It is the beautiful that I thus actively recall: the august airs of the castle on its rock, nocturnal passages of lights and trees, the sudden song of the blackbird in a suburban lane, rosy and dusky winter sunsets, the uninhabited splendours of the early dawn, the building up of the city on a misty day, house above house, spire above spire, until it was received into a sky of softly glowing clouds, and seemed to pass on and upwards, by fresh grades and rises, city beyond city, a New Jerusalem, bodily scaling heaven. . . . —ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Given in *Graham Balfour's Life of R. L. S.*

To all true Scotsmen, wherever their wanderings may have led them, *Edinburgh will still be the centre of the Universe*; with the axletree sticking up visibly into space somewhere between the Castle and St. Giles Cathedral.

John A. Ross.

'The Early Home of Robert L. Stevenson,' *Good Words*, 1895.

OF all places for a view, this Calton Hill is perhaps the best; since you can see the Castle, which you lose from the Castle, and Arthur's Seat, which you cannot see from Arthur's Seat. It is the place to stroll on one of those days of sunshine and east wind which are so common in our more than temperate summer. The breeze comes off the sea, with a little of the freshness, and that touch of chill, peculiar to the quarter, which is delightful to certain very ruddy organisations, and greatly the reverse to the majority of mankind. It brings with it a faint, floating haze, a cunning decolouriser, although not thick enough to obscure outlines near

at hand. But the haze lies more thickly to windward at the far end of Musselburgh Bay; and over the Links of Aberlady and Berwick Law and the hump of the Bass Rock it assumes the aspect of a bank of thin sea fog.

Immediately underneath upon the south, you command the yards of the High School, and the towers and courts of the new jail—a large place, castellated to the extent of folly, standing by itself on the edge of a steep cliff, and often joyfully hailed by tourists as the Castle. In the one, you may perhaps see female prisoners taking exercise like a string of nuns; in the other, schoolboys running at play and their shadows keeping step with them. From the bottom of the valley, a gigantic chimney rises almost to the level of the eye, a better and a shapelier edifice than Nelson's Monument. Look a little farther, and there is Holyrood Palace, with its Gothic frontal and ruined abbey, and the red sentry pacing smartly to and fro before the door like a mechanical figure in a panorama. By way of an outpost, you can single out the little peak-roofed lodge, over which Rizzio's murderers made their escape and where Queen Mary herself, according to gossip, bathed in white wine to entertain her loveliness. Behind and overhead, lie the Queen's Park, from Muschat's Cairn to Dumbiedykes, St. Margaret's Loch, and the long wall of Salisbury Crags; and thence, by knoll and rocky bulwark and precipitous slope, the eye rises to the top of Arthur's Seat, a hill for magnitude, a mountain in virtue of its bold design. This upon your left. Upon the right, the roofs and spires of the Old Town climb one above another to where the citadel prints its broad bulk and jagged crown of bastions on the western sky.—Perhaps it is now one in the afternoon; and at the same instant of time, a ball rises to the summit of Nelson's flagstaff close at hand, and, far away, a puff of smoke followed by a report bursts from the half-moon battery at the Castle. This is the time-gun by which people set their watches, as far as the sea coast or in hill farms upon the Pentlands. To complete the view, the eye enfilades Princes Street, black with traffic, and has a broad look over the valley between the Old Town and the New: here, full of railway trains and stepped over by the high North Bridge upon its many columns, and there, green with trees and gardens.

On the north, the Calton Hill is neither so abrupt in itself nor has it so exceptional an outlook; and yet even here it commands a striking prospect. A gulley separates it from the New Town. This is Greenside, where witches were burnt and tournaments held in former days. Down that almost precipitous bank, Bothwell

launched his horse, and so first, as they say, attracted the bright eyes of Mary. It is now tessellated with sheets and blankets out to dry, and the sound of people beating carpets is rarely absent. Beyond all this, the suburbs run out to Leith; Leith camps on the seaside with her forest of masts; Leith roads are full of ships at anchor; the sun picks out the white pharos upon Inchkeith Island; the Firth extends on either hand from the Ferry to the May; the towns of Fifeshire sit, each in its bank of blowing smoke, along the opposite coast; and the hills inclose the view, except to the farthest east, where the haze of the horizon rests upon the open sea. There lies the road to Norway: a dear road for Sir Patrick Spens and his Scots Lords; and yonder smoke on the hither side of Largo Law is Aberdour, from whence they sailed to seek a queen for Scotland.

'O, lang, lang may the ladies sit,
Wi' their fans into their hand,
Or ere they see Sir Patrick Spens
Come sailing to the land!'

The sight of the sea, even from a city, will bring thoughts of storm and sea disaster. The sailors' wives of Leith and the fisherwomen of Cockenzie, not sitting languorously with fans, but crowding to the tail of the harbour with a shawl about their ears, may still look vainly for brave Scotsmen who will return no more, or boats that have gone on their last fishing. Since Sir Patrick sailed from Aberdour, what a multitude have gone down in the North Sea! Yonder is Auldham, where the London smack went ashore and wreckers cut the rings from ladies' fingers; and a few miles round Fife Ness is the fatal Inchcape, now a star of guidance; and the lee shore to the east of the Inchcape, is that Forfarshire coast where Mucklebackit sorrowed for his son.

These are the main features of the scene roughly sketched. How they are all tilted by the inclination of the ground, how each stands out in delicate relief against the rest, what manifold detail, and play of sun and shadow, animate and accentuate the picture, is a matter for a person on the spot, and turning swiftly on his heels, to grasp and bind together in one comprehensive look. It is the character of such a prospect, to be full of change and of things moving. The multiplicity embarrasses the eye; and the mind, among so much, suffers itself to grow absorbed with single points. You remark a tree in a hedgerow, or follow a cart along a country road. You turn to the city, and see children, dwarfed by distance into pigmies, at play about suburban doorsteps; you have

a glimpse upon a thoroughfare where people are densely moving ; you note ridge after ridge of chimney-stacks running downhill one behind another, and church spires rising bravely from the sea of roofs. At one of the innumerable windows, you watch a figure moving ; on one of the multitude of roofs, you watch clambering chimney-sweeps. The wind takes a run and scatters the smoke ; bells are heard, far and near, faint and loud, to tell the hour ; or perhaps a bird goes dipping evenly over the housetops, like a gull across the waves. And here you are in the meantime, on this pastoral hillside, among nibbling sheep and looked upon by monumental buildings.

Return thither on some clear, dark, moonless night, with a ring of frost in the air, and only a star or two set sparsedly in the vault of heaven ; and you will find a sight as stimulating as the hoariest summit of the Alps. The solitude seems perfect ; the patient astronomer, flat on his back under the Observatory dome and spying heaven's secrets, is your only neighbour ; and yet from all round you there come up the dull hum of the city, the tramp of countless people marching out of time, the rattle of carriages and the continuous keen jingle of the tramway bells. An hour or so before, the gas was turned on ; lamplighters scoured the city ; in every house, from kitchen to attic, the windows kindled and gleamed forth into the dusk. And so now, although the town lies blue and darkling on her hills, innumerable spots of the bright element shine far and near along the pavements and upon the high façades. Moving lights of the railway pass and re-pass below the stationary lights upon the bridge. Lights burn in the Jail. Lights burn high up in the tall *lands* and on the Castle turrets, they burn low down in Greenside or along the Park. They run out one beyond the other into the dark country. They walk in a procession down to Leith, and shine singly far along Leith Pier. Thus, the plan of the city and her suburbs is mapped out upon the ground of blackness, as when a child pricks a drawing full of pinholes and exposes it before a candle ; not the darkest night of winter can conceal her high station and fanciful design ; every evening in the year she proceeds to illuminate herself in honour of her own beauty ; and as if to complete the scheme—or rather as if some prodigal Pharaoh were beginning to extend it to the adjacent sea and country—half way over to Fife, there is an outpost of light upon Inchkeith, and far to seaward, yet another on the May.

And while you are looking, across upon the Castle Hill, the drums and bugles begin to recall the scattered garrison ; the air

thrills with the sound ; the bugles sing aloud ; and the last rising flourish mounts and melts into the darkness like a star : a martial swan-song, fitly rounding in the labours of the day.

Robert Louis Stevenson.
Picturesque Notes.

IN the centre of the old town of Edinburgh stands the great church of St. Giles. From whatever point of view the city is looked at, the picturesque crown of the steeple is seen sharply outlined against the sky. Soaring aloft unlike every other spire in its neighbourhood, it seems like the spirit of old Scottish history keeping watch over the city that has grown up through the long years beneath its shadow. Edinburgh would not be Edinburgh without it. The exterior of the church itself is plain and unadorned, and it is evident that unsympathetic hands have been laid upon it and modernised it ; but when one enters the building, a vast and venerable interior is presented to him, and every stone seems to speak of the past. St. Giles is a church whose history is closely interwoven with the history of Scotland from the very earliest ages ; and it has been the scene of many remarkable events which have left their impress on our national character. . . .

No church in Britain perhaps, if we except Westminster, is richer in historic association. Brave men have acted their part there ; brave words have been spoken there ; brave men lie buried there. It has been the home of all the shades of faith our country has seen—Catholic, Presbyterian, Episcopalian, Independent, Bishop, Priest, Minister, stern Covenanter, wild Sectary, have each had their turn, and acted their part there. To guard that church carefully, and to maintain it as a cherished and venerated possession, will be the earnest desire of all who believe the past to be a mighty element in a nation's greatness. What a strange story its old gray crown, as it towers high above the city, tells out day by day to all who have ears to hear. It is the story of Scotland's poetry, romance, religion—the story of her progress through cloud and sunshine, the story of her advance from barbarism to the culture and civilisation of the present day.

' High, rugged rocks in frosty splendour shone.
The hoary fields no vivid verdure wore,
Frost wrapt the world, and beauty was no more ;
Wild wasting winds that chilled the dreary day,
And seemed to threaten Nature with decay,
Reminded man, at every baleful breath,
Of wintry age and all-subduing death.'

From this dreary outlook the poet creeps back to his fireside, and finds consolation in the pages of his beloved Virgil. . . .¹

The Very Rev. Sir James Cameron Lees.
The Church of St. Giles.

I LEAVE the busy, crowded street
To step within your silent aisles,
Where the dead hearts of centuries beat,
Beneath your storied roof, St. Giles'!
Where choir and chapel void and vast
Are filled with spirits of the Past!

Scotland's
Shrine

In golden shafts and rainbow spears
The light falls soft on oak and stone,
So filters through nine hundred years
The glory that is Scotland's own;
For these your sombre walls include
Our country's pride of nation-hood!

The feet of heroes tread your pave
While echo to their fame replies;
The voice of Knox still fills your nave;
Dead Stewart in your South Aisle lies!
Your roof and steeple once again
Are rampart for Queen Mary's men!

The sound of trampling feet intrude
A slow procession winds in state
Out of the grey-towered Holyrood
And up the mourning Canongate.
'Tis great Montrose they carry home
To his long rest beneath your dome!

Around me stand, Time's trusted fanes,
The tributes to our later dead;
The triumph fadeth, there remains
But grief—the tears that Scotland shed;
And dark upon your splendid walls
The stained old colours droop like palls!

¹ The allusion is to Gavin Douglas, who, when Provost of St. Giles's, translated Virgil's *Aeneid* into the vernacular. The quotation is from one of his Prologues.

Deep falls the early winter eve,
 And deeper grows the winding spell
 That old Romance will always weave
 Around the shrine we love so well !
 Oh ! House of Heroes, proud, apart,
 How much you hold of Scotland's heart !

Will Ogilvie.
The Land We Love.

IN the year 1834, I spent several weeks in Edinburgh. I was fascinated by the singular beauties of that 'romantic town' which Scott called his own, and which holds his memory, with that of Burns, as a most precious part of its inheritance. The castle with the precipitous rocky wall out of which it grows, the deep ravines with their bridges, pleasant Calton Hill and memorable Holyrood Palace, the new town and the old town with their strange contrasts, and Arthur's Seat overlooking all,—these varied and enchanting objects account for the fondness with which all who have once seen Edinburgh will always regard it.

We were the guests¹ of Professor Alexander Crum Brown, a near relative of the late beloved and admired Dr. John Brown. Professor and Mrs. Crum Brown did everything to make our visit a pleasant one. We met at their house many of the best known and most distinguished people of Scotland. . . .

On Friday, the 25th, I went to the hall of the university, where I was to receive the degree of LL.D. The ceremony was not unlike that at Cambridge, but had one peculiar feature: the separate special investment of the candidate with the *hood*, which Johnson defines as 'an ornamental fold which hangs down the back of a graduate.' There were great numbers of students present, and they showed the same exuberance of spirits as that which had forced me to withdraw from the urgent calls at Cambridge. The cries, if possible, were still louder and more persistent; they must have a speech and they would have a speech, and what could I do about it? . . . My few remarks were well received, and quieted the shouting Ephesians of the warm-brained and warm-hearted northern university.

In my previous visit to Edinburgh in 1834, I was fond of rambling along under Salisbury Crag, and climbing the sides of Arthur's Seat. I had neither time nor impulse for such walks during this visit, but in driving out to dine at Niddrie, the fine old

¹ The visit of which he is now writing, was in 1891. The visit of 1834 (see p. 240) was a previous one.—R. M.

place now lived in by Mr. Barclay and his daughters, we passed under the crags and by the side of the great hill. I had never heard, or if I had I had forgotten, the name and the story of 'Samson's Ribs.' These are the columnar masses of rock which form the face of Salisbury Crags. There is a legend that one day one of these pillars will fall and crush the greatest man that ever passes under them. It is said that a certain professor was always very shy of 'Samson's Ribs,' for fear the prophecy might be fulfilled in his person. . . . It seemed cruel to be forced to tear ourselves away from Edinburgh, where so much had been done to make us happy, where so much was left to see and enjoy. . . .

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Our Hundred Days in Europe.

EDINBURGH, August 24, 1896.—A bright blue sky, across which many masses of thin white cloud are borne swiftly on the cool western wind, bends over the stately city, and all her miles of gray mansions and spacious, cleanly streets sparkle beneath it in a flood of summer sunshine. It is the Lord's Day, and most of the highways are deserted and quiet. From the top of the Calton Hill you look down upon hundreds of blue smoke-wreaths curling upward from the chimneys of the resting and restful town, and in every direction the prospect is one of opulence and peace. A thousand years of history are here crystallised within the circuit of a single glance, and while you gaze upon one of the grandest emblems that the world contains of a storied and romantic past, you behold likewise a living and resplendent pageant of the beauty of to-day. Nowhere else are the Past and the Present so lovingly blended. There, in the centre, towers the great crown of St. Giles. Hard by are the quaint slopes of the Canongate—teeming with illustrious, or picturesque, or terrible figures of Long Ago. Yonder the glorious Castle Crag looks steadfastly westward—its manifold, wonderful colours continuously changing in the changeful daylight. Down in the valley Holyrood, haunted by a myriad of memories and by one resplendent face and entrancing presence, nestles at the foot of the giant Salisbury Crag; while the dark, riven peak of Arthur's Seat rears itself supremely over the whole stupendous scene. Southward and westward, in the distance, extends the bleak range of the Pentland Hills; eastward the cone of Berwick Law and the desolate Bass Rock seem to cleave the sea; and northward, beyond the glistening crystal of the Forth,—with the white lines of embattled Inchkeith like a diamond on its bosom,—the lovely Lomonds, the virginal mountain breasts of Fife, are bared

**The Heart
of Scotland**

to the kiss of heaven. It is such a picture as words can but faintly suggest; but when you look upon it you readily comprehend the pride and the passion with which a Scotsman loves his native land. . . .

Hundreds of travellers visit Edinburgh; but it is one thing to visit and another thing to see; and every suggestion, surely, is of value that helps to clarify our vision. This capital is not learned by driving about it in a cab; for Edinburgh to be truly seen and comprehended must be seen and comprehended as an exponent of the colossal individuality of the Scottish character; and therefore it must be observed with thought. Here is no echo and no imitation. Many another provincial city of Britain is a miniature copy of London; but the quality of Edinburgh is her own . . . there is no audience more quick than the Scottish audience to respond either to pathos or to mirth; there is no literature in the world so musically, tenderly, and weirdly poetical as the Scottish literature; there is no place on earth where the imaginative instinct of the national mind has resisted, as it has resisted in Scotland, the encroachment of utility upon the domain of romance; there is no people whose history has excelled that of Scotland in the display of heroic, intellectual, and moral purpose, combined with passionate sensibility; and no city could surpass the physical fact of Edinburgh as a manifestation of broad ideas, unstinted opulence, and grim and rugged grandeur. Whichever way you turn, and whatever object you behold, that consciousness is always present to your thought—the consciousness of a race of beings intensely original, individual, passionate, authoritative, and magnificent.

William Winter.
Gray Days and Gold.

. . . Its quaint, grey, castled city, where the bells clash of a Sunday, and the wind squalls, and the salt showers fly and beat. I do not even know that I desire to live there; but let me hear, in some far land, a kindred voice sing out, 'O why left I my hame?' and it seems at once as if no beauty under the kind heavens, no society of the wise and good, can repay me for my absence from my country. And though I think I would rather die elsewhere, yet in my heart of hearts I long to be buried among good Scots clods. I will say it fairly, it grows on me with every year: there are no stars so lovely as Edinburgh street-lamps. When I forget thee, Auld Reekie, may my right hand forget its cunning!

Robert Louis Stevenson.
The Scot Abroad.

SNOW on the Ochils and sun on the snow—
 Ha, my brave Winter, if you can bestow
 Out of your penury treasures like these,
 Never grudge Summer her blossoms and bees!

Edinburgh in
 Winter

Gardens in glory and balm in the breeze—
 Ah, pretty Summer, e'en boast as you please!
 Sweet are your gifts; but to Winter we owe
 Snow on the Ochils and sun on the snow.

Henry Johnstone.

'ON behalf of myself and the Queen, I thank you sincerely for your dutiful Address, and I am deeply gratified by the loyal manifestations of welcome which have greeted my arrival in the Capital of my ancient Kingdom of Scotland.

'It is particularly agreeable to me to receive you in this historic Palace of Holyrood House. . . . I shall always have at heart the welfare and interests of my good City of Edinburgh. . . .'

His Majesty King Edward.

Reply to an Address of Welcome from the Lord Provost, Magistrates, and Council of Edinburgh, on the occasion of the state visit of King Edward and Queen Alexandra in May 1903.—From the Minutes of the Town Council of Edinburgh.

It is natural to begin a book about Scotland with Edinburgh; for not only is Edinburgh the capital of the ancient kingdom which never gave up its independence, but its history is the history of Scotland. Glasgow may now have a greater population and may be the centre of a larger commerce and a more conspicuous art, but for centuries Edinburgh has been the brain, the heart of Scotland, the pivot round which all its history turned. 'Yonder stands Auld Reekie,' says Adam Woodcock to Roland Græme as the two approach the city from Melrose; 'you may see the smoke hover over her at twenty miles' distance, as the gosshawk hangs over a plump of young wild ducks. Ay, yonder is the heart of Scotland, and each throb that she gives is felt from the edge of the Solway to Duncan's-bay head.'

It may be that this is not so true now as it was in the days of Queen Mary, for the union of the crowns in 1603 took the sovereign to London, and the union of the countries in 1707 took the Scottish Parliament to the same all-devouring centre. Yet none can view the matchless beauty of the city, surrounded by a

wreath of hill and wood and sea, and blue mountains in the distance, and the nearer dull-grey stone towers and gables breaking the sky-line with ever-varied effect, without a sense of glamour and exaltation. And none can pace the ancient streets, on every foot of which some incident of history has been enacted, or look on the ancient buildings, of each of which some story of romance is told, or even gaze on the stately modern streets which surround the old Heart of Midlothian, without a feeling that this is indeed a royal city, the true capital of a freedom-loving people. . . .

And this brings us down to the generation of men now living, and to the Edinburgh of the twentieth century. From that early British fortress perched upon its towering crag and hemmed in by a wilderness of forest and lochs to the radiant and smiling city of to-day—from the Saxon Edwin, impressing his name and personality on that fortress, to the succession of brilliant men who have made their city famous in every branch of literature, science, and art, is a far cry. The crag is there and the eastward-looking ridge, but the forests have gone and the lochs too, giving place, one of them, to a railroad! Well may one of her lovers speak of Edinburgh's 'indestructible beauty,' for in view of the frequency and nature of the assaults made upon it from time to time, indestructible would indeed seem to be the proper word. For example, a plan to fill in the valley between the Old and New Towns was actually adopted in the first half of the nineteenth century and the work begun. Almost every ancient notable edifice in the town has been either injured by unnecessary alterations, or destroyed outright. The Princes Street Gardens, so exquisitely beautiful in themselves, instead of offering a quiet and refreshing refuge to weary souls as they should and could do, are marred and wellnigh spoiled by the shrieking, snorting engines of a railroad that spreads its hideous tracks and vile-smelling smoke through their very centre. And then there is the Castle itself, its picturesque skyline broken and marred by the unsightly insistent mass of barrack on the west. And yet, when all is said and done, Edinburgh remains serenely, triumphantly beautiful: first taking you by storm, capturing your admiration and your wonder, and then stealing into your very heart with all her winning attributes, her poetry and song, her traditions and history, her quaint ceremonials, her teeming associations, and—more potent charm probably than any or all of these—the kindly, courteous, and hospitable ways of her sons and daughters.

Maria Horner Lansdale.
Scotland, Historic and Romantic.

NOR has Edinburgh, or its 'New Town,' much reason to complain if the impression of its beauty be drawn from the aspect and situation of the street which is at once the favourite promenade and the centre of its business life.

'Her face is her fortune,' some one had said of the Scottish capital; and if High Street be the deep heart, Princes Street is the fair face of Edinburgh. 'The most magnificent esplanade in Europe,' the citizens are fond of thinking it; and many widely-travelled strangers have promptly granted the claim. . . . But the glory of Princes Street, which gives it charm and distinction above other thoroughfares, is its prospect towards the south, its outlook over the valley which once held the Nor' Loch to the Old Town and the Castle. It was happy in being saved from the fate, destined for it by the vandals of a century ago, of being 'built on both sides.' . . . By doubling its front Princes Street would not merely have spoiled, it would have completely destroyed its character. As it is, the guests at its hotel windows and the passengers on its crowded foot pavements and on the broad stream of its cars and carriages look across, as from a platform built to yield them the prospect, to the huge and shadowy bulk of the Rock, the long verdant sweep of the Castle Braes, and the sky-climbing broken masses of the High Street houses, crowned by spire and dome and pinnacle, and separated from them only by a quarter of a mile of air and a light screen of foliage.

John Geddie.

Romantic Edinburgh.

As the two youths swung out of the defile of high houses at the Bridges they emerged upon that astonishing panorama, which, seen at the hour of gloaming, never fails to excite a thrill in the most hardened and most unemotional—in the lawyer escaping from the grinding monotony of Parliament House, and the engine-driver coming up from a twelve hours' spell upon the footplate.

The Waverley Station was now no more a prosaic railway terminus. Common details were sunk in a pale, luminous, silver mist, through which burnt a thousand lights, warm, yellow, and kindly. The blue deepened beneath the Castle Rock. There it was indigo, with a touch of royal scarlet where the embers of the sunset lay broadly dashed in against the west. Princes Street, that noblest of earthly promenades, whose glory it is to be no mere street, lay along the edge of a blue and misty sea, bejewelled with scattered lights, festooned with fairy points of fire, converging, undulating, and receding, till they ran red as blood into the eye of

the sunset. Above all towered the ancient strength of the Castle, battlemented from verge to verge, light as a cloud, insurgent as a wave, massive as its own foundations, etched bold and black against the spreading splendours of the west.

'Oh, look!' said Kit, laying his hand impulsively on the arm of his companion, 'I did not know God had created anything half so beautiful!'

S. R. Crockett.

Kit Kennedy.

**To My Old
Familiars**

Do you remember—can we e'er forget?—
How, in the coiled perplexities of youth,
In our wild climate, in our scowling town,
We gloomed and shivered, sorrowed, sobbed and feared?
The belching winter wind, the missile rain,
The rare and welcome silence of the snows,
The laggard morn, the haggard day, the night,
The grimy spell of the nocturnal town,
Do you remember?—Ah, could one forget!
As when the fevered sick that all night long
Listed the wind intone, and hear at last
The ever-welcome voice of chanticleer
Sing in the bitter hour before the dawn,—
With sudden ardour, these desire the day:
So sang in the gloom of youth the bird of hope;
So we, exulting, hearkened and desired.
For lo! as in the palace porch of life
We huddled with chimeras, from within—
How sweet to hear!—the music swelled and fell,
And through the breach of the revolving doors
What dreams of splendour blinded us and fled!

I have since then contended and rejoiced;
Amid the glories of the house of life
Profoundly entered, and the shrine beheld:
Yet when the lamp from my expiring eyes
Shall dwindle and recede, the voice of love
Fall insignificant on my closing ears,
What sound shall come but the old cry of the wind
In our inclement city! what return
But the image of the emptiness of youth,
Filled with the sound of footsteps and that voice
Of discontent and rapture and despair?
So, as in darkness, from the magic lamp,
The momentary pictures gleam and fade

And perish, and the night resurges—these
Shall I remember, and then all forget.

The tropics vanish, and meseems that I,
From Halkerside, from topmost Allermuir,
Or steep Caerketton, dreaming gaze again.
Far set in fields and woods, the town I see
Spring gallant from the shallows of her smoke,
Cragged, spired, and turreted, her virgin fort
Beflagged. About, on seaward-drooping hills,
New folds of city glitter. Last, the Forth
Wheels ample waters set with sacred isles,
And populous Fife smokes with a score of towns.

There, on the sunny frontage of a hill,
Hard by the house of kings, repose the dead,
My dead, the ready and the strong of word.
Their works, the salt-encrusted, still survive ;
The sea bombards their founded towers ; the night
Thrills pierced with their strong lamps. The artificers,
One after one, here in this grated cell,
Where the rain erases and the rust consumes,
Fell upon lasting silence. Continents
And continental oceans intervene ;
A sea uncharted, on a lampless isle,
Environs and confines their wandering child
In vain. The voice of generations dead
Summons me, sitting distant, to arise,
My numerous footsteps nimbly to retrace,
And all mutation over, stretch me down
In that denoted city of the dead.

Robert Louis Stevenson.
Songs of Travel.

I PROPOSE to speak as a Scotsman to those who are his countrymen, and as one who has just become to most of them a fellow-citizen. I do not think that the conferring of the freedom of the capital of Scotland can be otherwise than a great honour to any man, be he whom he may, or however his nationality may be separated from our own ; but to one who is himself a Scotsman and who all his life has lived within sight of Arthur Seat, the honour which Edinburgh has done him must appeal in a manner which nobody who is not a Scotsman and not a neighbour of your great city can adequately feel. I know not, ladies and gentlemen, why it is that Edinburgh appeals with the special and peculiar

force with which doubtless it does appeal to every man who calls himself a Scotsman. It is not merely the beauty, the unequalled beauty, of its site, great as that is, and incapable as it seems of being spoiled either by the efforts of the railway engineer or the suburban architect. It certainly is not its climate—for one of the most brilliant and not the least loyal of its sons, Robert Louis Stevenson, evidently felt that even his patriotism was somewhat chilled by Princes Street in an east wind. It is something more and above either its external advantages or its external disadvantages which touches so deeply the springs of patriotic feeling which all Scotsmen here and abroad feel for the capital of their native country; and I think the reason is partly to be found in the fact that Edinburgh, more than any other capital in the world, seems to express, doubtless in a softened and beautified form, the great characteristics of Scottish history. . . .

What I want to call your attention to is the sudden blossoming out which followed the Revolution settlement and the union with our sister kingdom.¹ It was as some Alpine upland when the snows have disappeared bursting out into a carpet of wild and brilliant blossom; so sudden, so immediate and so great was the change that took place. We did not love the union—we must admit that. But we used it;—and we used it to the infinite advantage of Scotland and of England, and of what is more than either Scotland or England—of the British Empire. Immediately our countrymen took their places in the true succession, in the true literary succession of British literature. . . . But it is not merely in literature, it is in every department of activity that Scotland, which had done nothing up to the eighteenth century, after the eighteenth century began seemed almost to do everything. In commerce, in banking, in farming, on the material side of life, a country whose poverty was proverbial, where whole regions were starved by successive inroads of hostile invaders, Scotland took the lead. And it took the lead in many other ways. It is curious to reflect that we gave to England the greatest judge which I think she has ever possessed—Lord Mansfield; that we gave to England the greatest advocate she has ever possessed—Lord Erskine; that we gave to England a Lord Chancellor, of whose intellectual

¹ A portion of this speech referring more to Scotland than directly to Edinburgh has been included, as it is required in order to bring out Mr. Balfour's argument that the Capital gives expression to the history of Scotland. In this connection it is noteworthy to observe that almost all the individual names Mr. Balfour mentions are those of men who have been citizens of Edinburgh, or closely connected with the life of Edinburgh.—R. M.

qualifications I could say much, but on whose moral qualifications I prefer to be silent; that it was a Scotsman who was the only rival in eloquence to the elder Pitt; and that it was another Scotsman, afterwards Lord Melville, who was the right-hand man of the younger Pitt in his great Parliamentary struggles. But that is not all; that is not, indeed, nearly all. We may truly say of philosophy that with the exception—the great exception, as I admit it to be,—of Bishop Berkeley, all British philosophy in the eighteenth century was Scottish philosophy, and that the title of Britain to take its rank among the thinking nations of the world was a title which it derived rather from those who were born north of the Tweed than from those who were born south of it. . . . I do not wish to recall names which, though they will always retain their place in the history of our country, are relatively insignificant compared to other titles to the gratitude of Britain and the world. For, mark you, our intellectual activities did not merely burst the narrow barrier of Scotland and overspread England in that century, but within the hundred years or less which followed the union we produced at least five names whose fame was not merely Scotch, or merely English, or merely insular, but which took their places in different departments of history and civilisation. There was a man, I fancy some of you may never have heard of him, who was a great scientific physical chemist, nevertheless, and professor in this city, —Black; there was the great scientific engineer, Watt; there was the great philosopher, Hume; there was the great poet, Burns; and I had almost omitted one, not the least famous of the five —there was the great economist, Adam Smith. And those five names stand, and will always stand, as great landmarks in the history of human culture, as men who opened new epochs, each in his respective department; will stand not merely as useful labourers in the field, but as those who guided the labours of their successors. Now, is not this one of the most remarkable and most modern changes of which national history gives any record? —I at least know nothing like it. It is as sudden as the contrast between the cliffs on which the Castle stands, and the gardens of Princes Street into which they fall. And that brings me from my long and wandering parenthesis to what I hoped would be the theme of the few remarks which I intended to address to you. What I feel is that the history, the character of which I have thus indicated to you, finds permanent expression in this city as the history of no other country finds expression in its capital. In Rome, the mistress of the world, you will find no doubt its history, but you will find it by the aid of elaborate excavation, the work

of antiquaries, vast expenditure, ingenious reconstruction. Paris—which has had at least as close a connection with the history of France as had Edinburgh itself with the history of Scotland—Paris has been improved out of all recognition, so that no man visiting that great capital would be able in imagination to picture to himself what the Paris was of, let us say, Francis I. or Henry III. or of the Fronde. It is not so with Edinburgh. Not, indeed, by our own labours, but by the mere physical formation of the city, we see the different epochs still represented before us. We see what was old and what is new. At a glance we can take in the limits and picture to ourselves the character of the old walled city, the Castle at one end of the long street, Holyrood at the other; and can without any antiquarian assistance imagine the bloody and intolerant struggles which too often disgraced our streets. And at the same time we can see the new city spread out at its feet, we can see the whole evolution of Scottish civilisation, from the time when the pre-occupation of every Scotsman was how to defend his home from the overwhelming power of his nearest neighbour, till the present day, when, still dominated by the Castle, the New Town gives proof that we have joined in heart and in civilisation with our ancient antagonists, that we have learnt from them all that they had to teach us, and I would venture to say have largely improved upon the lessons of our masters. My Lord Provost, it is thoughts like these which have made me feel how great is the honour which you have done me in enrolling me formally among your burgesses. Always have I counted myself among your well-wishers; always have I been your neighbour; always have I spent much of my time within your limits; . . . you have enabled me so long as life lasts to call myself henceforth, not merely a friend and a neighbour, but one of yourselves.

The Right Honble. Arthur James Balfour, M.P.

Speech delivered on the occasion of his receiving the presentation of the Freedom of Edinburgh, October 19, 1905.

On the
Dean Bridge
in June

WHITE lamps the chestnut-tree adorn
The lilacs and the golden-rain
The snowy and the rosy thorn
Are rife with blossom once again.

Though on this pleasance June bestows
His gifts with such a lavish hand,
Not like a beggar hence he goes;
His largess reaches all the land.

But from the Bridge I lean and look,
 Going and coming, late and soon,
 And thank God for this flowery nook,
 The paradise of peerless June.

Henry Johnstone.

THE beauty of Edinburgh as a city is absolutely individual, and consists in one separate atmosphere and one separate class of qualities. It consists chiefly in a quality that may be called 'abruptness,' an unexpected alternation of heights and depths. It seems like a city built on precipices: a perilous city. Although the actual ridges and valleys are not (of course) really very high or very deep, they stand up like strong cliffs; they fall like open chasms. There are turns of the steep street that take the breath away like a literal abyss. There are thoroughfares, full, busy, and lined with shops, which yet give the emotions of an Alpine stair. It is, in the only adequate word for it, a sudden city. Great roads rush down hill like rivers in spate. Great buildings rush up like rockets. But the sensation produced by this violent variety of levels is one even more complex and bizarre. It is partly owing to the aforesaid variety, the high and low platforms of the place; it is partly owing to the hundred veils of the vaporous atmosphere, which make the earth itself look like the sky, as if the town were hung in heaven, descending like the New Jerusalem.

The Way to
the Stars

But the impression is odd and even eerie: it is sometimes difficult for a man to shake off the suggestion that each road is a bridge over the other roads; as if he were really rising by continual stages higher and higher through the air. He fancies he is on some open scaffolding of streets, scaling the sky. He almost imagines that, if he lifted a paving stone, he might look down through the opening, and see the moon. This weird sense of the city as a sort of starry ladder has so often come upon me when climbing the Edinburgh ways in cloudy weather, that I have been tempted to wonder whether any of the old men of the town were thinking of the experience when they chose the strange and splendid motto of the Scotch capital. Never, certainly, did a great city have a heraldic motto which was so atmospherically accurate. It might have been invented by a poet—I might almost say by a landscape painter. The motto of Edinburgh, as you may still see it, I think, carved over the old castle gate, is 'Sic Itur ad Astra'—'This way to the stars.' . . .

G. K. Chesterton.

Daily News, December 5, 1905.

I AM the most peaceful person in the world, but the Castle was too much for my imagination. I was mounted and off and away from the first moment I gazed upon its embattled towers, heard the pipers in the distance, and saw the Black Watch swinging up the green steps where the huge fortress 'holds its state.' The modern world had vanished, and my steed was galloping, galloping, galloping back into the place—of—the—things—that—are—past, traversing centuries at every leap. . . .

I hope those in authority will never attempt to convene a Peace Congress in Edinburgh, lest the influence of the Castle be too strong for the delegates. They could not resist it nor turn their backs upon it, since, unlike other ancient fortresses, it is but a stone's-throw from the front windows of all the hotels. They might mean never so well, but they would end by buying dirk hat-pins and claymore brooches for their wives, their daughters would all run after the kilted regiment and marry as many of the pipers as asked them, and before night they would all be shouting with noble Fitz-Eustace:—

'Where's the coward who would not dare
To fight for such a land?'

While I was rhapsodising, Salemina and Francesca were shopping in the Arcade, buying some of the cairn-gorms, and Tam o' Shanter purses, and models of Burns's cottage, and copies of *Marmion* in plaided covers, and thistle belt-buckles, and bluebell penwipers, with which we afterwards inundated our native land. When my warlike mood had passed, I sat down upon the step of the Scott monument and watched the passers-by in a sort of waking dream. I suppose they were the usual professors and doctors and ministers who are wont to walk up and down the Edinburgh streets, with a sprinkling of lairds and leddies of high degree and a few Americans looking at the shop windows to choose their clan tartans; but for me they did not exist. . . .

Kate Douglas Wiggin.
Penelope's Experiences in Scotland.

THE city of Edinburgh—like the Scottish temperament—is secretive; she does not reveal herself to you all at once, nor capitulate without some parley; you must know her to love her, but to love her is a liberal education. Her visible features, like a beautiful face, must be studied from many angles before you have possessed yourself of their perfection. To see her from the Castle Rock—surely the fairest sight that ever delighted the eye of man—

is not everything ; you must also study her profile from Arthur's Seat, and contemplate her mystery, veiled in smoke-wreaths, from Calton Hill. Even then you have not exhausted her charm, for, like every fascinating personality, she is full of delightful and wayward surprises—at once austere and genial, contemplative and busy, secret and forensic, reflective and gay. There is a rare domestic contiguity between rich and poor, reminiscent of those eighteenth-century days when, in the lofty tenements of her wynds and courts, the same roof sheltered the countess and the tradesman and the artisan, each separated from the other by nothing more discriminating than a floor and a flight of stairs. You can stand on Dean Bridge and look up the superb chasm on the brow of which stand, with a serenity that reminds you of Heidelberg, some of her stateliest mansions, and a backward glance over your shoulder will reveal to you the little village of the Water of Leith, with its pungent tanneries and its blacksmith's shop melodious with the clank of the anvil. Even her industries have a kind of noble pride ; you may walk down one of the narrow lanes that lie behind Princes Street, pass through an unpretentious door into one of the great printing-offices—you must never call them 'works'—and you will be shown into a principal's room, which, in its exquisite and catholic taste, is a joy to the book-lover's eye. The principal—a gentleman and a scholar—will receive you with a courtesy, despite your political errand to his workmen, which is the more gracious as your political differences are the more acute, and will show you books printed by the firm, the type of which is as bold, clear, and eloquent as anything in the black-letter treasury of the Bodleian. You may pass down another street, and hard by an advocate's office you may find, if you are fortunate, a room on a second floor in which two craftsmen are at work carving in wood, with a truly loving diligence, lecterns not unworthy in their expressive beauty of the cunning hands which wrought the misericorde in Wells Cathedral. Silent men and shy, they are, as who should express themselves not colloquially, but with the dexterity of their hands. Speaking to them, while they work and answer you with a courteous gesture or a nod, you begin to understand what Viollet-le-Duc meant by calling the French sculpture of the Middle Age a freedom of speech. Or pass through one of the tailors' shops to the work-rooms at the back, and by the courtesy of the master, address the men on the articles of your political faith—they will listen to you attentively and with gravity as they continue to sew, sitting cross-legged upon the floor, with their chalk and scissors beside them, their whole demeanour nothing if not polite, serious, and medita-

tive. You cannot live in Edinburgh a week without being impressed with the conviction that its people, rich and poor, gentle and simple, learned and lay, have that quiet self-possession which is the hall-mark of good breeding and great traditions.

Professor J. H. Morgan.

'An Edinburgh Election,' *Westminster Gazette*, December 24, 1910.

Edinburgh

OH City of my memories !
 Oh City of my heart !
 I love the rain that lashes you,
 The wind that makes me smart ;
 Your beauty in the sunshine
 No mortal can forget,—
 But most I love the smell of you
 When every stone is wet !

 Your New Town's stately rhythm,
 Your Old Town's rugged rhyme ;
 How many scores of comedies
 You 've laughed at in your time !
 In what a host of tragedies
 Your stones play silent part,—
 Oh City of gray mists and dreams !
 Oh City of my heart !

Rosaline Masson.

Edinburgh and the Fine Arts

EVERY one recognises the claims of its Learning, Science, and Literature as contributory elements in the attractiveness of Edinburgh. Those of the Fine Arts are not so widely known. And yet, for more than a century the Scottish capital has had a succession of capable exponents of those arts resident within its borders, and for over fourscore years the classic region of the Mound—the very heart of the city—has been associated with the arts of Painting, Sculpture and Architecture. . . .

During the century which followed the advent of Raeburn (1780-1880), Scotland produced many artists of exceptional ability ; but only those attained more than a local reputation who made London their headquarters. This explains why the Fine Arts are not included amongst Edinburgh's distinctions. Patrick Nasmyth, Sir David Wilkie, William Dyer, John Phillip, and the late Sir William Orchardson are all Scotsmen who crossed the Tweed ; but it must be remembered that there were, of those who remained at home in Scotland, many not unworthy to rank with these ;—Sir

George Harvey and David Scott, for example; and Thomas Duncan, the Lauders, Sir William Fettes Douglas, and George Paul Chalmers. But this isolation of Scottish art was not altogether a disadvantage. It gave a strongly individual character to the school; but in a world where facilities for intercourse were growing yearly it could not long continue. New art movements were in progress on the Continent, and, during the later decades of last century, an ever-rising tide of Scottish students flocked to Paris to learn the new methods taught in the studios of the great art cosmopolis. These furnished a nexus for all schools; and, on their return to Edinburgh or to Glasgow, our young painters were not slow to avail themselves of the extended opportunities of making their art known, with the result that the Scottish school is now well known in continental exhibitions, and that many examples have been purchased for the national or municipal collections of the cities in which they have been shown; a thing undreamt of in former times. The present situation is not without its dangers, for the survival of a school depends ultimately on the retention of its character and individuality; a fact that has been somewhat lost sight of under the levelling influences of modern methods. If our native art is to hold its own amongst rival schools its technique, whatever it be, must concern itself more with the interpretation and illustration of what is characteristic of Scotland and of the Scottish people, as did that of our less widely known painters of last century.

Fortunately there is every reason to hope that this will be the case, for Scottish painters have never thrown tradition to the winds. . . . Amongst our rising artists are men of marked ability in their several departments whose enthusiastic and sympathetic temperaments will respond more and more fully to their surroundings, material or human; and with the wider scope afforded by the improved conditions, there seems every prospect that the Scottish school of the future will, at least, rival that of the past. For whilst it is true that no expansion of Galleries or facilities for training can supply the lack of native talent, it is puerile to hold that these are of little consequence. So far as Edinburgh is concerned, the handsome and spacious accommodation now provided for the Academy and for the National Gallery will afford to our citizens, and to the stranger within our gates, an opportunity of seeing to infinitely greater advantage what the art of Scotland is to-day, and what it has been in the past. And perhaps some may realise that both give an added distinction to the modern Athens.

W. D. M'Kay, R.S.A.

Edinburgh

CITY of mist and rain and blown grey spaces,
 Dashed with wild wet colour and gleam of tears,
 Dreaming in Holyrood halls of the passionate faces
 Lifted to one queen's face that has conquered the years,
 Are not the halls of thy memory haunted places?
 Cometh there not as a moon (where the blood-rust sears
 Floors a-flutter of old with silks and laces),
 Gliding, a ghostly queen, thro' a mist of tears?

Proudly here, with a loftier pinnacled splendour,
 Throned in his northern Athens, what spells remain
 Still on the marble lips of the Wizard, and render
 Silent the gazer on glory without a stain!
 Here and here, do we whisper, with hearts more tender,
 Tusitala wandered thro' mist and rain,
 Rainbow-eyed and frail and gallant and slender,
 Dreaming of pirate-isles in a jewelled main.

Up the Canongate climbeth, cleft asunder
 Raggedly here, with a glimpse of the distant sea
 Flashed thro' a crumbling alley, a glimpse of wonder!
 Nay, for the City is throned on Eternity!
 Hark! from the soaring Castle a cannon's thunder
 Closeth an hour for the world and an æon for me,
 Gazing at last from the war-swept heights whereunder
 Deathless memories roll to an ageless sea.

Alfred Noyes.

THE Queen and I have received the loyal address of the Edinburgh University Union with great pleasure and interest.

We rejoice to hear of the world-wide membership of your Union, as an evidence of the far-reaching influence and usefulness of the University of Edinburgh, and we appreciate the good offices of your Society in promoting good fellowship among students of such manifold origin, being assured that it will help those who have come from distant homes in the British Dominions beyond the seas, in my Indian Empire, and in foreign lands, to look back on their Alma Mater with true filial affection. . . .

His Majesty King George V.

Reply to the loyal Address of the Edinburgh University Students' Union,
 presented during His Majesty's state visit to Edinburgh, July 1911.

